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THE

MERCHANT'S CLERK,

AND

OTHER TALES.

BY SAMUEL WARREN, LL.D.,

AUTHOR OF

"PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN."

NEW-YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, CLIFF-ST.

1836.

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The subscribers have great pleasure in offering to the public a new volume of tales by the celebrated, although until recently unknown author of those masterly productions, the "Passages from the Diary of a late Physician." From his long silence it was feared that his store of material was exhausted—that he would no more appear to charm or sadden the world of readers at his will. The advent of a new story with that well-known phrase at its beginning, "From the Diary of a late Physician," in a recent number of Blackwood, was a signal for eager impatience and for great delight—the latter marred only by the unwelcome discovery that the tale was left unfinished in that number, and that a month at least must elapse before the exciting narrative could be resumed. The subscribers are happy in being enabled to supply the want, having received the remainder of the story from the author himself, through the agency of a friend in Europe. The other tales in the present volume are acknowledged by the author of the Diary, Mr. Warren, to be his own performances; it may be observed, however, that such acknowledgment is scarcely needful, to any one at all conversant with the style, and turn of thought and sen-

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timent which characterize the previously collected "Passages."

The publishers think it unnecessary to eulogize these writings, although much might be said in high commendation, not only of the mental power disclosed in them, of the deep interest they inspire, and of the profound knowledge of human nature which without any ostentation they evince, but also of the noble and excellent moral tone by which they are distinguished, and of the skill with which the deeply interesting narrative is made to convey the valuable lessons of experience and wisdom. These are indeed things worthy of praise; but the public voice and the large demand for the two volumes already published, have long since borne ample testimony to the abilities of the author, and the merit of his productions.

H. & B.

New-York, Sept. 1836.

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THE MERCHANT'S CLERK.

Yet once more, oh ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude ;
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year :
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due !

MILTON.

LOOK, reader, once more with the eye and heart of sympathy, at a melancholy page in the book of human life—a sad one indeed, and almost the last that will be opened by one who has already laid several before you, and is about to take his departure.

It was pouring with rain one Wednesday, in the month of March 18—, about twelve o'clock, and had been raining violently the whole morning. Only one patient had called upon me up to the hour just mentioned, for how could invalids stir out in such weather? The wind was cold and bitter—the aspect of things without, in short, most melancholy and cheerless. "There are one or two poor souls," thought I, with a sigh, as I stepped from the desk at which I had been occupied in writing for more than an hour, and stood looking over the blinds into the deserted and almost deluged street—"there are one or two poor souls that would certainly have been here this morning, according to appointment, but for this unfriendly weather. Their cases are somewhat critical—one of them es-

pecially—and yet they are not such as to warrant my apprehending the worst. I wish, by-the-way, I had thought of asking their addresses! Ah—for the future I will make a point of taking down the residence of such as I may suspect to be in very humble or embarrassed circumstances. One can then, if necessary, call upon such persons—on such a day as this—at their own houses. There's that poor man, for instance, the bricklayer—he cannot leave his work except at breakfast time—I wonder how his poor child comes on! Poor fellow, how anxious he looked yesterday, when he asked me what I thought of his child! And his wife bed ridden! Really, I'd make a point of calling, if I knew where he lived! He can't afford a coach—that's out of the question. Well—it can't be helped, however!" With this exclamation, half uttered, I looked at my watch, rung the bell, and ordered the carriage to be at the door in a quarter of an hour. I was sealing one of the letters I had been writing, when I heard a knock at the street door, and in a few minutes my servant showed a lady into the room. She was apparently about four or five and twenty; neatly but very plainly dressed; her features, despite an air of languor, as if from recent indisposition, without being strictly handsome, had a pleasing expression of frankness and spirit, and her address was easy and elegant. She was, however, evidently flurried. She "hoped she should not keep me at home—she could easily call again." I begged her to be seated; and in a quiet tone, at the same time proceeding with what I was engaged upon, that she might have a moment's interval in which to recover her self-possession, made some observations about the weather.

"It is still raining hard, I perceive," said I; "did you come on foot? Bless me, madam, why you seem wet through! Pray come nearer the fire;" (stirring it up into a cheerful blaze;) "shall I offer you a glass of wine, or wine and water? You look very chilly."

"No, thank you, sir; I am rather wet certainly, but

I am accustomed to rain; I will, however, sit closer to the fire, if you please, and tell you in a few words my errand. I shall not detain you long, sir," she continued, in a tone considerably more assured. "The fact is, I have received a letter this morning from a friend of mine in the country, a young lady who is an invalid, and has written to request I would call immediately upon some experienced physician, and obtain, as far as can be, his real opinion upon her case, for she fancies, poor girl! that they are concealing what is really the matter with her!"

"Well! she must have stated her case remarkably well, ma'am," said I, with a smile, "to enable me to give anything like a reasonable guess at her state without seeing her!"

"Oh, but I may be able to answer many of your questions, sir; for I am very well acquainted with her situation, and was a good deal with her, not long ago."

"Ah, that's well. Then will you be so kind," giving a monitory glance at my watch, "as to say what you know of her case? The fact is, I've ordered the carriage to be here in about a quarter of an hour's time, and I have a long day's work before me!"

"She is—let me see, sir—I should say about six years older than myself; that is, she is near thirty, or thereabouts. I should not think she was ever particularly strong. She's seen, poor thing, a good deal of trouble lately." She sighed.

"Oh, I see, I understand! A little *disappointment—there's* the seat of the mischief, I suppose?" I interrupted, smiling, and placing my hand over my heart. "Isn't this really, now, the whole secret?"

"Why—the fact is—certainly, I believe—yes, I may say that love has had a good deal to do with her present illness, for it is *really* illness! She has been—" she paused, hesitated, and, as I fancied, coloured slightly—"crossed in love—yes! She was to have been—I mean—that is, she ought to have been married last autumn, but for this sad affair." I bowed,

looking again at my watch, and she went on more quickly to describe her friend as being naturally rather delicate—that this "disappointment" had occasioned her a great deal of annoyance and agitation—that it had left her now in a very low nervous way, and, in short, her friend suspected herself to be falling into a decline. That about two months ago she had had the the misfortune to be run over by a chaise, the pole of which struck her on the right chest, and the horses' hoofs also trampled upon her, but no ribs were broken.

"Ah, *this* is the most serious part of the story, ma'am—this looks like real illness! Pray, proceed, ma'am. I suppose your friend after this complained of much pain about the chest; is it so? Was there any spitting of blood?"

"Yes, a little—no—I mean—let me see." Here she took out of her pocket a letter, and unfolding it, cast her eyes over it for a moment or two, as if to refresh her memory by looking at her friend's statement.

"May I be allowed, ma'am, to look at the letter in which your friend describes her case?" I inquired, holding out my hand.

"There are some private matters contained in it, sir," she replied quickly; "the fact is, there was some blood-spitting at the time, which I believe has not yet quite ceased."

"And does she complain of pain in the chest?"

"Yes—particularly in the right side."

"Is she often feverish at night and in the morning?"

"Yes—very—that is, her hands feel very hot, and she is restless and irritable."

"Is there any perspiration?"

"Occasionally a good deal—during the night."

"Any cough?"

"Yes, at times very troublesome, she says."

"Pray, how long has she had it? I mean, had she it before the accident you spoke of?"

"I first noticed it—let me see—ah, about a year after she was married."

"*After she was married!*" I echoed, darting a keen glance at her. She coloured violently, and stammered confusedly,

"No, no, sir; I mean about a year after the time when she *expected* to be married."

There was something not a little curious and puzzling in all this. "Can you tell me, ma'am, what sort of a cough it is?" I inquired, shifting my chair, so that I might obtain a more distinct view of her features. She perceived what I was about, I think; for she seemed to change colour a little, and to be on the verge of shedding tears. I repeated my question. She said that the cough was at first very slight; so slight that her friend had thought nothing of it, but at length it became a dry and painful one. She began to turn very pale. A suspicion of the real state of the case flashed across my mind.

"Now, tell me, ma'am, candidly—confess! Are not you speaking of yourself? You really look ill!"

She trembled, but assured me emphatically that I was mistaken. She appeared about to put some question to me, when her voice failed her, and her eyes, wandering to the window, filled with tears.

"Forgive me, sir! I am *so* anxious about my friend,"—she sobbed—"she is a dear, kind, good—" Her agitation increased.

"Calm, pray calm yourself, ma'am; do not distress yourself unnecessarily! You must not let your friendly sympathies overcome you in this way, or you will be unable to serve your friend as you wish—as she has desired!"

I handed to her a bottle of smelling salts, and after pausing for a few moments, her agitation subsided.

"Well," she began again, tremulously, "what do you think of her case, sir? You may tell me candidly, sir,"—she was evidently making violent struggles to conceal her emotions—"for I assure you I will never make an improper use of what you may say—indeed I will not! What do you really think of her case?"

"Why—if all that you have said be correct, I own I fear it is a bad case—certainly a bad one," I replied, looking at her scrutinizingly. "You have mentioned some symptoms that are very unfavourable."

"Do you—think—her case *hopeless*, sir?" she inquired in a feeble tone, and looking at me with sorrowful intensity.

"Why, that is a very difficult question to answer—in her absence. One ought to see her—to hear her tell her own story—to ask a thousand little questions. I suppose, by-the-way, that she is under the care of a regular professional man?"

"Yes, I believe so—no, I am not sure; she *has* been, I believe."

I felt satisfied that she was speaking of herself. I paused, scarce knowing what to say. "Are her circumstances easy? Could she go to a warmer climate in the spring or early part of the summer? I really think that change of scene would do her greater good than anything I could prescribe for her."

She sighed. "It might be so; but—I know it could not be done. Circumstances, I believe—"

"Is she living with her family? Could not *they*—"

"Oh no, there's no hope *there*, sir!" she replied, with sudden impetuosity. "No, no; they would see both of us perish before they would lift a finger to save us," she added with increasing vehemence of tone and manner. "So now it's all out—my poor, poor husband!" She fell into violent hysterics. The mystery was now dispelled—it was her husband's case that she had been all the while inquiring about. I saw it all! Poor soul, to gain my candid, my *real* opinion, she had devised an artifice to the execution of which she was unequal; over estimating her own strength, or rather not calculating upon the severe test she would have to encounter.

Ringing the bell, I summoned a female servant, who, with my wife, (she had heard the violent cries of my

patient,) instantly made her appearance, and paid all necessary attentions to the mysterious sufferer, as surely I might call her. The letter from which, in order to aid her little artifice, she had affected to read, had fallen upon the floor. It was merely a blank sheet of paper, folded in the shape of a letter, and directed, in a lady's handwriting, to "Mrs. Elliott, No. 5, —— street." This I put into my pocketbook. She had also, in falling, dropped a small piece of paper, evidently containing my intended fee, neatly folded up. This I slipped into the reticule which lay beside her.

From what scene of wretchedness had this unhappy creature come to me?

The zealous services of my wife and her maid presently restored my patient, at least to consciousness, and her first look was one of gratitude for their assistance. She then attempted, but in vain, to speak, and her tears flowed fast. "Indeed, indeed, sir, I am no impostor! and yet I own I have deceived you! but pity me! Have mercy on a being quite forsaken and broken hearted! I meant to pay you, sir, all the while. I only wished to get your true opinion about my unhappy husband. Oh how very, very, very, wretched I am! What is to become of us! So—my poor husband!—there's no hope! Oh that I had been content with ignorance of your fate!" She sobbed bitterly, and my worthy little wife exhibited so much firmness and presence of mind, as she stood beside her suffering sister, that I found it necessary gently to remove her from the room. What a melancholy picture of grief was before me in Mrs. Elliott, if that were her name. Her expressive features were flushed, and bedewed with weeping; her eyes swollen, and her dark hair, partially dishevelled, gave a wildness to her countenance, which added to the effect of her incoherent exclamations. "I do—I *do* thank you, sir, for your candour. I feel that you have told me the truth! But what is to become of us! My most dreadful fears are

confirmed! But I ought to have been home before this, and am only keeping you—"

"Not at all, ma'am—pray don't—"

"But my husband, sir, is ill—and there is no one to keep the child but him. I ought to have been back long ago!" She rose feebly from the chair, hastily readjusted her hair, and replaced her bonnet, preparing to go. She seemed to miss something, and looked about the floor, obviously embarrassed at not discovering the object of her search.

"It is in your reticule, ma'am," I whispered; "and, unless you would affront and wound me, there let it remain. I know what you have been looking for—hush! do not think of it again. My carriage is at the door; shall I take you as far as —— street? I am driving past it."

"No, sir, I thank you; but—not for the world! My husband has no idea that I have been here; he thinks I have been only to the druggist. I would not have him know of this visit on any account. He would instantly suspect all." She grew again excited. "Oh what a wretch I am! How long must I play the hypocrite! I must look happy, and say that I have hope when I am despairing—and he dying daily before my eyes! Oh how terrible will home be after this! But how long have I suspected all this!"

I succeeded, at length, in allaying her agitation, imploring her to strive to regain her self-possession before reappearing in the presence of her husband. She promised to contrive some excuse for summoning me to see her husband, as if in the first instance, as though it were the first time I had seen or heard of either of them, and assured me that she would call upon me again in a few days' time. "But sir," she whispered, hesitatingly, as I accompanied her through the hall to the street door, "I am really afraid we cannot afford to trouble you often."

"Madam, you will greatly grieve and offend me if you ever allude to this again before I mention it to

you. Indeed you will, ma'am," I added peremptorily but kindly; and reiterating my injunctions, that she should let me soon see her, or hear from her again, I closed the door upon her, satisfied that ere long would be laid before me another dark page in the volume of human life.

Having been summoned to visit a patient somewhere in the neighbourhood of —— street that evening, and being on foot, it struck me, as it was beginning again to rain heavily, that if I were to step into some one of the little shops close by, I might be sheltered a while from the rain, and also possibly gain some information as to the character and circumstances of my morning visiter. I pitched upon a small shop that was "licensed" to sell everything, but especially groceries. The proprietor was a little lame old man, who was busy, as I entered, making up small packets of snuff and tobacco. He allowed the plea of the rain, and permitted me to sit down on the bench near the window. A couple of candles shed their dull light over the miscellaneous articles of merchandise with which the shop was stuffed. He looked like an old rat in his hoard! He was civil and communicative, and I was not long in gaining the information I desired. He knew the Elliotts; they lived at number five, up two pairs of stairs—but had not been there above three or four months. He thought Mr. Elliott was "ailing;" and for the matter of that, his wife didn't look the strongest woman in the world. "And pray what business or calling is he?" The old man put his spectacles back upon his head, and after musing a moment, replied, "Why, now, I can't take upon me to say precisely like—but I think he's something in the city, in the mercantile way—at least I've got it into my head that he *has* been such; but he also teaches music, and I know she sometimes takes in needlework."

"Needlework! does she indeed?" I echoed, taking her letter from my pocketbook, and looking at the beautiful, the fashionable hand in which the direction

was written, and which, I felt confident, was her own. "Ah!—then I suppose they're not over well to do in the world?"

"Why—you an't a going to do anything to them, sir, are you? May I ask if you're a lawyer, sir?"

"No, indeed, I am not," said I, with a smile—"nor is this a writ! It's only the direction of a letter, I assure you; I feel a little interested about these people—at the same time, I don't know much about them, as you may perceive. Were not you saying that you thought them in difficulties?"

"Why," he replied, somewhat reassured, "maybe you're not far from the mark in that either. They deal here—and they pay me for what they have—but their custom an't very heavy! 'Deed they has uncommon little in the grocery way, but pays reg'lar; and that's better than them that has a good deal, and yet doesn't pay at all—an't it, sir?" I assented. "They used, when they first came here, to have six-and-six-penny tea and lump sugar, but this week or two back they've had only five-and-sixpenny tea and worst sugar—but my five-and-sixpenny tea is an uncommon good article, and as good as many people's six-shilling tea! —only smell it sir!" And whisking himself round, he briskly dislodged a japanned canister, and whipping off the lid, put a handful of the contents into it. The conclusion I arrived at was not a very favourable one; the stuff he handed me seemed an abominable compound of raisin stalks and sloe leaves. "They're uncommon economical, sir," he continued, putting back again his precious commodity, "for they makes two or three ounces of this do for a week—unless they goes elsewhere, which I don't think they do, by-the-way: and I'm sure they oughtn't; for, though I say it as shouldn't, they might go farther and fare worse, and without going a mile from here either—hem! By-the-way, Mrs. Elliott was in here not an hour ago, for a moment, asking for some sago, because she said Mr. Elliott had taken a fancy to have some sago milk for

his supper to-night. It was very unlucky, I hadn't half a handful left! So she was obliged to go to the druggist at the other end of the street. Poor thing, she looked so vexed; for she has quite a confidence, like, in what she gets here!"

"True, very likely! You said, by-the-way, you thought he taught music—what kind of music?"

"Why, sir, he's rather a good hand at the flute, his landlady says. So he comes in to me about a month since, and he says to me, 'Bennet,' says he, 'may I direct letters for me to be left at your shop?—I'm going to put an advertisement in the newspaper.' 'That,' says I, 'depends on what it's about—what are you advertising for?' (not meaning to be impudent;) and he says, says he, 'Why, I've taken it into my head, Bennet, to teach the flute, and I'm a going to try to get some one to learn it to.' So he put the advertisement in—but he didn't get more than one letter, and that brought him a young lad—but he didn't stay long. 'Twas a beautiful black flute, sir, with silver on it; for Mrs. Hooper, his landlady—she's an old friend of my mistress, sir—showed it to us one Sunday, when we took a cup of tea with her, and the Elliotts was gone out for a walk. I don't think he can teach it *now* sir," he continued, dropping his voice; "for, between you and I, old Browning the pawnbroker, a little way up on the left-hand side, has a flute in his window that's the very image of what Mrs. Hooper showed us that night I was speaking of. You understand me, sir? Pawned—or sold—I'll answer for it—ahem!"

"Ah, very probable—yes, very likely!" I replied, sighing—hoping my gossiping host would go on.

"And between you and I, sir," he resumed, "it wasn't a bad thing for him to get rid of it, either; for Mrs. Hooper told us that Mr. Elliott wasn't strong like to play on it; and she used to hear Mrs. Elliott—(she is an uncommon agreeable young woman, sir, to look at, and looks like one that has been better off:) I was a saying, however, that Mrs. Hooper used now and

then to hear Mrs. Elliott cry a good deal about his playing on the flute, and 'spostulate to him on the account of it, and say 'You know it isn't a good thing for you, dear.' Nor was it, sir—the doctors would say!"

"Poor fellow!" I exclaimed, with a sigh, not meaning to interrupt my companion—"of all things on earth—the *flute!*"

"Ah!" replied the worthy grocer, "things are in a bad way when they come to that pass—arn't they! But Lord, sir!" dropping his voice, and giving a hurried glance towards a door, opening, I suppose, into his sitting room—"there's nothing partic'lar in *that*, after all. My mistress and I, even, have done such things before now, at a push, when we've been hard driven! You know, sir, poverty's no sin—is it?"

"God forbid, indeed, my worthy friend!" I replied, as a customer entered, to purchase a modicum of cheese or bacon; and thanking Mr. Bennet for his civility in affording me a shelter so long, I quitted his shop. The rain continued, and, as is usually the case, no hackney coach made its appearance till I was nearly wet through. My interest in poor Mrs. Elliott and her husband was greatly increased by what I had heard from the gossiping grocer. How distinctly, though perhaps unconsciously, had he sketched the downward progress of respectable poverty! I should await the next visit of Mrs. Elliott with some eagerness and anxiety. Nearly a week, however, elapsed before I again heard of Mrs. Elliott, who called at my house one morning when I had been summoned to pay an early visit to a patient in the country. After having waited nearly an hour for me, she was obliged to leave, after writing the following lines on the back of an old letter:—

"Mrs. Elliott begs to present her respects to Doctor ——, and to inform him, that if quite convenient to him, she would feel favoured by his calling on Mr. Elliott any time to-day or to-morrow. She begs to

remind him of his promise not to let Mr. Elliott suppose that Mrs. Elliott has told him anything about Mr. Elliott, except *generally* that he is poorly. The address is No. 5, —— street, near —— square."

At three o'clock that afternoon, I was at their lodging in —— street. No. 5 was a small decent draper's shop; and a young woman sitting at work behind the counter referred me, on inquiring for Mr. Elliott, to the private door, which she said I could easily push open; that the Elliott's lived on the second floor, but she thought that Mrs. Elliott had just gone out. Following her directions, I soon found myself ascending the narrow staircase. On approaching the second floor, the door of the apartment I took to be Mr. Elliott's was standing nearly wide open; and the scene which presented itself I paused for a few moments to contemplate. Almost fronting the door, at a table on which were several huge legers and account books, sat a young man apparently about thirty, who seemed to have just dropped asleep over a wearisome task. His left hand supported his head, and in his right was a pen which he seemed to have fallen asleep almost in the act of using. Propped up, on the table, between two huge books, a little towards his left-hand side, sat a child, seemingly a little boy, and a very pretty one, so engrossed with some plaything or another as not to perceive my approach. I *felt* that this was Mr. Elliott, and stopped for a few seconds to observe him. His countenance was manly, and had plainly been once very handsome. It was now considerably emaciated, overspread with a sallow hue, and wore an expression of mingled pain and exhaustion. The thin white hand holding the pen, also bespoke the invalid. His hair was rather darker than his wife's, and being combed aside, left exposed to view an ample well-formed forehead. In short, he seemed a very interesting person. He was dressed in black, his coat being buttoned evidently for warmth's sake; for though it was March, and the weather very bleak and bitter, there was scarce

any appearance of fire in about the smallest grate I ever saw. The room was small, but very clean and comfortable, though not overstocked with furniture—what there was being of the most ordinary kind. A little noise I made attracted, at length, the child's attention. It turned round, started, on seeing a stranger, and disturbed its father, whose eyes looked suddenly but heavily at his child, and then at my approaching figure.

"Pray walk in," said he, with a kind of mechanical civility, but evidently not completely roused from sleep. "I—I—am very sorry—the accounts are not yet balanced—very sorry—been at them almost the whole day." He suddenly paused, and recollected himself. He had, it seemed, mistaken me, at the moment, for some one whom he had expected.

"Dr. ——," said I, bowing, and advancing.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, sir; pray walk in, and take a seat." I did so. "I believe Mrs. Elliott called upon you this morning, sir? I am sorry she has just stepped out, but she will return soon. She will be very sorry she was not at home when you called."

"I should have been happy to see Mrs. Elliott, but I understood from a few lines she left at my house that this visit was to be paid to yourself—is it not so? Can I be of any assistance?"

"Certainly! I feel far from well, sir. I have been in but middling health for some time, but my wife thinks me, I am sure, much worse than I really am, and frets herself a good deal about me."

I proceeded to inquire fully into his case; and he showed very great intelligence and readiness in answering all my questions. He had detected in himself, some years ago, symptoms of a liver complaint, which a life of much confinement and anxiety had since contributed to aggravate. He mentioned the accident alluded to by Mrs. Elliott; and when he had concluded a singularly terse and distinct statement of his case, I had formed a pretty decisive opinion upon it. I thought

there was a strong tendency to hepatic phthisis, but that it might, with proper care, be arrested, if not even overcome. I expressed myself in very cautious terms.

"Do you really, candidly think, sir, that I have a reasonable chance of recovering my health?" he inquired, with a sigh, at the same time folding in his arms his little boy, whose concerned features, fixed in silence, now upon his father, and then upon me, as each of us spoke, almost led me to think that he appreciated the grave import of our conversation.

"Yes, I certainly think it probable—very probable—that you would recover, provided, as I said before, you use the means I pointed out."

"And the chief of those means are—relaxation and country air?"

"Certainly."

"You consider them essential?" he inquired, despondingly.

"Undoubtedly. Repose, both bodily and mental, change of scene, fresh air, and some medical treatment."

He listened in silence, his eyes fixed on the floor, while an expression of profound melancholy overspread his countenance. He seemed absorbed in a painful revery. I fancied that I could not mistake the subject of his thoughts; and ventured to interrupt them, by saying in a low tone, "It would not be *very* expensive, Mr. Elliott, after all."

"Ah, sir—that *is* what I am thinking about," he replied, with a deep sigh; and he relapsed into his former troubled silence.

"Suppose—suppose, sir, I were able to go into the country and rest a little, *a twelvemonth hence*, and in the mean time attend as much as possible to my health, is it probable that it would not *then* be too late?"

"Oh, come, Mr. Elliott, let us prefer the sunshine to the cloud," said I, with a cheerful air, hearing a quick step advancing to the door, which was opened, as I expected, by Mrs. Elliott, who entered breathless with haste.

"How do you do, ma'am—Mrs. Elliott, I presume?" said I, wishing to put her on her guard, and prevent her appearing to have seen me before.

"Yes, sir—Mrs. Elliott," said she, catching the hint, and then turning quickly to her husband, "How are you, love? I hope Henry has been good with you!"

"Very—he's been a very good little boy," replied Elliott, surrendering him to Mrs. Elliott, whom he was struggling to reach.

"But how are you, dear?" repeated his wife, anxiously.

"Pretty well," he replied, adding, with a faint smile, at the same time pushing his foot against mine, under the table, "As you would have Dr. ——, he is here; but we can't make out why you thought fit to summon him in such haste."

"A very little suffices to alarm a lady," said I, with a smile. "I was sorry, Mrs. Elliott, that you had to wait so long for me this morning—I hope it did not inconvenience you." I began to think how I should manage to decline the fee I perceived they were preparing to give me, for I was obliged to leave, and drew on my gloves. "We've had a long *tete-a-tete*, Mrs. Elliott, in your absence. I must commit him to your gentle care; you will prove the better physician. He must submit to you in everything; you must not allow him to exert himself too much over matters like these," pointing to the huge folios lying upon the table; "he must keep regular hours, and if all of you could go to a lodging on the outskirts of the town, the fresh air would do you a world of good. You must undertake the case, ma'am—you must really pledge yourself to this." The poor couple exchanged hurried glances, in silence. *He* attempted a smile. "What a sweet little fellow is this," said I, taking their little child into my arms—a miracle of neatness and cleanliness—and affecting to be eagerly engaged with him. He came to me readily, and forthwith began an incomprehensible address to me about "da-da"—"pa-pa"—"ma-ma,"

and other similarly mysterious terms, which I was obliged to cut short by promising to come and talk again with him in a day or two. "Good day, Master Elliott!" said I, giving him back to his father, who at the same time slipped a guinea in my hand. I took it easily. "Come, sirrah," said I, addressing the child, "will you be my banker?" shutting his little fingers on the guinea.

"Pardon me—excuse me, doctor," interrupted Mr. Elliott, blushing scarlet, "this must not be. I really cannot—"

"Ah! may I not employ what banker I like? Well—I'll hear what you have to say about it when we meet again. Farewell for a day or two." And with these words, bowing hastily to Mrs. Elliott, who looked at me through her tear-filled eyes unutterable things, I hurried down stairs. It may seem sufficiently absurd to dwell so long upon the insignificant circumstance of declining a fee; a thing done by my brethren daily—often as a matter of course; but it is a matter that has often occasioned me no inconsiderable embarrassment. 'Tis really often a difficult thing to refuse a fee proffered by those one knows to be unable to afford it, so as not to make them uneasy under the sense of an obligation—to wound delicacy, or offend an honourable pride. I had, only a few days before, by-the-way, almost *asked* for my guinea from a gentleman who is worth many thousands a year, and who dropped the fee into my hand as though it were a drop of his heart's blood.

I had felt much gratified with the appearance and manners of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, and disposed to cultivate their acquaintance. Both were too evidently oppressed with melancholy, which was not, however, sufficient to prevent my observing the simplicity and manliness of the husband, the fascinating frankness of the wife. How her eyes devoured him with fond anxiety! Often while conversing with them, a recollection of some of the touching little details commu-

nicated by their garrulous grocer brought the tears for an instant to my eyes. Possibly poor Mrs. Elliott had been absent, either seeking employment for her needle, or taking home what she had been engaged upon—both of them thus labouring to support themselves by means to which *she*, at least, seemed utterly unaccustomed, as far as one could judge from her demeanour and conversation. Had they pressed me much longer about accepting my fee, I am sure I should have acted foolishly; for when I held their guinea in my hand, the thought of their small weekly allowance of an ounce or two of tea—their brown sugar—his pawned flute—almost determined me to defy all delicacy, and return them their guinea doubled. I could enter into every feeling, I thought, which agitated their hearts, and appreciate the despondency, the hopelessness with which they listened to my mention of the indispensable necessity of change of scene and repose. Probably, while I was returning home, they were mingling bitter tears as they owned to one another the impossibility of adopting my suggestions; he feeling, and she fearing, neither, however, daring to express it, that his days were numbered—that he must toil to the last for a scanty livelihood—and even then leave his wife and child, it seemed but too probable, destitute—that, in the sorrowful language of Burns,

> "Still caring, despairing,
> Must be his bitter doom;
> His woes here, shall close ne'er
> But with the closing tomb."*

I felt sure that there was some secret and grievous source of misery in the background, and often thought of the expression she had frantically uttered when at my house. Had either of them married against the wishes of a proud and unrelenting family? Little did I think that I had, on that very day which first brought me acquainted with Mrs. Elliott, paid a professional visit to

* *Despondency*, an Ode.

one fearfully implicated in the infliction of their present sufferings! But I anticipate.

I need not particularize the steps by which I became at length familiarly acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Elliott. I found them for a long while extremely reserved on the subject of their circumstances, except as far as an acknowledgment that their pecuniary resources were somewhat precarious. He was, or rather, it seemed, had been, a clerk in a merchant's counting house; but ill health obliged him at length to quit his situation, and seek for such occasional employment as would admit of being attended to at his own lodging. His labours in this way were, I perceived, notwithstanding my injunctions and his promises, of the most intense and unremitting, and, I feared, ill-requited description. But with what heart could I continue my remonstrances, when I felt convinced that thus he must toil or starve? She also was forced to contribute her efforts toward their support, as I often saw her eagerly and rapidly engaged upon dresses and other articles too splendid to be for her own use. I could not help one day in the fulness of my heart, seeing her thus engaged, telling her that I had many a time since my marriage seen my wife similarly engaged. She looked at me with surprise for a few moments, and burst into tears. She forced off her rising emotions; but she was from that moment aware that I fully saw and appreciated her situation. It was on a somewhat similar occasion that she and her husband were at length induced to tell me their little history; and before giving the reader an account of what fell under my own personal observation, I shall lay before him, in my own way, the substance of several painfully interesting conversations with this most unfortunate couple. Let not the ordinary reader spurn details of everyday life, such as will here follow,

"Nor *grandeur* hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor!"

Owing to a terrible domestic calamity, it became necessary that Henry Elliott, an only son, educating at Oxford, and destined for the army, should suddenly quit the university, and seek a livelihood by his own exertions in London. The event which occasioned this sudden blight to his prospects, was the suicide of his father, Major Elliott; whose addiction to gambling, having for a long time seriously embarrassed his affairs, and nearly broken the heart of his wife, at length led him to commit the fatal act above spoken of. His widow survived the shock scarce a twelvemonth, and her unfortunate son was then left alone in the world, and almost entirely destitute. The trifling sum of ready money which remained in his possession after burying his mother was exhausted, and the scanty pittance afforded by his relatives withdrawn on the ground that he ought now to support himself, when his occasional inquiries after a situation at length led to the information that there was a vacancy for an outer clerk in the great house of Hillary, Hungate, and Company, Mincing Lane, in the city. He succeeded in satisfying the junior partner of this house, after submitting to a great number of humiliating inquiries in regard to his respectability and trustworthiness; and he was forthwith received into the establishment, at a salary of 60*l.* per annum.

It was a sad day for poor Elliott when he sold off almost all his college books, and a few other remnants of gay and happy days, gone by probably for ever, for the purpose of equipping himself becomingly for his new and humble functions. He wrote an excellent hand; and being of a decided mathematical turn, the arithmetic of the counting house was easily mastered. What dismal drudgery had he henceforth daily to undergo! The tyranny of the upper clerks reminded him, with a pang, of the petty tyranny he had both received and inflicted at the public school where he had been educated. How infinitely more galling and intolerable was his present bondage! Two thirds of the day he was kept

constantly on foot, hurrying from place to place, with bills, letters, &c., and on other errands; and especially on foreign post nights, he was detained slaving sometimes till nine or ten at night, copying letters, and assisting in making entries and balancing accounts, till his pen almost dropped from his wearied fingers. He was allowed an hour in the middle of the day for dinner; and even this little interval was often broken in upon to such an extent as proved seriously prejudicial to his health. After all the labours of the day, he had to trudge from Mincing Lane, along the odious City Road up to almost the extremity of Islington, where was situated his lodging, that is, a little back bedroom, on the third floor, serving at once for his sitting and sleeping room, and for the use of which he paid at the rate of seven shillings a week, exclusive of extras. Still he conformed to his cheerless lot, calmly and resolutely, with a true practical stoicism that did him honour. His regular and frugal habits enabled him to subsist upon his scanty salary with decency, if not comfort, and without running into debt—that infallible destructive of all peace of mind and all self-respect! His sole enjoyment was an occasional hour in the evening, spent in reading, and retracing some of his faded acquisitions in mathematics. Though a few of his associates were piqued at what they considered his sullen and inhospitable disposition, yet his obliging manners, his easy but melancholy deportment, his punctuality and exactitude in all his engagements, soon gained him the goodwill of his brethren in the office, and occasionally an indication of satisfaction on the part of some one of his august employers.

Thus, at length, Elliott overcame the numerous *disagremens* of his altered situation, seeking in constant employment to forget both the gloom and gayeties of the past. Two or three years passed over, Elliott continuing thus steadily in his course; and his salary, as a proof of the approbation of his employers, had been annually increased by 10*l.* till he was placed in com-

parative affluence by the receipt of a salary of 90*l.* His severe exertions, however, insensibly impaired a constitution, never very vigorous, and he bore with many a fit of indisposition, rather than incur the expense of medical attendance. It may be added, that Elliott was a man of gentlemanly exterior and engaging deportment—and then let us pass to a very different person.

Mr. Hillary, the head of the firm, a man of very great wealth, had risen from being a mere errand boy, to his present eminence in the mercantile world, through a rare combination of good fortune and personal merit —*merit*, as far as concerns a talent for business, joined with prudence and enterprise. If ever there came a man within the terms of Burke's famous philipic, it was Mr. Hillary. His only object was money-making; he knew nothing, cared for nothing beyond it; till the constant contemplation of his splendid gains led his desires into the train of personal aggrandizement. With the instinctive propensities of a mean and coarse mind, he became as tyrannical and insolent in success as in adversity he had been supple and cringing. No spark of generous or worthy feeling had ever been struck from the flinty heart of Jacob Hillary, of the firm of Hillary, Hungate, and Company. He was the idol of a constant throng of wealth-worshippers; to everybody else, he was an object either of contempt or terror. He had married the widow of a deceased partner, by whom he had had several children, of whom one only lived beyond infancy—a generous, high-spirited, enthusiastic girl, whom her purse-proud father had destined, in his own weak and vain ambition, to become the wearer of a coronet. On this dazzling object were Mr. Hillary's eyes fixed with unwavering earnestness; he desired and longed to pour the tide of his gold through the channel of a peerage. In person, Mr. Hillary was of the middle height, but gross and corpulent. There was no intellect in his shining bald head, fringed with bristling white hair—nor was there any expression in his

harsh and coarse features but such as faithfully adumbrated his character as above described.

This was the individual, who, in stepping one morning rather hastily from his carriage, at his counting house door in Mincing Lane, fell from the carriage step, most severely injuring his right ankle and shoulder. The injuries he received upon this occasion kept him confined for a long period to his bed, and for a still longer one to an easy chair in the back drawing room of his spacious mansion near Highbury. As soon as he was able to attend to business, he issued orders that as Elliott was the clerk whose residence was nearest to Bullion House, he should attend him every morning for an hour or two on matters of business, carrying Mr Hillary's orders to the city, and especially bringing him, day by day, in a sealed envelope, *his banker's book!* A harassing post this proved for poor Elliott.

Severe discipline had trained his temper to bear more than most men: on these occasions it was tried to the uttermost. Mr. Hillary's active and energetic mind kept thus in comparative and compulsive seclusion from the only concerns he cared for or that could occupy it—always excepting the one great matter already alluded to—his imperious and irritable temper became almost intolerable. Elliott would certainly have thrown up his employment under Mr. Hillary in disgust and despair, had it not been for one circumstance—the presence of Miss Hillary—whose sweet appealing looks day after day melted away the resolution with which Elliott every morning came before her choleric and overbearing father, although they could not mitigate that father's evil temper, or prevent its manifestations. He insisted on her spending the greater part of every day in his presence, nor would allow her to quit it even at the periods when Elliott made his appearance. The first casual and hasty glance that he directed towards her, satisfied him that he had, in earlier and happy days, been many times in general society with her—her partner even in the

dance. *Now*, however, he dared not venture to exhibit the slightest indication of recognition; and she, if struck by similar recollections, thought fit to conceal them, and behave precisely as though she then saw and heard of Mr. Elliott for the first time in her life. He could not, of course, find fault with her for this; but he felt it deeply and bitterly. He little knew how much he wronged her! She instantly recollected him —and it was only the dread of her father that restrained her from a friendly greeting. Having once adopted such a line of conduct, it became necessary to adhere to it—and she did. But could she prevent her *heart* going out in sympathy towards the poor, friendless, unoffending clerk whom her father treated more like a mere menial than a respectable and confidential servant—him whom she knew to be

> "Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
> Fallen from his high estate?"

Every day that she saw him, her woman's heart throbbed with pity towards him; and pity is indeed akin to love. How favourably for him did his temper and demeanour contrast with those of her father! And she saw him placed daily in a situation calculated to exhibit his real character—his disposition, whether for good or evil. The fact was, that he had become an object of deep interest—even of love—to her, long before the thought had ever occurred to him that she viewed him, from day to day, with feelings different from those with which she would look at the servant that stood at her father's sideboard at dinner. His mind was kept constantly occupied by his impetuous employer, and his hundred questions about everything that had or had not happened every day in the city Thus for nearly three months had these unconscious lovers been brought daily for an hour or two into each other's presence. He had little idea of the exquisite pain occasioned Miss Hillary by her father's harsh and

unfeeling treatment of him, nor of the many timid attempts she made, in his absence, to prevent the recurrence of such treatment; and as for the great man, Mr. Hillary, it never crossed his mind as being possible that two young hearts could, by any means, when in different ranks of society, one rich, the other poor, be warmed into a feeling of regard, and even love for one another.

One afternoon Elliott was obliged to come a second time that day from the city, bearing important despatches from Mincing Lane to Mr. Hillary, who was sitting in his invalid chair, flanked on one hand by his daughter, and on the other by a little table, on which stood wine and fruit. Poor Elliott looked, as well he might, exhausted with his long and rapid walk through the fervid sunshine.

"Well, sir—what now?" said her father, quickly and peremptorily, at the same time eagerly stretching forth his hand to receive a letter which Elliott presented to him.

"Humph! Sit down there, sir, for a few minutes!" Elliott obeyed. Miss Hillary, who had been reading, touched with Elliott's pale and wearied look, whispered to her father, "Papa—Mr. Elliott looks dreadfully tired—may I offer him a glass of wine?"

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Hillary, hastily, without removing his eyes from the letter he had that instant opened. Miss Hillary instantly poured out a glass of wine; and as Elliott approached to take it from the table, with a respectful bow, his eye encountered hers, which was instantly withdrawn; but not before it had cast a glance upon him that electrified him—that fell suddenly like a spark of fire amid the combustible feelings of a most susceptible but subdued heart. It fixed the fate of their lives. The train so long laid had been at length unexpectedly ignited, and the confounded clerk returned or rather staggered towards his chair, fancying that everything in the room was whirling around him. It was well for both of them that Mr. Hillary was at that

eventful moment absorbingly engaged with a letter announcing the sudden arrival of three ships with large cargoes of an article of which he had been attempting a monopoly, and in doing so had sunk a very large sum of ready money. In vain did the conscious and confused girl—confused as Elliott—remove her chair to the window, with her back towards him, and attempt to proceed with the book she had been reading. Her head seemed in a whirlpool.

"Get me my desk, Mary, immediately," said her father, suddenly.

"No, indeed, papa, you didn't," replied Miss Hillary, as suddenly, for her father's voice had recalled her from a strange revery.

"My desk, Mary—my desk—dy'e hear?" repeated her father, in a peremptory manner, still conning over the letter which told him, in effect, that he would retire to bed that night four or five thousand pounds poorer than he rose from it—ignorant that within the last few moments, in his very presence, had happened that which was to put an end for ever to all his dreams of a coronet glittering upon his daughter's brow!

Miss Hillary obeyed her father's second orders, carefully looking in every direction but that in which she would have encountered Elliott; and whispering a word or two into her father's ear, quitted the room. Elliott's heart was beating quickly when the harsh tones of Mr. Hillary, who had worked himself into a very violent humour, fell upon his ear, directing him to return immediately to the city, and say he had no answer to send till the morning, when he was to be in attendance at an early hour.

Scarce knowing whether he stood on his head or his heels, Elliott hurriedly bowed, and withdrew. Borne along on the current of his tumultuous emotions, he seemed to fly down the swarming City Road; and when he reached the dull dingy little back counting house where he was to be occupied till a late hour of the night, he found himself not in the fittest humour in

the world for his task. *Could* he possibly be mistaken in interpreting Miss Hillary's look? Was it not corroborated by her subsequent conduct? And, by-the-way, now that he came to glance backward into the two or three months during which he had been almost daily in her presence, divers little incidents started up into his recollection, all tending the same way. "Heighho!" exclaimed Elliott, laying down his yet unused pen, after a long and bewildering revery—"I wonder what Miss Hillary is thinking about! Surely I have had a kind of day dream! It *can't* have really happened! And yet—how could there have been a mistake? Heaven knows I had taken nothing to excite or disorder me—except, perhaps, my long walk! Here's à *coup de soleil*, by-the-way, with a witness! But only to think of it—Miss Hillary—daughter of Jacob Hillary, Esq.—in love with—an under clerk of her father's—pho! it will never do! I'll think of it to-morrow morning." Thus communed Elliott with himself, by turns writing, pausing, and soliloquizing, till the lateness of the hour compelled him to apply to his task in good earnest. He did not quit his desk till it had struck ten; from which period till that at which he tumbled into his little bed, he fancied that scarcely five minutes had elapsed.

He made his appearance at Bullion House the next morning with a sad fluttering about the heart, but it soon subsided, for Miss Hillary was not present to prolong his agitation. He had not been seated for many minutes, however, before he observed her in a distant part of the gardens, apparently tending some flowers. As his eye followed the movements of her graceful figure, he could not avoid a faint sigh of regret at his own absurdity in raising such a superstructure of splendid possibilities upon so slight a foundation. His attention was at that instant arrested by Mr. Hillary's multifarious commands for the city: and, in short, Miss Hillary's absence from town for about a week, added to a great increase of business at the counting

house, owing to an extensive failure of a foreign correspondent, gradually restored Elliott to his senses, and banished the intrusive image of his lovely tormentor. Her unequivocal exhibition of feeling, however—unequivocal at least *to him*—on the occasion of the next meeting, instantly revived all his former excitement, and plunged him afresh into the soft tumult of doubts, hopes, and fears, from which he had so lately emerged. Every day that he returned to Mr. Hillary brought him fresh evidence of the extent to which he had encroached upon Miss Hillary's affections; and strange, indeed, must be that heart which, feeling itself alone and despised in the world, can suddenly find itself the object of a most enthusiastic and disinterested attachment without kindling into a flame of grateful affection. Was there anything wonderful or improbable in the conduct attributed to Miss Hillary? No. A girl of frank and generous feeling, she saw in one, whom undeserved misfortune had placed in a very painful and trying position, the constant exhibition of high qualities; a patient and dignified submission to her father's cruel and oppressive treatment—a submission *on her account;* she beheld his high feeling conquering misfortune; she saw in his eye—his every look—his whole demeanour, susceptibilities of an exalted description: and beyond all this—last, though not least, as Elliott acted the gentleman, so he *looked* it—and a handsome gentleman, too! So it came to pass, then, that these two hearts became acquainted with each other, despite the obstacles of circumstance and situation. A kind of telegraphing courtship was carried on between them daily, which must have been observed by Mr. Hillary, but for the engrossing interest with which he regarded the communications of which Elliott was always the bearer. Mr. Hillary began, however, at length, to recover the use of his limbs, and rapidly to gain general strength. He consequently announced one morning to Elliott, that he should not require him to call after the morrow.

At this time the lovers had never interchanged a syllable together, either verbal or written, that could savour of love; and yet each was as confidant of the state of the other's feelings, as though a hundred closely written, and closer-crossed letters, had been passing between them. On the dreadful morrow he was pale and somewhat confused, nor was she far otherwise; but she had a sufficient reason in the indisposition of her mother, who had for many months been a bed-ridden invalid. As for Elliott, he was safe. He might have appeared at death's door without attracting the notice, or exciting the inquiries of his callous employer. As he rose to leave the room, Elliott bowed to Mr. Hillary; but his last glance was directed towards Miss Hillary, who, however, at that moment was, or appeared to be, too busily occupied with pouring out her excellent father's coffee, to pay any attention to her retiring lover, who consequently retired from her presence not a little piqued and alarmed.

They had no opportunity of seeing one another till nearly a month after the occasion just alluded to; when they met under circumstances very favourable for the expression of such feelings as either of them dared to acknowledge—and the opportunity was not thrown away. Mr. Hillary had quitted town for the north, on urgent business, which was expected to detain him for nearly a fortnight; and Elliott failed not, on the following Sunday, to be at the post he had constantly occupied for some months—namely, a seat in the gallery of the church attended by Mr. Hillary and his family, commanding a distant view of the great central pew—matted, hassocked, and velvet cushioned, with a rich array of splendid implements of devotion, in the shape of Bibles and prayer books, great and small, with gilt edges, and in blue and red morocco, being the favoured spot occupied by the great merchant—where he was pleased by his presence to assure the admiring vicar of his respect for him and the established church. Miss Hillary had long since been aware of the pres-

ence of her timid and distant lover on these occasions; they had several times nearly jostled against one another in going out of church, the consequence of which was generally a civil though silent recognition of him. And this might be done with impunity, seeing how her wealthy father was occupied with nodding to everybody, genteel enough to be so publicly recognised, and shaking hands with the select few who enjoyed his personal acquaintance. With what a different air and with what a different feeling did the great merchant and his humble clerk pass on these occasions down the aisle!

But to return. On the Sunday above alluded to, Elliott beheld Miss Hillary enter the church alone, and become the solitary tenant of the family pew. Sad truants from his prayer book, his eyes never quitted the fair and solitary occupant of Mr. Hillary's pew; but she chose, in some wayward humour, to sit that morning with her back turned towards the part of the church where she knew Elliott to be, and never once looked up in that direction. They met, however, after the service, near the door, as usual; she dropped her black veil just in time to prevent his observing a certain sudden flush that forced itself upon her features; returned his modest bow; a few words of course were interchanged; it threatened, or Elliott chose to represent that it threatened to rain: (which he heartily wished it would, as she had come on foot, and unattended:) and so, in short, it came to pass that this very discreet couple were to be seen absolutely walking arm in arm towards Bullion House, at the slowest possible pace, and by the most circuitous route that could suggest itself to the flurried mind of Elliott. An instinctive sense of propriety, or rather prudence, led him to quit her arm just before arriving at that turn of the road which brought them full in sight of her father's house. There they parted, each satisfied as to the nature of the other's feelings, though nothing had then passed between them of an explicit or decisive character.

It is not necessary for me to dwell on this part of their history. Where there is a will, it is said, there is a way; and the young and venturous couple found, before long, an opportunity of declaring to each other their mutual feelings. Their meetings and correspondence were contrived and carried on with the utmost difficulty. Great caution and secrecy were necessary to conceal the affair from Mr. Hillary, and those whose interest it was to give him early information on every matter that in any way concerned him. Miss Hillary buoyed herself up with the hope of securing, in due time, her mother, and obtaining her intercessions with her stern and callous-hearted father. Some three months, or thereabouts, after the Sunday just mentioned, Mr. Hillary returned from the city, and made his appearance at dinner, in an unusually gay and lively humour. Miss Hillary was at a loss to conjecture the occasion of such an exhibition; but imagined it must be some great speculation of his which had proved unexpectedly successful. He occasionally directed towards her a kind of grim leer, as though longing to communicate tidings which he expected to be as gratifying to her as they were to himself. They dined alone; and as she was retiring rather earlier than usual, in order to attend upon her mother, who had that day been more than ordinarily indisposed, he motioned her to resume her seat.

"Well, Molly"—for that was the elegant version of her Christian name which he generally adopted when in a good humour—"well, Molly," pouring out a glass of wine, as the servants made their final exit, "I have heard something to-day, in the city—ahem! in which *you* are particularly concerned—very much so—and—so—ahem!—am I!" He tossed off half of his glass, and smacked his lips as though he unusually relished the flavour.

"Indeed, papa!" exclaimed the young lady, with an air of anxious vivacity, not attempting to convey to her lips the brimming wineglass her father had filled for her, lest the trembling of her hand should be observed

by him. "Oh, you are joking! what can I have to do with the city, papa?"

"Do? Aha, my girl! 'What can you have to do in the city,'" good-humouredly attempting to imitate her tone, "indeed? Don't try to play mock modest with me! You know as well as I do what I am going to say!" he added, looking at her archly, as *he* fancied, but so as to blanch her cheek and agitate her whole frame with an irresistible tremour. Her acute and feeling father observed her emotion. "There now, that's just the way all you young misses behave on these occasions! I suppose it's considered mighty pretty! As if it wasn't all a matter of course for a young woman to hear about a young husband!"

"Papa, how you *do* love a joke!" replied Miss Hillary, with a sickly smile, making a desperate effort to carry her wineglass to her lips, in which she succeeded, swallowing every drop that was in it, while her father electrified her by proceeding: "It's no use mincing matters; the thing is gone too far."

"Gone too far!" echoed Miss Hillary, mechanically.

"Yes, gone too far, I say, and I stick to it. A bargain's a bargain all the world over, whatever it's about; and a bargain I've struck to-day. You're my daughter —my only daughter, d'ye see—and I've been a good while on the lookout for a proper person to marry you to; and, egad! to-day I've got him; my future son-in-law, d'ye hear, and one that will clap a coronet on my pretty Molly's head; and on the day he does so, I do two things; I give you a plum, and myself cut Mincing Lane, and sink the shop for the rest of my days. There's nuts for you to crack! Aha, Molly, what d'ye say to all this? An't it news?"

"*Say!* why I—I—I—" stammered the young lady, her face nearly as white as the handkerchief on which her eyes were violently fixed, and with which her fingers were hurriedly playing.

"Why, Molly! What's the matter? What the ——, ahem! are you gone so pale for? Gad, I see how it

is; I have been too abrupt, as your poor mother has it! But the thing *is* as I said, that's flat, come what will, say it how one will, take it how you will! So make up your mind, Molly, like a good girl as you are; come, kiss me! I never loved you so much as now I'm going to lose you!"

She made no attempt to rise from her chair, so he got up from his own, and approached her.

"Adad, but what's the matter here? Your little hands are as cold as a corpse's. Why, Molly, what—what nonsense." He chucked her under the chin. "You're trying to frighten me, Molly, I know you are! ah-ha!" He grew more and more alarmed at her deadly paleness and apparent insensibility to what he was saying. "Well, now—" he paused, and looked anxiously at her. "Who would have thought," he added, suddenly, "that it would have taken the girl aback so? Come, come!" slapping her smartly on her back, "a joke's a joke, and I've had mine, but it's been carried too far, I'm afraid."

"Dear—dearest papa," gasped his daughter, suddenly raising her eyes, and fixing them with a steadfast brightening look upon his, at the same time catching hold of his hands convulsively, "so it is—*a joke!* a—joke—it is—it is;" and gradually sinking back in her chair, to her father's unspeakable alarm, she swooned. Holding her in his arms, he roared stoutly for assistance, and in a twinkling a posse of servants, male and female, obeying the summons, rushed pellmell into the dining room; the ordinary hubbub attendant on a fainting fit ensued—cold water sprinkled, eau de Cologne, volatile salts, &c., &c. Then the young lady, scarce restored to her senses, was supported, or rather carried, by her maid to her own apartment, and Mr. Hillary was left to himself for the remainder of the evening, flustered and confounded beyond all expression. The result of his troubled ruminations was, that the sudden communication of such prodigious good fortune had upset his daughter with joy, and that he must return to

the charge in a day or two, and break it to her more easily. The real fact was, that he had that day assured the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Scamp of his daughter's heart, hand, and fortune; and that exemplary personage had agreed to dine at Bullion House on the ensuing Sunday, for the purpose of being introduced to his future viscountess, whose noble fortune was to place his financial matters upon an entirely new basis, at least for some time to come, and enable him to show his honest face once more in divers amiable coteries at C——'s and elsewhere. Old Hillary's dazzled eyes could see nothing but his lordship's coronet; and he had no more doubt about his right thus to dispose of his daughter's heart than he had about his right to draw upon Messrs. Cash, Credit, and Co., his bankers, without first consulting them to ascertain whether they would honour his drafts.

Miss Hillary did not make her appearance the next morning at her father's breakfast table, her maid being sent to say, that her young lady had a violent headache, and so forth; the consequence of which was, that the old gentleman departed for the city in a terrible temper, as every member of this establishment could have testified if they had been asked. Miss Hillary had spent an hour or two of the preceding midnight in writing to Elliott a long and somewhat incoherent account of what had happened. She gave but a poor account of herself to her father at dinner that day. He was morosely silent. She pale, absent, disconcerted.

"What the devil is the matter with you, Mary?" inquired Mr. Hillary, with stern abruptness, as soon as the servants had withdrawn; "what were all those tantrums of yours about last night, eh?"

"Indeed, papa," replied his trembling daughter, "I hardly know; but really, you must remember you said such *very* odd things, and so suddenly, and you looked so angry."

"Tut, girl, pho! Fiddle faddle!" exclaimed her

father, gulping down a glass of wine with great energy. "I could almost—ahem!—really, it looked as if you had taken a little too much, eh? What harm was there in me telling you that you were going soon to be married? What's a girl born and bred up for but to be married? Eh, Mary?" continued her father, determined, this time, to go to work with greater skill and tact than on the preceding evening. "I want an answer, Mary!"

"Why, papa, it *was* a very odd thing now, was not it?" said his daughter, with an affectionate smile, drawing nearer to her father, her knees trembling, however, the while; "and I know you did it only to try whether I was a silly vain girl! Why should I want to be married, papa, when you and my poor mamma are so kind to me?"

"Humph!" grunted her father, gulping down a great glass of claret. "And d'ye think we're to live for ever? I must see you established before long, for my health, hem! hem! is none of the strongest;" (he had scarcely ever known what an hour's illness was in his life, except his late accident, from which he had completely recovered;) "and as for your poor mother, you know—" A long pause ensued here. "Now, suppose," continued the wily tactician, "suppose, Molly," looking at her very anxiously, "suppose I wasn't in a joke last night, after all?"

"Well, papa—"

"*Well, papa!*" echoed her father, sneeringly and snappishly, unable to conceal his ill humour; "but it isn't '*well, papa;*' I can't understand all this nonsense. Mary, you must not give yourself airs. Did you ever hear—ahem!"—he suddenly stopped short, sipped his wine, and paused, evidently intending to make some important communication, and striving, at the same time, to assume an unconcerned air—"did you ever hear of the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Scamp, Molly?"

"Yes; I've seen things about him now and then in

the newspapers. Isn't he a great gambler, papa?" inquired Miss Hillary, looking at her father calmly.

"No, it's a lie," replied her father, furiously, whirling about the ponderous seals of his watch. "Has any one been putting this into your head?"

"No one, indeed, papa, only the newspapers—"

"And you are such an idiot as to believe newspapers? Didn't they say, a year or two ago, that my house was in for 20,000*l.* when Gumarabic and Co. broke? And wasn't that a great lie? I didn't lose a fiftieth of the sum! No," he added, after a long pause, "Lord Scamp is no such thing, He's a vastly agreeable young man, and takes an uncommon interest in city matters, and that's saying no small thing for a nobleman of his high rank. Why, it's said he may one day be a duke!"

"Indeed, papa! And do you know him?"

"Y—y—es! Know him? Of course! Do you think I come and talk up at Highbury about everybody I know? Know Lord Scamp? He's an ornament to the peerage."

"How long have you known him, papa?"

"How long, puss! Why this—a good while! However, he dines here on Sunday."

"Dines here on Sunday! Lord Scamp dines here next Sunday? Oh, papa! this is another joke of yours!"

"Curse me, then, if I can see it! What the deuse is there so odd in my asking a nobleman to dinner, if I think proper? Why, if it comes to that, I can buy up a dozen of them any day, if I choose;" and he thrust his hands deeply into his breeches pockets.

"Yes, dear papa, I know you could, if they were worth buying," replied Miss Hillary, with a faint smile. "Give me a great merchant before a hundred good-for-nothing lords!" and she rose, put her hands about his neck and kissed him fondly.

"Well—I—I don't think you're so vastly far off the mark *there*, at any rate, Polly," said her father, with a

subdued air of exultation; "but at the same time, you know, there *may* be lords as good as any merchant in the city of London—hem! and, after all, a lord's a superior article, too, in respect of birth and breeding."

"Yes, papa, they're all well enough, I dare say, in their own circles: but in their hearts, depend upon it, they only despise us poor citizens."

"*Us poor citizens*—I like that!" drawled her father, pouring out his wine slowly with a magnificent air, and drinking it off in silence. "You shall see, however, on Sunday, Poll! whether you're correct—"

"What! am *I* to dine with you?" inquired Miss Hillary, with irrepressible alarm.

"You to dine with us? Of course you will! Why the devil should not you?"

"My poor mamma—"

"Oh—ahem! I mean—nonsense—you can go to her after dinner. Certainly, you must attend to her."

"Very well, papa, I will obey you, whatever you like," replied Miss Hillary, a sudden tremour running from head to foot.

"That's a dear good girl—that's my own Poll! And hearken," he added, with a mixture of good humour and anxiety, "make yourself look handsome; never mind the cost; money's no object, you know! So tell that pert minx, your maid Joliffe, that I expect she'll turn you out first rate that day, if it's only to save the credit of *us—poor—merchants!*"

"Gracious, papa, but why are you really so anxious about my dressing so well?"

Her father, who had sat swallowing glass after glass with unusual rapidity, at the same time unconsciously mixing his wines, put his finger to the side of his nose, and winked in a very knowing manner. His daughter saw her advantage in an instant; and with the ready tact of her sex resolved at once to find out all that was in her father's heart concerning her. She smiled as cheerfully as she could, and affected to enter readily into all his feelings. She poured him out one or two

glasses more of his favourite wine, and chattered as fast as himself, till she at length succeeded in extracting from him an acknowledgment that he had distinctly promised her to Lord Scamp, whose visit, on the ensuing Sunday, would be paid to her as to his future wife. Soon after this, she rang for candles; and kissing her father, who had fairly fallen asleep, she withdrew to her own room, and there spent the next hour or two in confidential converse with her maid Joliffe.

Sunday came, and, true enough, with it Lord Scamp; a handsome, heartless coxcomb, whose cool, easy assurance, and *businesslike* attentions to Miss Hillary, excited in her a disgust she could scarcely conceal. In vain was her father's eager and anxious eye fixed upon her; she maintained an air of uniform indifference; listened almost in silence, the silence of contempt, to all the lisping twaddle uttered by her would-be lover, and so well acted, in short, the part she had determined upon, that his lordship, as he drove home, felt somewhat disconcerted at being thus foiled for, as he imagined, the first time in his life; and her father, after obsequiously attending his lordship to his cab, summoned his trembling daughter back from her mother's apartment into the drawing room, and assailed her with a fury she had never known him to exhibit, at least towards any member of his family.

From that day might be dated the commencement of a kind of domestic reign of terror, at the hitherto quiet and happy Bullion House. The one great aim of her father concerning his daughter and his fortune had been—or rather seemed on the point of being—frustrated by that daughter. But he was not lightly to be turned from his purpose. He redoubled his civilities to Lord Scamp, who kept up his visits with a systematic punctuality, despite the contemptuous and disgustful air with which the young lady constantly received him. The right honourable roué was playing, indeed, for too deep a stake—an accomplished and elegant girl, with a

hundred thousand pounds down, and nearly double that sum, he understood, at her father's death—to admit of his throwing up the game, while the possibility of a chance remained. Half the poor girl's fortune was already transferred, in Lord Scamp's mind, to the pockets of half a dozen harpies at the turf and the table; so he was, as before observed, very punctual in his engagements at Bullion House, with patient politeness continuing to pay the most flattering attentions to Miss Hillary—and her father. The latter was kept in a state of constant fever. Conscious of the transparent contempt exhibited by his daughter towards her noble suitor, he could at length hardly look his lordship in the face, as, day after day, he obsequiously assured him that "there wasn't anything in it"—and that for all his daughter's nonsense, he already "felt himself a lord's father-in-law!"

Miss Hillary's life was becoming intolerable, subjected as she was to such systematic persecution, from which, at length, the sickchamber of her mother scarce afforded her a momentary sanctuary. A thousand times she formed the desperate determination to confess all to her father, and risk the fearful consequences: for such she dreaded they would be, knowing well her father's disposition, and the terrible frustration of his favourite schemes which was taking place. Such constant anxiety and agitation, added to confinement in her mother's bedchamber, sensibly affected her health; and at the suggestion of Elliott, with whom she contrived to keep up a frequent correspondence, she had at length determined upon opening the fearful communication to her father, and so be at all events delivered from the intolerable presence and attentions of Lord Scamp.

By what means it came to pass, neither she nor Elliott were ever able to discover; but on the morning of the day she had fixed for her desperate *dénouement*, Mr. Hillary, during the temporary absence of his daughter, returned from the city about two o'clock,

most unexpectedly, his manner disturbed, and his countenance pale and distorted. Accompanied by his solicitor, he made his way at once to his daughter's apartment, with his own hand seized her desk and carried it down to the drawing room, and forced it open. Frantic with fury, he was listening to one of Elliott's fondest letters to his daughter being read by his solicitor as she unconsciously entered the drawing room, in walking attire. It would be in vain to attempt describing the scene that immediately ensued. Old Hillary's lips moved, but his utterance was choked by the tremendous rage which possessed him, and forced him almost to the verge of madness. Trembling from head to foot, and his straining eyes apparently starting from their sockets, he pointed in silence to a little heap of opened letters lying on the table, on which stood also her desk. She perceived that all was discovered—and with a smothered scream fell senseless upon the floor. There, as far as her father was concerned, she might have continued; but his companion sprang to the bell, lifted her inanimate form from the floor, and gave her to the entering servants, who instantly bore her to her own room. Mr. Jeffreys the solicitor, a highly respectable man, to whom Mr. Hillary had hurried the instant that he recovered from the first shock occasioned by discovering his daughter's secret, vehemently expostulated with his client on hearing the violent and vindictive measures he threatened to adopt towards his daughter and Elliott; for the tone of the correspondence which then lay before him had satisfied him of the fatal extent to which his daughter's affections were engaged.

Now her treatment of Lord Scamp was accounted for! Her dreadful agitation on first hearing his intentions concerning that young nobleman and herself was explained. So here was his fondest hope blighted—the sole ambition of his life defeated—and by one of his own—his inferior servants—an outer clerk on his establishment at Mincing Lane! Confounded by

a retrospect into the last few months, "Where have been my eyes—my common sense?" he groaned; "the devil himself has done it all, and made me assist in it! Oh, I see! I remember! Those cursed days when he came up from the city to me—and when—I must always have *her* with me! There the mischief was begun—oh, it's clear as the daylight! *I've* done it! *I've* done it all! And now, by ——! I'll undo it all!" Mr. Jeffreys at length succeeded in subduing the excitement of his client, and bringing him to converse calmly on the painful and embarrassing discovery that had been made. Innumerable were the conjectures as to the means by which this secret acquaintance and correspondence had been carried on. Every servant in the house was examined—but in vain. Even Joliffe, his daughter's maid, came at length, however strongly suspected, still undiscovered, out of the fierce and searching scrutiny. Poor Mrs. Hillary's precarious situation even did not exempt her from the long and angry inquiries of her exasperated husband. She had really, however, been entirely unacquainted with the affair.

The next morning Elliott was summoned from the city to Bullion House, whither he repaired accordingly about twelve o'clock, little imagining the occasion of his summons; for Miss Hillary had not communicated to him the intention she had formed of breaking the matter to her father, nor had she any opportunity of telling him of the alarming discovery that had taken place He perceived, nevertheless, certain symptoms of disturbance in the ominous looks of the porter who opened the hall door and the servant who conducted him to the drawing room, where he found Mr. Hillary and another gentleman—Mr. Jeffreys—seated together at a table covered with papers, both of them obviously agitated.

"So, sir," commenced Mr. Hillary, fixing his furious eyes upon Elliott as he entered, "your villany's found out, deep as you are!"

"Villany, sir?" echoed Elliott, indignantly, but turning very pale.

"Yes, sir, villany! villany! d——ble villany! ay, it's all found out! Ah—ah—you cursed scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Hillary, with quivering lips and shaking his fist at Elliott.

"For God's sake, Mr. Hillary, be calm!" whispered Mr. Jeffreys, and then addressed Elliott with a quiet severity—"Of course, Mr. Elliott, you are aware of the occasion of this dreadful agitation on the part of Mr. Hillary?" Elliott bowed with a stern inquisitive air, but did not open his lips.

"You beggarly brute—you filthy d—d upstart—you—you"—stammered Mr. Hillary, with uncontrollable fury, "your father was a scoundrel before you, sir—he cut his throat, sir!"

Elliott's face whitened in an instant, his expanding eye settled upon Mr. Hillary, and his chest heaved with mighty emotion. It was happy for the old man that Elliott at length recollected in him the father of Mary Hillary. He turned his eye for an instant towards Mr. Jeffreys, who was looking at him with an imploring, compassionate expression; Elliott saw and felt that he was thunderstruck at the barbarity of his client. Elliott's eye remained fixed upon Mr. Jeffreys for nearly a minute, and then filled with tears. Mr. Jeffreys muttered a few words earnestly in the ear of Mr. Hillary, who seemed also a little staggered at the extent of his last sally.

"Will you take a seat, Mr. Elliott?" said Mr. Jeffreys, mildly. Elliott bowed, but remained standing, his hat grasped by his left hand with convulsive force.

"You will make allowance, sir," continued Mr. Jeffreys, "for the dreadful agitation of Mr. Hillary, and reflect that your own conduct has occasioned it."

"So you dare think of marrying my daughter, eh?" thundered Mr. Hillary, as if about to rise from his chair. "By ——, but I'll spoil your sport though—I'll be even

with you!" gasped the old man, and sank back panting in his seat.

"You cannot really be in earnest, sir," resumed Mr. Jeffreys, in the same calm and severe tone and manner in which he had spoken from the first, "in thinking yourself entitled to form an attachment and alliance to Miss Hillary?"

"Why am I asked these questions, sir, and in this most extraordinary manner?" inquired Elliott, firmly. "Have I ever said one single syllable?"

"Oh, spare your denials, Mr. Elliott," said Jeffreys, pointing with a bitter smile to the letters lying open on the table at which he sat; "these letters of yours express your feelings and intentions pretty plainly. Believe me, sir, everything is known!"

"Well, sir, and what then?" inquired Elliott, haughtily; "those letters, I presume, are mine, addressed to Miss Hillary?" Jeffreys bowed. "Well then, sir, I now avow the feelings those letters express. I have formed, however unworthy myself, a fervent attachment to Miss Hillary, and I will die before I disavow it."

"There! hear him! hark to the fellow! I shall go mad—I shall!" almost roared Mr. Hillary, springing out of his chair, and walking to and fro between it and that occupied by Mr. Jeffreys, with hurried steps and vehement gesticulations. "He owns it! he does! the—" and he uttered a perfect volley of execrations. Elliott submitted to them in silence. Mr. Jeffreys again whispered energetically into the ear of his client, who resumed his seat, but with his eyes fixed on Elliott, and muttering vehemently to himself.

"You see, sir, the wretchedness that your most unwarrantable—your artful—nay, your wicked and presumptuous conduct has brought upon this family. I earnestly hope that it is not too late for you to listen to reason—to abandon your insane projects." He paused, and Elliott bowed. "It is in vain," continued Mr. Jeffreys, pointing to the letters, "to conceal our fears that your attentions must have proved acceptable to Miss

Hillary; but we give you credit for more honour, more good sense than will admit of your carrying further this most unfortunate affair, of your persisting in such a wild—I must speak plainly—such an audacious attachment, one that is utterly unsuitable to your means, your prospects, your station, your birth, your education—"

"You will be pleased, sir, to drop the last two words," interrupted Elliott, sternly.

"Why, you fellow! why, you're my clerk! I pay you wages! You're a hired servant of mine!" exclaimed Hillary, with infinite contempt.

"Well, sir," continued Jeffreys, "this affair is too important to allow of our quarrelling about words. Common sense must tell you that under no possible view of the case can you be a suitable match for Miss Hillary; and therefore, common honesty enjoins the course you ought to pursue. However, sir," he added, in a sharper tone, evidently piqued at the composure and firmness maintained by Elliott, "the long and short of it is, that this affair will not be allowed to go further, sir. Mr. Hillary is resolved to prevent it—come what will."

"Ay, so help me God!" ejaculated Mr. Hillary, casting a ferocious glance at Elliott.

"Well, sir," said Elliott, with a sigh, "what would you have me do? Pray, proceed, sir."

"Immediately renounce all pretensions," replied Mr. Jeffreys, eagerly, "to Miss Hillary; return her letters—pledge yourself to discontinue your attempts to gain her affections, and I am authorized to offer a foreign situation connected with the house you at present serve, and to guaranty you a fixed income of 500*l.* a year."

"Ay!—hark'ee, Elliott, I'll do all this, so help me God!" suddenly interrupted Mr. Hillary, casting a look of imploring agony at Elliott, who bowed respectfully, but made no reply.

"Suppose, sir," continued Mr. Jeffreys, with an anxious and disappointed air, "suppose, sir, for a mo-

ment, that Miss Hillary were to entertain equally ardent feelings towards you with those which, in these letters, you have expressed to her—can you, as a man of honour—of delicacy—of spirit—persevere with your addresses where the inevitable consequence of success on your part must be her degradation from the sphere in which she has hitherto moved—her condemnation to straitened circumstances—perhaps to absolute want—for life! For believe me, sir, if you suppose that Mr. Hillary's fortune is to supply you both with the means of defying him—to support you in a life, on her part, of frightful ingratitude and disobedience, and on yours of presumption and selfishness, you will find yourself awfully mistaken!"

"He's speaking the truth—by —— he is!" said Mr. Hillary, striving to assume a calm manner. "If you *do* come together after all this, d—n me if I don't leave every penny I have in the world to a hospital—or to a jail—in which one of you may perhaps end your days, after all!"

"Perhaps, Mr. Elliott," resumed Jeffreys, "I am to infer from your silence that you doubt—that you disbelieve these threats. If so, I assure you, you are grievously and fatally mistaken; you do not, believe me, know Mr. Hillary as I know him and have known him these twenty years and upward. I solemnly and truly assure you that he will as certainly do what he says, and for ever forsake you both, as you are standing now before us!" He paused. "Again, sir, you may imagine that Miss Hillary has property of her own—at her own disposal. Do not so sadly deceive yourself on that score! Miss Hillary has, at this moment, exactly 600*l.* at her own disposal—"

"Ay, only 600*l.*—that's the uttermost penny!"

"And how long is that to last?—come, sir, allow me to ask you what you have to say to all this?" inquired Mr. Jeffreys, folding his arms, and leaning back in his chair, with an air of mingled chagrin and exhaustion. Elliott drew a long breath.

"I have but little to say, Mr. Jeffreys, in answer to what you have been stating," he commenced, with a melancholy but determined air. "However you may suspect me, and misconstrue and misrepresent my character and motives, I never in my life meditated a dishonourable action." He paused, thinking Mr. Hillary was about to interrupt him, but he was mistaken. Mr. Hillary was silently devouring every word that fell from Elliott, as also was Mr. Jeffreys. "I am here as *a hired servant,* indeed," resumed Elliott, with a sigh, "and I am the son of one who—who—was an unfortunate—" His eyes filled, and his voice faltered. For some seconds there was a dead silence. The perspiration stood on every feature of Mr. Hillary's agitated countenance. "But of course, all this is as nothing here." He gathered courage, and proceeded with a calm and resolute air. "I know how hateful I must now appear to you. I *do* deserve bitter reproof—and surely I have had it, for my presumption in aspiring to the hand and heart of Miss Hillary. I tried long to resist the passion that devoured me, but in vain. Miss Hillary knew my destitute situation; she had many opportunities of ascertaining my character; she conceived a noble affection for me—I returned her love; I was obliged to do it secretly, and as far as that goes I submit to my censure—I feel—I know that I have done wrong! If Miss Hillary choose to withdraw her affection from me, I will submit though my heart break. If, on the contrary, she continue to love me"—his eye brightened—"I am not cowardly or base enough to undervalue her love." (Here Mr. Hillary struggled with Mr. Jeffreys, who, however, succeeded in restraining his client.) "If Miss Hillary condescend to become my wife—"

"Oh Lord! oh Lord! oh Lord!" groaned Mr. Hillary, clasping his hands upon his forehead; "open the windows, Mr. Jeffreys, or I shall be smothered—I am dying—I shall go mad!"

"I will retire, sir," said Elliott, addressing Mr. Jeffreys, who was opening the nearest window.

"No, but you shan't though," gasped Mr. Hillary; "you shall stop here"—he panted for breath. "Hark'ee, sir—d'ye hear, Elliott—listen"—he could not recover his breath. Mr. Jeffreys implored him to take time, to be cool. "Yes; now I'm cool enough—I've—taken time—to consider—I have! Hark'ee, sir—if you dare to think—of having—my daughter—and if she—is such a cursed fool—as to think of having—you"—he stopped for a few seconds for want of breath—"why—look'ee, sir—so help me God—you may both—both of you—and your children—if you have any—die in the streets—like dogs—I've done with you—both of you—not a farthing—not a morsel of bread—d—n me if I do!" Here he breathed like a hard-run horse. "Now, sir—like a thief as you are!—go on courting—my daughter—marry her! ruin her! go, and believe that all I'm saying is—a lie!—go, and hope—that, by-and-by, I'll forgive you—and all that—try it, sir! Marry, and see whether I give in! I'll teach you—to rob an old man—of his child! The instant you leave this house, sir—this gentleman—makes my will—he does!—and when I'm dead—you may both of you—go to Doctors' Commons—borrow a shilling, if you can—and see if your names—or your children's—are in it, ha, ha, ha!" he concluded, with a bitter and ghastly laugh, snapping his shaking fingers at Elliott. "Get away, sir—marry after this, if you dare!"

Elliott almost reeled out of the room, and did not fully recollect himself till the groom of his aristocratic competitor, Lord Scamp, whose cab was dashing up to the gates of Bullion House, shouted to him to get out of the way, or be driven over!

Elliott returned to his desk, at Mincing Lane, too much agitated and confused, however, to be able to attend to business. He therefore obtained a reluctant permission to absent himself till the morrow. Even the interval thus afforded, however, he was quite inca

pable of spending in the reflection required by the very serious situation in which he had been so suddenly placed. He could not bring his mind to bear distinctly upon any point of his interview with Mr. Hillary and Mr. Jeffreys; and at length, lost and bewildered in a maze of indefinite conjecture—of painful hopes and fears, he retired early to bed. There, after tossing about for several hours, he at length dropped asleep—and awoke at an early hour considerably refreshed and calmed. Well, then, what was to be done?

He felt a conviction that Mr. Hillary would be an uncompromising—an inexorable opponent of their marriage, however long they might postpone it with the hope of wearing out or softening away his repugnance to it; and that if they married in defiance of him, he would fulfil every threat he had uttered. Of these two points he felt as certain as of his existence.

He felt satisfied that Miss Hillary's attachment to him was ardent and unalterable; and that nothing short of main force would prevent her from adopting any suggestion he might offer. As for himself, he was passionately—and his heart loudly told him *disinterestedly* attached to her; he could, therefore, as far as he himself was concerned, cheerfully bid adieu to all hopes of enjoying a shilling of her father's wealth, and be joyfully content to labour for their daily bread. But a fearful array of contingencies here presented themselves before him. Suppose they married, they would certainly have 600*l.* to commence with; but suppose his health failed him, or from any other cause he should become unable to support himself, a wife, and—it might be—a large family, how soon would 600*l.* disappear? And what would be then before them? His heart shrank from exposing the generous and confiding creature whose love he had gained, to such terrible dangers. He could—he *would*—write to her, and entreat her to forget him—to obey the reasonable wishes of her father. He felt that Mr. Hillary had great and grievous cause for complaint against him; could make every allowance

for his feelings, and forgive their coarse and extravagant manifestation; and yet, when he reflected upon *some* expressions he had let fall—upon the intense and withering scorn and contempt with which he had been treated, the more he looked at THIS view of the case, the more he felt the spirit of a man swelling within him. He never trod so firmly, nor carried himself so erectly, as he did on his way down to the city that morning.

But then again—what misery was poor Miss Hillary enduring! What cruel and incessant persecution was being inflicted upon her; but SHE, too, had a high and bold spirit; he kindled as he pursued his meditations; he felt that the consciousness of kindred qualities endeared her to him ten fold more even than before.

Thus he communed with himself, but at length he determined on writing the letter he had proposed, and did so that night.

He was not dismissed, as he had expected, from the service of Mr. Hillary, who retained him, at the suggestion of Mr. Jeffreys—that shrewd person feeling that he could then keep Elliott's movements more distinctly under his own eye, and have more frequent opportunities of negotiating with him on behalf of Mr. Hillary. Elliott's position in the establishment was such as never brought him into personal contact with Mr. Hillary; and apparently no one but himself and Mr. Hillary were acquainted with the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. As before hinted, Mr. Jeffreys was incessant in his efforts, both personally and by letter, to induce Elliott to break off the disastrous connection; and, from an occasional note which Miss Hillary contrived—despite all the *espionage* to which she was subjected—to smuggle to him, he learned, with poignant sorrow, that his apprehensions of the treatment she would receive at the hands of her father, were but too well founded. She repelled with an affectionate and indignant energy, his offers and proposals to break off the affair. She told him that her

spirit rose with the cruelty she suffered, and declared herself ready, if he thought fit, to fly from the scene of trouble, and be united to him for ever. Many and many a sleepless night did such communications as these ensure to Elliott. He saw infinite danger in attempting a clandestine marriage with Miss Hillary, even should she be a readily consenting party. His upright and manly disposition revolted from a measure so underhand, so unworthy; and yet, what other course lay open to them? His own position at the counting house was becoming very trying and painful. It soon became apparent that, on some account or another, he was an object of almost loathing disregard to the august personage at the head of the establishment; and the consequence was, an increasing infliction of petty annoyances and hardships by those connected with him in daily business. He was required to do more than he had ever before been called upon to do, and felt himself the subject of frequent and offensive remark, as well as suspicion. The ill treatment of his superiors, however, and the impertinences of his equals and inferiors, he treated with the same patient and resolute contempt, conducting himself with the utmost vigilance and circumspection, and applying to business, however unjustly accumulated upon him, with an energy, perseverance, and good humour, that only the more mortified his unworthy enemies. Poor Elliott! why did he continue in the service of Hillary, Hungate, and Company? How utterly chimerical was the hope he sometimes entertained of its being possible that his exemplary conduct could ever make any impression upon the hard heart of Mr. Hillary!

Miss Hillary did really, as has been just stated, suffer a martyrdom at Bullion House, at the hands of her father. Every day caresses and curses were alternated, and she felt that she was in fact a *prisoner*—her every movement watched, her every look scrutinized. Mr. Hillary frequently caused to be conveyed to her reports the most false and degrading concerning Elliott; but

they were such transparent fabrications, as of course to defeat the ends proposed. She found some comfort in the society of her mother, who, though for a long time feeling and expressing strong disapprobation of her daughter's attachment to Elliott, at length relented, and even endeavoured to influence Mr. Hillary on their daughter's behalf. Her kind offices were, however, suddenly interrupted by a second attack of paralysis, which deprived her of the power of speech and motion. This dreadful shock, occurring at such a moment, was too much for Miss Hillary, who was removed from attending affectionately at the bedside of her unhappy mother, to her own room, where she lay for nearly a fortnight in a violent fever. So far from these domestic trials tending, however, to soften the heart of Mr. Hillary, they apparently contributed only to harden it —to aggravate his hatred of Elliott—of him who had done so much to disturb, to destroy his domestic peace, his fondest wishes and expectations.

Lord Scamp continued his interested and flattering attentions to Mr. Hillary, with whom he was continually dining, and at length—a proof of the prodigious ascendency he had acquired over Mr. Hillary—succeeded in borrowing from him a very considerable sum of money. Hillary soon apprized his lordship of the real nature of the hinderance to his marriage with Miss Hillary; and his lordship of course felt it his duty, not to speak of his interest, to foster and inflame the fury of his wished-for father-in-law against his obscure and presumptuous rival. Several schemes were proposed by this worthy couple for the purpose of putting an end to the pretensions and prospects of this "insolent *parvenu* of the outer counting house." An accidental circumstance at length suggested to them a plot so artful and atrocious, that poor Elliott fell a victim to it.

On returning to the counting house, one day, from the little chophouse at which he had been swallowing a hasty and frugal dinner, he observed indications of

some unusual occurrence. No one spoke to him; all seemed to look at him as with suspicion and alarm. He had hardly hung up his hat, and reseated himself at his desk, when a message was brought to him from Mr. Hillary, who required his immediate attendance in his private room. Thither, therefore, he repaired, with some surprise—and with more surprise beheld all the partners assembled, together with the head clerk, the solicitor of the firm, and one or two strangers. He had hardly closed the door after himself, when Mr. Hillary pointed to him, saying, "This is your prisoner—take him into custody."

"Surrender, sir—you're our prisoner," said one of the two strangers, both of whom now advanced to him, one laying hold of his collar, the other fumbling in his pocket, and taking out a pair of handcuffs. Elliott staggered several paces from them on hearing the astounding language of Mr. Hillary, and but that he was held by the officer who had grasped his collar, seemed likely to have fallen. He turned deadly pale. For a second or two he spoke not.

"Fetch a glass of water," said Mr. Fleming, one of the partners, observing Elliott's lips losing their colour, and moving without uttering any sound. But he recovered himself from the momentary shock, without the aid of the water, which seemed to have been placed in readiness beforehand, so soon was it produced. Pushing aside the officer's hand that raised the glass to his lips, he exclaimed, "What is the meaning of this, sir? How dare you deprive me of my liberty, sir?"—addressing Mr. Hillary—"What am I charged with?"

"Embezzling the money of your employers," interposed the solicitor. As he spake, poor Elliott fixed upon him a stare of horror, and after standing and gazing in silence for several moments, attempted to speak, but in vain; and fell in a kind of fit into the arms of the officers. When he had recovered, he was conducted to a hackney coach which had been some time

in readiness, and conveyed to the police office; where, an hour or two afterward, Mr. Hillary, accompanied by Mr. Fleming, the solicitor, and two of Elliott's fellow-clerks, attended to prefer the charge. Elliott was immediately brought to the bar, where he stood very pale, but calm and self-possessed, his eyes fixed upon Mr. Hillary with a steadfast searching look that nothing could have sustained but his indignant consciousness of innocence. He heard the charge preferred against him without uttering a word. The firm had had reason for some time, it was said, to suspect that they were robbed by some member of their establishment; that suspicion fell at length upon the prisoner; that he was purposely directed that day to go unexpectedly to dinner, having been watched during the early part of the morning; that his desk was immediately opened and searched, and three five-pound notes, previously marked, (and these produced so marked,) found in his pocket-book, carefully hid under a heap of papers; that he had been several times lately seen with bank notes in his hand, which he seemed desirous of concealing; that he had been very intimate with one of his fellow-clerks, who was now in Newgate, on a charge similar to the present; that the firm had been robbed to a considerable amount; that Elliott had only that morning been asked by one of the clerks, then present, to lend him some money, when the prisoner replied that he had not got 5*l.* in the world. All this, and more, Elliott listened to without uttering a syllable.

"Well, sir," said one of the magistrates, "what have you to say to this very serious charge?"

"Say!—why *can* you believe it, sir?" replied Elliott, with a frank air of unaffected incredulity.

"Do *you* deny it, sir?" inquired the magistrate, coldly.

"Yes, I do! Peremptorily, indignantly! It is absurd! *I rob my employers?* They know better—that it is impossible!"

"Can you prove that this charge is false?" said the

magistrate, with a matter-of-fact air. "Can you explain, or deny the facts that have just been sworn to?" Elliott looked at him, as if lost in thought. "Do you hear me, sir?" repeated the magistrate, sternly; "you are not *bound* to say anything; and I would caution you against saying anything to criminate yourself." Still Elliott paused. "If you are not prepared, I will remand you for a week, before committing you to prison."

"Commit me to prison, sir!" repeated Elliott, with at once a perplexed and indignant air—"why, I am as innocent as yourself!"

"Then, sir, you will be able easily to account for the 15*l.* found in your desk this morning."

"Ah, yes—I had forgotten that—I deny the fact. They could not have been found in my desk—for I have not more than 4*l.* and a few shillings in the world, till my next quarter's salary becomes due."

"But it is *sworn* here—you heard it sworn as well as I did—that the money *was* found there. Here are the witnesses—you may ask them any questions you think proper—but they swore to the fact most distinctly."

"Then, sir," said Elliott, with a start, as if electrified with some sudden thought—"I see it all! Oh God, I now see it all! It was placed there on purpose! It is a plot laid to ruin me!" He turned round abruptly towards Mr. Hillary, and fixing a piercing look upon him, he exclaimed in a low voice, "Oh, monster!" He was on the eve of explaining Mr. Hillary's probable motives—but the thought of *his daughter* suddenly sealed his lips. "Sir," said he, presently, addressing the magistrate, "I take God to witness that I am innocent of this atrocious charge. I am the victim of a conspiracy—commit me, sir—commit me at once. I put my trust in God—the father of the fatherless?"

The magistrates seemed struck with what he had said, and much more with his manner of saying it.

They leaned back, and conferred together for a few minutes. "Our minds are not quite satisfied," said the one who had already spoken, "as to the propriety of immediately committing the prisoner to Newgate. Perhaps stronger evidence may be brought forward in a few days. Prisoner, you are remanded for a week."

"I hope, sir," said Mr. Hillary, "that he will by that time be able to clear his character—nothing I wish more. It's a painful thing to me and my partners to have to press such a charge as this; but we must protect ourselves from the robbery of servants!" This was said by the speaker to the magistrates; but he did not dare to look at the prisoner, whose piercing indignant eye he felt to be fixed on him, and to follow his every motion.

That day week Elliott was fully committed to Newgate; and on the next morning the following paragraph appeared in the newspapers:—

"—— street. Henry Elliott, a clerk in the house of Hillary, Hungate, and Company, Mincing Lane, (who was brought to this office a week ago, charged with embezzling the sum of 15*l*, the money of his employers, and suspected of being an accomplice of the young man who was recently committed to Newgate from this office on a similar charge,) was yesterday fully committed for trial. He is, we understand, a young man of respectable connections, and excellent education. From his appearance and demeanour he would have seemed incapable of committing the very serious offence with which he stands charged. He seemed horrorstruck on the charge's being first preferred, and asseverated his innocence firmly, and in a very impressive manner, declaring that he was the victim of a conspiracy. In answer to a question of the magistrate, one of his employers stated, that up to the time of preferring this charge, the prisoner had borne an excellent character in the house."

The newspaper containing this paragraph found its way, on the evening of the day on which it appeared,

into Miss Hillary's room, through her maid, as she was preparing to undress, and conveyed to her the first intimation of poor Elliott's dreadful situation. The moment that she had read it, she sprung to her feet, pushed aside her maid, who attempted to prevent her quitting her apartment, and with the newspaper in her hand, flew wildly down the stairs, and burst into the dining room, where her father was sitting alone, in his easy chair, drawn close to the fire. "Father!" she almost shrieked, springing to within a yard or two of where he was sitting—"Henry Elliott robbed you! Henry Elliott in prison! A common thief!" pointing to the newspaper, with frantic vehemence, "Is it so? And you his accuser? Oh, no! no! never!" she exclaimed, a wild smile gleaming on her pallid countenance, at the same time sweeping to and fro before her astounded father, with swift but stately steps, continuing, as she passed and repassed him, "No, sir! no! no! no! Oh, for shame! for shame, father! Shame on you! shame! His father dead! his mother dead! No one to feel for him! no one to protect him! no one to love him—but—ME!" And accompanying the last few words with a loud and thrilling laugh, she fell at full length insensible upon the floor.

Her father sat cowering in his chair, with his hands partially elevated—feeling as though an angry angel had suddenly flashed upon his guilty privasy; and when his daughter fell, he had not the power to quit his chair and go to her relief for several seconds. A horrible suspicion crossed his mind, that she had lost her reason; and he spent the next hour and a half in a perfect ecstasy of terror. As soon, however, as the apothecary summoned to her assistance had assured him that there were, happily, no grounds for his fears—that she had had a very violent fit of hysterics, but was now recovered, and fallen asleep—he ordered the horses to his carriage, and drove off at top speed to the chambers of his city solicitor, Mr. Newington, to instruct him to procure Elliott's instant discharge.

That, of course, was utterly impossible; and Mr. Hillary, almost stupified with terror, heard Mr. Newington assure him that the King of England himself could not accomplish such an object! That Elliott must now remain in prison till the day of trial—about a month or six weeks hence—and then be brought to the bar as a felon; that there were but two courses to be pursued on that day, either not to appear against the prisoner, and forfeit all the recognisances, or to appear in open court, and state that the charge was withdrawn, and that it had been founded entirely on a mistake. That even then, in either case, Elliott, if really innocent, (Mr. Newington was no party whatever to the fraudulent concoction of the charge, which was confined to Mr. Hillary and Lord Scamp,) would bring an action at law against Mr. Hillary, and obtain, doubtless, very large damages for the disgrace, and danger, and injury which Mr. Hillary's unfounded charge had occasioned him; or, more serious still, he might perhaps *indict* all the parties concerned for a conspiracy.

"But," said Mr. Hillary, almost sick with fright at this alarming statement of the liabilities he had incurred, "I would not wait for an action to be brought against me—I would pay him any sum you might recommend, and that, too, instantly on his quitting the prison walls."

"But, pardon me, Mr. Hillary—why all this?"

"Oh—something of very great importance has just happened at my house, which—which—gives me quite a different opinion. But I was saying I would pay him instantly—"

"But if the young man be spirited, and conscious of his innocence, and choose to set a high value upon his character, he will insist on clearing it in open court, and dare you to the proof of your charges before the whole world—at least *I* should do so in such a case."

"You *would*—would you, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Hillary, angrily, the big drops of perspiration standing upon his forehead.

"Certainly—certainly—I should, indeed; but let that pass. I really don't see—" continued Mr. Newington, anxiously.

"D—n him, then!" cried Mr. Hillary, desperately, after a pause, snapping his fingers, "let him do his worst! He can never find *me* out."

"Eh? what?" interrupted Newington, briskly, "find you out? What *can* you mean, Mr. Hillary?"

"Why—a—" stammered Mr. Hillary, colouring violently, adding something that neither he himself nor Mr. Newington could understand. The latter had his own surmises—somewhat vague, it is true—as to the meaning of Mr. Hillary's words—especially coupling them, as he did instantly, with certain expressions he had heard poor Elliott utter at the police office. He was a prudent man, however, and seeing no particular necessity for pushing his inquiries further, he thought it best to let matters remain as Mr. Hillary chose to represent them.

Six weeks did poor Elliott lie immured in the dungeons of Newgate, awaiting his trial—as a felon. What pen shall describe his mental sufferings during that period? Conscious of the most exalted and scrupulous integrity—he who had never designedly wronged a human being, even in thought—whom dire necessity only had placed in circumstances which exposed him to the devilish malice of such a man as Hillary—who stood alone, and with the exception of one fond heart, friendless in the world—whose livelihood depended on his daily labour, and who had hitherto supported himself with decency, not to say dignity, amid many grievous discouragements and hardships—this was the man pining amid the guilty gloom of the cells of Newgate, and looking forward each day with shuddering to the hour when he was to be dragged with indignity to the bar, and perhaps found guilty, on perjured evidence, of the shocking offence with which he was charged! And all this was the wicked contrivance of Mr. Hillary—the father of his Mary! And was he liable to be

transported—to quit his country ignominiously and for ever—to be banished with disgust and horror from the memory of her who had once so passionately loved him—as an impostor—a villain—*a felon!* He resolved not to attempt any communication with Miss Hillary, if indeed it were practicable; but to await, with stern resolution, the arrival of the hour that was either to crush him with unmerited but inevitable infamy and ruin, or expose and signally punish those whose malice and wickedness had sought to effect his destruction. What steps could he take to defend himself? Where were his witnesses? Who would detect and expose the perjury of those who would enter the witness box on behalf of his wealthy prosecutors? Poor soul! Heaven support thee against thy hour of trouble, and then deliver thee!

Miss Hillary's fearful excitement, on the evening when she discovered Elliott's situation, led to a slow fever, which confined her to her bed for nearly a fortnight; and when, at the end of that period, she again appeared in her father's presence, it was only to encounter—despite her wan looks—a repetition of the harsh and cruel treatment she had experienced ever since the day on which he had discovered her reluctance to receive the addresses of Lord Scamp. Day after day did her father *bait* her on behalf of his lordship—with alternate coaxing and cursing: all was in vain—for when Lord Scamp at length made her a formal offer of his precious "hand and heart," she rejected him with a quiet contempt which sent him, full of the irritation of wounded conceit, to pour his sorrows into the inflamed ear of her father.

The name that was written on her heart—that was constantly in her sleeping and waking thoughts, Elliott—she never suffered to escape her lips. Her father frequently mentioned it to her, but she listened in melancholy, oftener indignant silence. She felt convinced that there was foul play on the part of her father connected with Elliott's incarceration in New-

gate, and could sometimes scarcely conceal, when in his presence, a shudder of apprehension. And was it likely—was it possible—that such a measure towards the unhappy, persecuted Elliott, could have any other effect on the daughter, believing him, as she did, to be pure and unspotted, than to increase and deepen her affection for him—to present his image before her mind's eye, as that of one enduring martyrdom on her account, and for her sake?

At length came on the day appointed for Elliott's trial, and it was with no little trepidation that Mr. Hillary, accompanied by Lord Scamp, stepped into his carriage, and drove down to the Old Bailey, where they sat together on the bench till nearly seven o'clock, till which time the court was engaged upon the trial of a man for forgery. Amid the bustle consequent upon the close of this long trial, Hillary, after introducing his noble friend to one of the aldermen, happened to cast his eyes to the bar which had been just quitted by the death-doomed convict he had heard tried, when they fell upon the figure of Elliott, who seemed to have been placed there for some minutes, and was standing with a mournful expression of countenance, apparently lost in thought. Even Mr. Hillary's hard heart was almost touched by the altered appearance of his victim, who was greatly emaciated, and seemed scarce able to stand erect in his most humiliating position.

Mr. Hillary knew the perfect innocence of Elliott; and his own guilty soul thrilled within him, as his eye encountered for an instant the steadfast but sorrowful eye of the prisoner. In vain did he attempt to appear to be conversing carelessly with Lord Scamp, who was himself too much agitated to attend to him! The prisoner pleaded not guilty. No counsel had been retained for the prosecution, nor did any appear for the defence. The court, therefore, had to examine the witnesses; and suffice it to say, that after about half an hour's trial, in the course of which Hillary was called as a witness, and trembled so excessively as to call forth some en-

couraging expressions from the bench, the judge who tried the case decided that there was no evidence worth a straw against the prisoner, and consequently directed the jury to acquit him, which they did instantly, adding their unanimous opinion, that the charge against him appeared both frivolous and malicious.

"Am I to understand, my lord, that I leave the court freed from all taint, from all dishonour?" inquired Elliott, after the foreman had expressed the opinion of the jury.

"Certainly—most undoubtedly you do," replied the judge.

"And if I think fit, I am at liberty hereafter to expose and punish those who have wickedly conspired to place me here on a false charge?"

"Of course you have your remedy against any one," replied the cautious judge, "whom you can prove to have acted illegally."

Elliott darted a glance at Mr. Hillary, which made his blood rush tumultuously towards his guilty heart, and bowing respectfully to the court, withdrew from the ignominious spot which he had been so infamously compelled to occupy. He left the prison a little after eight o'clock; and wretched indeed were his feelings as the turnkey, opening the outermost of the iron-bound and spiked doors, bade him farewell, gruffly adding, "Hope we mayn't meet again, my hearty!"

"I hope not, indeed!" replied Elliott, with a sigh; and descending the steps, found himself in the street. He scarce knew, for a moment, whither to direct his steps, staggering, overpowered with the strange feeling of suddenly recovered liberty. The sad reality, however, soon forced itself upon him. What was to become of him? He felt wearied and faint, and almost wished he had begged the favour of sleeping, for the night, even in the dreary dungeons from which he had been but that moment released. Thus his thoughts were occupied, as he moved slowly towards Fleet-street, when

a female figure approached him, muffled in a large shawl.

"Henry—dearest Henry!" murmured the half-stifled voice of Miss Hillary, stretching towards him both her hands; "so you are free! You have escaped from the snare of the wicked! Thank God—thank God! Oh, what have we passed through since we last met! Why, Henry, will you not speak to me? Do you forsake the daughter for the sin of her father?"

Elliott stood staring at her as if stupified.

"Miss Hillary?" he murmured, incredulously.

"Yes—yes! I am Mary Hillary; I am your own Mary. But, oh, Henry, how altered you are! How thin! How pale and ill you look! I cannot bear to see you!" And covering her face with her hands, she burst into a flood of tears.

"I can hardly—believe—that it is Miss Hillary," muttered Elliott. "But your *father!*—Mr. Hillary! What will he say if he sees you? Are you not ashamed of being seen talking to a wretch like me, just slipped out of Newgate?"

"Ashamed? My Henry—do not torture me! I am heartbroken for your sake! It is my own flesh and blood that I am ashamed of—that it could ever be so base!"

Elliott suddenly snatched her into his arms, and folded her to his breast with convulsive energy.

If the malignant eye of her father had seen them at that moment!

She had obtained information that her father was gone to the Old Bailey with Lord Scamp, and soon contrived to follow them, unnoticed by the domestics. She could not get into the court, as the gallery was already filled; and had been lingering about the door for upward of four hours, making eager inquiries from those who left the court, as to the name of the prisoner who was being tried. She vehemently urged him to accompany her direct to Bullion House, confront her father, and demand reparation for the wrongs he had

inflicted. "I will stand beside you—I will never leave you—let him turn us both out of his house together!" continued the excited girl. "I begin to loathe it—to feel indifferent about everything it contains—except my poor, unoffending, dying mother! Come, come, Henry, and play the man!" But Elliott's good sense led him to expostulate with her, and he did so successfully, representing to her the useless peril attending such a proceeding. He forced her into the coach that was waiting for her—refused the purse she had tried nearly fifty times to thrust into his hand—promised to make a point of writing to her the next day in such a manner as should be sure of reaching her, and after mutually affectionate adieus, he ordered the coachman to drive off as quickly as possible towards Highbury. She found Bullion House in a tumult on account of her absence.

"So your intended victim has escaped!" exclaimed Miss Hillary, suddenly presenting herself before her father, whom Lord Scamp had just left.

"Ah, Polly—my own Poll—and is it you, indeed?" said her father, evidently the worse of wine, approaching her unsteadily. "Come, kiss me, love!—where—where have you been, you little puss—puss—puss—"

"*To Newgate, sir!*" replied his daughter, in a quick stern tone, and retreated a step or two from her advancing father.

"N—n—ewgate! New—new—gate!" he echoed, as if the word had suddenly sobered him. "Well—Mary—and—what of that!" he added, drawing his breath heavily.

"To think that *your* blood flows in these veins of mine!" continued Miss Hillary, with extraordinary energy, extending her arms towards him. "I call you *father*—and yet"—she shuddered—"you are a guilty man—you have laid a snare for the innocent—tremble, sir! tremble! Do you love your daughter? I tell you, father, that if your design had succeeded, she would have lain dead in your house within an hour

after it was told her! Oh, what—what am I saying? —where have I been?" She pressed her hand to her forehead; her high excitement had passed away. Her father had recovered from the shock occasioned by her abrupt reappearance. He walked to the door, and shut it.

"Sit down, Mary," said he, sternly, pointing to the sofa. She obeyed him in silence.

"Now, girl, tell me—are you drunk or sober?—where have you been?—what have you been doing?" he inquired, with a furious air. She hid her face in her hands, and wept.

"You are driving me mad, father!" she murmured.

"Come, come! What!—you're playing the coward now, miss! Where is all your bold spirit gone? What! can't you bully me any more? Snivel on then, and beg my forgiveness! What do you mean, miss," said he, extending towards her his clenched fist, "by talking about this fellow Elliott being—my VICTIM? Eh? Tell me, you audacious hussy! you ungrateful vixen! what d'ye mean?—say, what the d—l has come to you?" She made no answer, but continued with her face concealed in her hands. "Oh—I'm up to all this! I see what you're after! I know you, young dare-devil! You think you can bully me into letting you marry this brute—this beggar—this swindler! Ah-ha! you don't know me though! By ——, but I believe you and he are in league to take my life!" He paused, gasping with rage. His daughter remained silent. "What has turned you so against *me?*" he continued, in the same violent tone and manner. "Haven't I been a kind father to you all my—"

"Oh yes, yes, yes! dear father, I know you have!" sobbed Miss Hillary, rising and throwing herself at his feet.

"Then why are you behaving in this strange way to me?" he inquired, somewhat softening his tone. "Mary, isn't your poor mother up stairs dying? and

if I lose her and you too, what's to become of me?" Miss Hillary wept bitterly. "You'd better kill your old father outright at once than kill him in this slow way! or send him to a madhouse, as you surely will! Come, Molly—my own little Molly—promise me to think no more of this wretched fellow! Depend on't he'll be revenged on me yet, and do me an injury if he can! Surely the devil himself sent the man across our family peace! I don't want you to marry Lord Scamp since you don't like him—not I! It's true, I have longed this many a year to marry you to some nobleman—to see you great and happy—but—if you can't fancy my Lord Scamp, why—I give him up. And if I give *him* up, won't you meet me halfway, and make us all happy again by giving up this fellow so unworthy of you? He comes from a d—d bad stock, believe me! Remember—his father gambled, and—cut his throat," added Hillary, in a low tone, instinctively trembling as he recollected the effect produced upon Elliott by his utterance of these words on a former occasion. "Only think, Molly! *My daughter*, with a vast fortune—scraped together during a long life by her father's hard labour—Molly—the only thing her father loves, excepting always your poor mother—to fling herself into the arms of a common thief—a—a jail bird—a felon—a fellow on his way to the gallows!"

"Father!" said Miss Hillary, solemnly, suddenly looking up into her father's face, "you KNOW that this is false! You know that he is acquitted—that he is innocent—you knew it from the first—that the charge was false!"

Mr. Hillary, who had imagined he was succeeding in changing his daughter's determination, was immeasurably disappointed and shocked at this evidence of his failure. He bit his lips violently and looked at her fiercely, his countenance darkening upon her sensibly. Scarce suppressing a horrible execration—turning a

deaf ear to all her passionate entreaties on behalf of Elliott—he rose, forcibly detached her arms, which were clinging to his knees, and rung the bell.

"Send Miss Hillary's maid here," said he, hoarsely. The woman with a frightened air soon made her appearance.

"Attend Miss Hillary to her room immediately," said he, sternly, and his disconsolate daughter was led out of his presence to spend a night of sleepless agony.

> "On bed
> Delirious flung, sleep from her pillow flies;
> All night she tosses, nor the balmy power
> In any posture finds; till the gray morn
> Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch
> Exanimate by love: and then, perhaps,
> Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,
> Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
> That o'er the sick imagination rise,
> And in black colours paint the mimic scene!"

Many more such scenes as the one above described followed between Mr. Hillary and his daughter. He never left her from the moment he entered till he quitted his house on his return to the city. Threats, entreaties, promises—magnificent promises—all the artillery of persuasion or coercion that he knew how to use, he brought to bear upon his wearied and harassed daughter, but in vain. He suddenly took her with him into Scotland; and after spending there a wretched week or two, returned more dispirited than he had left. He hurried her to every place of amusement he could think of. Now he would give party after party, forgetful of his poor wife's situation; then let a week or longer elapse in dull and morose seclusion. Once he was carried by his passion to such a pitch of phrensy, that he struck her on the side of her head, and severely! nor manifested any signs of remorse when he beheld her staggering under the blow. But why stay to particularize these painful scenes? Was *this* the way to

put an end to the obstinate infatuation of his daughter? No, but to increase and strengthen it; to add fuel to the fire. Her womanly pride, her sense of justice, came—powerful auxiliaries—to support her love of the injured Elliott. She bore his ill treatment at length with a kind of apathy. She had long lost all *respect* for her father, conscious as she was that he had acted most atrociously towards Elliott; and presently, after "some natural tears" for her poor mother, she became wearied of the monotonous misery she endured at Bullion House, and ready to fly from it.

Passing over an interval of a month or two, during which she continued to keep up some correspondence with Elliott, who never told her the extreme misery, the absolute *want* he was suffering, since her father refused to give him a character such as would procure his admission to another situation, and he was therefore reduced to the most precarious means possible of procuring a livelihood. Miss Hillary overhearing her father make arrangements for taking her on a long visit to the Continent—where he might, for all she knew, leave her to end her days in some convent—fled that night in desperation from Bullion House, and sought refuge in the humble residence of an old servant of her father's. Here she lived for a few days in terrified seclusion; but she might have spared her alarms, for her father received the news of her flight with sullen apathy, merely exclaiming, "Well, as she has made her bed she must lie upon it." He made no inquiries after her, nor attempted to induce her to return. When at length apprized of her residence, he did not go near the house. He had evidently given up the struggle in despair, and felt indifferent to any fate that might befall his daughter. He heard that the banns of marriage between her and Elliott were published in the parish church where her new residence was situated, but offered no opposition whatever. He affixed his signature when required to the document necessary to trans-

fer to her the sum of money—600*l.*—standing in her name in the funds, in sullen silence.

So this ill-fated couple were married, no one attending at the brief and cheerless ceremony but an early friend of Elliott's and the worthy couple from whose house Mrs. Elliott had been married.

Elliott had commenced legal proceedings against Mr. Hillary on account of his malicious prosecution. He was certain of success, and of thereby wringing from his reluctant and wicked father-in-law a very considerable sum of money—a little fortune, in his present circumstances. With a noble forbearance, however, and yielding to the entreaties of his wife, who had not lost, in her marriage, the feelings of a daughter towards her erring parent, he abandoned them; his solicitor writing, at his desire, to inform Mr. Hillary of the fact that his client had determined to discontinue proceedings, though he had had the certainty of success before him, and that for his wife's sake he freely forgave Mr. Hillary.

This letter was returned with an insolent message from Mr. Hillary, and there the affair ended.

A few days after her marriage, Mrs. Elliott received the following communication from Mr. Jeffreys:—

"Madam,

"Mr. Hillary has instructed me to apprize you, as I now do with great pain, of his unalterable determination never again to recognise you as his daughter, or receive any communication, of any description, from either your husband or yourself, addressed either to Mr. or Mrs. Hillary; whom your undutiful and ungrateful conduct, he says, has separated from you for ever.

"He will allow to be forwarded to any place you may direct whatever articles belonging to you may yet remain at Bullion House, on your sending a list of them to my office.

"Spare me the pain of a personal interview on the

matter; and believe me when I unfeignedly lament being the medium of communicating such intelligence.

"I am, madam,

"Your humble servant,

"JONATHAN JEFFREYS."

With a trembling hand, assisted by her husband, she set down a few articles—books, dress, one or two jewels, and her little dog Cato. Him, however, Mr. Hillary had caused to be destroyed the day after he discovered her flight. The other articles were sent to her immediately; and with a bitter fit of weeping did she receive them, and read the fate of her merry little favourite, who had frisked about her to the last with sportive affection, when almost everybody else scowled at and forsook her. Thus closed for ever, as she too surely felt, all connection and communication with her father and mother.

Elliott regarded his noble-spirited wife, and well he might, with a fondness bordering on idolatry. The vast sacrifice she had made for him overpowered him whenever he adverted to it, and inspired him, not only with the most tender and enthusiastic affection and gratitude, but with the most eager ambition to secure her, by his own efforts, at least a comfortable home. He engaged a small but respectable lodging in the borough, to which they removed the day after their marriage; and after making desperate exertions, he had the gratification of obtaining a situation as clerk in a respectable mercantile house in the city, and which he had obtained through the friendly but secret services of one of the members of the firm he had last served. His superior qualifications secured him a salary of 90*l.* a-year, with the promise of its increase if he continued to give satisfaction. Thus creditably settled, the troubled couple began to breathe a little more freely; and in the course of a twelvemonth, Mrs. Elliott's poignant grief first declined into melancholy, which was at length mitigated into a pensive if not cheerful resignation.

She moved in her little circumscribed sphere as if she had never occupied one of splendour and affluence. How happily passed the hours they spent together in the evening after he had quitted the scene of his daily labours, he reading or playing on his flute, which he did very beautifully, and she busily employed with her needle! How they loved their neat little parlour, as they sometimes involuntarily compared it; *she*, with the spacious and splendid apartments which had witnessed so much of her suffering at Bullion House—*he*, with the dreadful cells of Newgate! And their Sundays! What sweet and calm repose they brought! How she loved to walk with him after church hours in the fresh and breezy places—the parks; though a pang occasionally shot through her heart when she observed her father's carriage, he the solitary occupant, rolling leisurely past them! The carriage in which she and her little Cato had so often driven! But thoughts such as these seldom intruded; and when they did, only drove her closer to her husband--*a pearl* to her, indeed--if it may be not irreverently spoken--*of great price*—a price she never once regretted to have paid.

Ye fond, unfortunate souls! what days of darkness were in store for you!

About eighteen months after their marriage, Mrs. Elliott, after a lingering and dangerous *accouchement*, gave birth to a son, the little creature I had seen. How they consulted together about the means of apprizing Mr. Hillary of the birth of his grandson, and faintly suggested to each other the *possibility* of its melting the stern stubborn resolution he had formed concerning them! He heard of it, however, manifesting about as much emotion as he would on being told by his housekeeper of the kittening of his kitchen cat! The long fond letter she had made such an effort to write to him, and which poor Elliott had trudged all the way to Highbury to deliver, with trembling hand and beating heart, to the porter at the lodge of Bullion House,

was returned to them the next morning by the two-penny post, unopened! What delicious agony was it to them to look at, to hug to their bosoms, the little creature that had no friend, no relative on earth but them! How often did his little blue eye open surprisedly upon her as her scorching tear dropped upon his tiny face!

She had just weaned her child, and was still suffering from the effects of nursing, when there happened the first misfortune that had befallen them since their marriage. Mr. Elliott was one night behind his usual hour of returning from the city, and his anxious wife's suspense was terminated by the appearance of a hackney coach, from which there stepped out a strange gentleman, who instantly knocked at the door, and returned to assist another gentleman in lifting out the apparently inanimate figure of her husband. Pale as death, she rushed down stairs, her child in her arms, and was saved from fainting only by hearing her husband's voice, in a low tone, assuring her that he was "not much hurt"—that he had had "a slight accident." The fact was, that in attempting most imprudently to shoot across the street between two approaching vehicles, he was knocked down by the pole of one of them, a post chaise; and when down, before the postboy could stop, one of the horses had kicked the prostrate passenger upon his right side. The two humane gentleman who had occompanied him home, did all in their power to assuage the terrors of Mrs. Elliott. One of them ran for the medical man who fortunately lived close at hand; and he pronounced the case to be, though a serious one, and requiring great care, not attended with dangerous symptoms, at least, *at present.*

His patient never quitted his bed for three months; at the end of which period, his employers sent a very kind message, regretting the accident that had happened, and still more, that they felt compelled to fill up his situation in their house, as he had been now so long absent, and was likely to continue absent for a much

longer time: and they at the same time paid him all the salary that was due, in respect of the period during which he had been absent, and a quarter's salary beyond it. Poor Elliott was thrown by this intelligence into a state of deep despondency, which was increased by his surgeon's continuing to use the language of caution, and assuring him (disheartening words!) that he must not think of engaging in active business for some time yet to come. It was after a sleepless night that he and his wife stepped into a hackney coach and drove to the bank to sell out 50*l.* of their precious store, in order to liquidate some of the heavy expenses attendant on his long illness. Alas! what prospect was there either of replacing what they now took, or of preserving the remainder from similar diminutions? It was now that his admirable wife acted indeed the part of a guardian angel; soothing by her fond attentions his querulous and alarmed spirit; and, that she might do so, struggling hourly to conceal her own grievous apprehensions, her own despondency. As it may be supposed, it had now become necessary to practise the closest economy in order to keep themselves out of debt, and to avoid the necessity of constantly drawing upon the very moderate sum which yet stood in his name in the funds. How often, nevertheless, did the fond creature risk a chiding, and a severe one, from her husband, by secretly procuring for him some of the little delicacies recommended by their medical attendant, and in which no entreaties could ever prevail upon her to share!

Some time after this, her husband recovered sufficiently to be able to walk out; but being peremptorily prohibited from engaging for some time to come in his old situation, or any one requiring similar efforts, he put an advertisement in the newspapers, offering to arrange the most involved merchant's accounts, &c., "with accuracy and expedition," at his own residence, and on such very moderate terms as soon brought him several offers of employment. He addressed himself

with a natural but most imprudent eagerness to the troublesome and even exhausting task he had undertaken; and the consequence was, that he purchased the opportunity of a month's labour by a twelvemonth's incapacitation for *all* labour! A dreadful blow this was, and borne by neither of them with their former equanimity. Mrs. Elliott renewed her hopeless attempt to soften the obduracy of her father's heart. She waited for him in the street at the hours of his quitting and returning to the city, and attempted to speak to him, but he hurried from her as from a common street beggar. She wrote letter after letter, carrying some herself, and sending others by the post, by which latter medium all were invariably returned to her! She began to think with horror on her father's inexorable disposition; and her prayers to Heaven for its interference on her behalf, or at least the faith that inspired them became fainter and fainter.

Mr. Hillary's temper had become ten times worse than ever since his daughter's departure, owing to that as well as several other causes. Several of his speculations in business proved to be very unfortunate, and to entail harassing consequences; which kept him constantly in a state of feverish irritability. Poor Mrs. Hillary continued still a hopeless paralytic, deprived of the powers both of speech and motion: all chance, therefore, of her precious intercession was for ever at an end. In vain did Mrs. Elliott strive to interest several of her relatives in her behalf: they *professed* too great a dread of Mr. Hillary to attempt interfering in such a delicate and dangerous matter; and *really* had a very obvious interest in continuing, if not increasing, the grievous and unnatural estrangement existing between him and his daughter. There was one of them, a Miss Gubbley, a maiden aunt or cousin of Mrs. Elliott, that had wormed herself completely into Mr. Hillary's confidence, and having been once a kind of housekeeper in the establishment, now reigned supreme at Bullion Lodge: an artful, selfish, vulgar person, an

object to Mrs. Elliott of mingled terror and disgust: this was the being that,

"Toadlike, sat squatting at the ear"

of her father, probably daily suggesting every hateful consideration that could tend to widen the breach already existing between him and his daughter. This creature, too, had poor Mrs. Elliott besieged with passionate and humiliating entreaties, till they were suddenly and finally checked by a display of such intolerable insolence and heartlessness as determined Mrs. Elliott, come what would, to make no further efforts in *that* quarter. She returned home, on the occasion just alluded to, worn out in body and mind. A copious flood of tears accompanying her narration to her husband of what had happened, relieved her excitement; she took her child into her arms, and his playful little fingers unconsciously touching the deep responsive chords of a mother's heart, she forgot, in the ecstasy of the moment, as she folded him to her bosom, all that had occurred to make her unhappy and add to the gloom of their darkening prospects. Closer and closer now became their retrenchments, cutting off every source of expenditure that was not absolutely indispensable. None occasioned them, she told me, a greater pang than giving up their little pew in —— church, and betaking themselves Sunday after Sunday to the humbler and more appropriate sittings provided in the aisle. But was this their communion, their compact with poverty, unfavourable to devotion? No. The serpent pride was crushed, and dared not lift his bruised head to disturb or alarm! God then drew near to the deserted couple, "weary and heavy laden," and "cast out" by their *earthly* father! Yes, there she experienced a calm, a resignation, a reality in the services and duties of religion, which she had never known when sitting amid the trappings and ostentation of wealth in the gorgeous pew of her father!

They were obliged to seek a cheaper lodging—mod-

erate as was the rent required for those they had so long occupied—where they might practise a severer economy than they chose to exhibit in the presence of those who had known them when such sacrifices were not necessary, and which also had the advantage of being in the neighbourhood of a person who had promised Elliott occasional employment as a collector of rents, &c., as well as the balancing of his books every month. Long before his health warranted did he undertake these severe labours, driven to desperation by a heavy and not over reasonable bill delivered him by his medical attendant, and of which he pressed for the payment. With an aching heart poor Elliott sold out sufficient to discharge it, and resolved at all hazards to recommence his labours; for there was left only 70 or 80*l.* in the bank, and he shuddered when he thought of it! They had quitted this their second lodging for that in which I found them about three months before her first visit to me, in order to be near another individual, himself an accountant, who had promised to employ Elliott frequently as a kind of deputy or fag. His were the books piled before poor Elliott when first I saw him! Thus had he been engaged, to the great injury of his health, for many weeks, his own mental energy and determination flattering him with a delusive confidence in his physical vigour!

Poor Mrs. Elliott also had contrived, being not unacquainted with ornamental needlework, to obtain some employment of that description. Heavy was her heart as she sat toiling beside her husband, who was busily engaged in such a manner as would not admit of their conversing together, when her thoughts wandered over the scenes of their past history, and anticipated their gloomy prospects. Was she now paying the fearful penalty of disobedience? But where was the sin she had committed in forming an honest and ardent attachment to one whom she was satisfied was every way her equal save in wealth? How could her father have a right to dictate to her heart who should be an object of her affections?

To dispose of it as of an article of merchandise? Had he any right thus to consign her to perpetual misery? To unite her to a titled scoundrel merely to gratify his weak pride and ambition? Had she not a right to resist such an attempt? The same Scripture that has said, *Children, obey your parents*, has also said, *Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath.* But had she not been too precipitate, or unduly obstinate in adhering to the man her father abhorred? Ought anything to have caused her to fly from her suffering mother? Oh, what might have been *her* sufferings! But surely nothing could justify or extenuate the unrelenting spirit which actuated her father! And that father she knew to have acted basely, to have played the part of a devil towards the man whom he hated; perhaps, nay probably, he was meditating some equally desperate scheme concerning herself. She silently appealed to God from amid this conflict of her thoughts and feelings, and implored his forgiveness of her rash conduct. Her agonies were heightened by the consciousness that there existed reasons for self-condemnation: but she thought of, she looked at, her husband, and her heart told her that she should act similarly were the past again to happen.

So, then, here was this virtuous unhappy couple—he declining in health just when that health was most precious; she, too, worn out with labour and anxiety, and likely, alas! to bring another heir to wretchedness into the world, for she was considerably advanced in pregnancy; both becoming less capable of the labour which was becoming daily more essential, with scarcely 40*l.* to fall back upon in the most desperate emergency. Such was the dreadful situation of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott soon after the period of my first introduction to them. It was after listening to one of the most interesting and melancholy narratives that the annals of human suffering could supply, that I secretly resolved to take upon myself the responsibility of appealing to Mr. Hillary

in their behalf, hoping that for the honour of humanity my efforts would not be entirely unavailing.

He had quitted Bullion House within a twelvemonth after his daughter's flight, and removed to a spacious and splendid mansion in —— Square, in the neighbourhood of my residence; and where—strange coincidence!—I was requested to attend Mrs. Hillary, who at length seemed approaching the close of her long-protracted sufferings. Mr. Hillary had become quite an altered man since the defection of his daughter. Lord Scamp had introduced him freely into the society of persons of rank and station, who welcomed into their circles the possessor of so splendid a fortune; and he found, in the incessant excitement and amusement of fashionable society, a refuge from reflection, from the "compunctious visitings of remorse" which made his solitude dreadful and insupportable. I found him just such a man as I have already had occasion to describe him; a vain, vulgar, selfish, testy, overbearing old man; one of the most difficult and dangerous persons on earth to deal with in such a negotiation as that I had so rashly, but Heaven knows with the best intentions, undertaken.

"Well, Mr. Hillary," said I, entering the drawing room, where he was standing alone, with his hands in his pockets, at the windows watching some disturbance in the square, "I am afraid I can't bring you any better news about Mrs. Hillary. She weakens hourly!"

"Ah, poor creature, I see she does—indeed!" he replied, sighing, quitting the window, and offering me one of the many beautiful chairs that stood in the splendid apartment. "Well, she has been a good wife to me, I must say—a *very* good wife, and I've always thought and said so." Thrusting his hands into the pockets of his ample white waistcoat, he walked up and down the room. "Well, poor soul! she's had all that money could get her, doctor, however, and she knows it—that's a comfort—but it an't *money* can keep death off, is it?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Hillary; but it can mitigate some of its terrors. What a consolation will it be for you hereafter to reflect that Mrs. Hillary has had everything your noble fortune could procure for her!"

"Ay, and no grudging neither! I'd do ten times what I have done—what's money to me? Poor Poll, and she's going! We never had a quarrel in our lives!" he continued, in a somewhat subdued tone. "I shall miss her when she is gone. I shall indeed. I could find many to fill her place, if I had a mind, I'll warrant me—but I—I—poor Poll!"

* * "Yes," I said, in answer to some general remark he had made, "we medical men do certainly see the worst side of human life. Pain—illness—death—are bad enough of themselves, but when *poverty* steps in too—"

"Ay, I dare say. Bad enough as you say—bad enough!"

"I have this very day seen a mournful instance of accumulated human misery; poverty, approaching starvation, and illness, distress of mind. Ah! Mr. Hillary, what a scene I witnessed yesterday!" I continued, with emotion; "a man who is well born, who has seen better—"

"Better days—ah, exactly. Double-refined misery, as they would say in the city. By-the-way, what a valuable charity that is!—I'm a subscriber to it—for the relief of decayed tradesmen! One feels such a pleasure in it! I dare say now—I do believe—let me see—200*l.* would not cover what I get rid of one way or another in this kind of way every year. By-the-way, doctor, I'll ring for tea—you'll take a cup?" I nodded; and in a few minutes a splendid tea service made its appearance.

"Do you know, doctor, I've some notion of being remembered after I'm gone, and it has often struck me that if I were to leave what I have to build a hospital, or something of that sort in this part of the town, it wouldn't be amiss"

"A noble ambition, sir, indeed. But, as I was observing, the poor people I saw yesterday—such misery! such fortitude!"

"Ah, yes! Proper sort of people, just the right sort to put into—ahem!—*Hillary's Hospital.* It don't sound badly, does it?"

"Excellently well. But the fact is"—I observed that he was becoming rather fidgety, but I was resolved not to be beaten from my point—"I'm going, in short, Mr. Hillary, to take a liberty which nothing could warrant but—"

"You're going to *beg*, doctor, now an't you?" he interrupted, briskly; "but the fact is, my maxim has long been never to give a farthing in charity that any one shall know of but two people: I and the people I give to. That's *my* notion of true charity; and besides, it saves one a vast deal of trouble. But if *you* really think—if it really is a deserving case—why—ahem!—I *might* perhaps—Dr. —— is so well known for his charitable turn—now an't this the way you begin upon *all* your great patients?" he continued, with an air of supreme complacency. I bowed and smiled, humouring his vanity. "Well, in such a case—hem! hem!—I might, once in a way, break in upon my rule," and he transferred his left hand from his waistcoat to his breeches pocket, "so there's a guinea for you. But don't on any account name it to any one. Don't, doctor, I don't want to be talked about; and we people that are known do get so many—"

"But, Mr. Hillary, surely I may tell my poor friends to whom your charity is destined the *name* of the generous—"

"Oh, ay! Do as you please for the matter of that. Who are they? What are they? Where do they live? I'm a governor of ——." I trembled.

"They live at present in —— street; but I doubt, poor things, whether they can stop there much longer, for their landlady is becoming very clamorous—"

"Oh, the old story! the old story! Landlords are

generally, especially the smaller sort, such tyrants, an't they ?"

"Yes, too frequently such is the case! But I was going to tell you of these poor people. They have not been married many years, and they married very unfortunately." Mr. Hillary, who had for some time been sitting down on the sofa, here rose and walked rather more quickly than he had been walking before. "Contrary to the wishes of their family, who have forsaken them, and don't know what their sufferings now are—how virtuous—how patient! And they have got a child too, that will soon, I fear, be crying for the bread it may not get." Mr. Hillary was evidently becoming disturbed. I saw that a little of the colour had fled from about his upper lip, but he said nothing, nor did he seem disposed to interrupt me. "I'm sure, by-the-way," I continued, as calmly as I could, "that if I could but prevail upon their family to see them, before it is too late, that explanations might—"

"What's the *name* of your friends, sir?" said Mr. Hillary, suddenly stopping, and standing opposite to me, with his arms almost akimbo and his eyes looking keenly into mine

"Elliott, sir."

"I—I thought as much, sir!" he replied, dashing the perspiration from his forehead; "I knew what you were driving at! D—n it, sir—I see it all! You came here to insult me—you did, sir!" His agitation increased.

"Forgive me, Mr. Hillary; I assure you—"

"No, sir! I won't hear you, sir! I've heard enough, sir! Too much, sir! You've said enough, sir, to show me what sort of a man you are, sir! D—n it, sir—it's too bad!"

"You mistake me, Mr. Hillary," said I, calmly.

"No I don't, sir, but you've cursedly mistaken *me*, sir. If you know these people, and choose to take up their—to—to—patronise, do, sir, d—n it! if you like, and haven't anything better to do!"

"Forgive me, sir, if I have hurt your feelings!"

"Hurt my feelings, sir? What d'ye mean, sir? Every man hurts my feelings that insults me, sir; and you have insulted me, sir!"

"How, sir?" I inquired, sternly, in my turn. "Oblige me, sir, by explaining these extraordinary expressions."

"You know well enough! I see through it. But if you—really, sir—you've got a guinea of mine, sir, in your pocket. Consider it your fee for this visit; the last I'll trouble you to pay, sir!" he stuttered, almost unintelligible with fury.

I threw his guinea upon the floor, as if its touch were pollution. "Farewell, Mr. Hillary," said I, deliberately, drawing on my gloves. "May your deathbed be as calm and happy as that I have this day attended up stairs for the last time."

He looked at me earnestly, as if staggered by the reflections I had suggested, and turned very pale. I bowed haughtily, and retired. As I drove home, my heated fancy struck out a scheme for shaming or terrifying the old monster I had quitted into something like pity or repentance, by attacking and exposing him in some newspaper; but by the next morning I perceived the many objections there were to such a course. I need hardly say that I did not communicate to the Elliott's the fact of my attempted intercession with Mr. Hillary.

It was grievous to see the desperate but unavailing struggle made by both of them to retrieve their circumstances and provide against the expensive and trying time that was approaching. He was slaving at his account books from morning to midnight, scarce allowing himself a few minutes for his meals; and she had become a mere fag to a fashionable milliner, undertaking all such work as could be done at her own residence, often sitting up half the night, and yet earning the merest trifle. Then she had also to look after her husband and child, for they could not afford to keep a

regular attendant. Several articles of her husband's dress and her own, and almost all that belonged to the child, she often washed at night with her own hands!

As if these unfortunate people were not sufficiently afflicted already—as if any additional ingredient in their cup of sorrow were requisite—symptoms of a more grievous calamity than had yet befallen poor Elliott began to exhibit themselves in him. His severe and incessant application, by day and night, coupled with the perpetual agitation and excitement of his nervous system, began to tell upon his eyesight. I found him, on one of my morning visits, labouring under great excitement; and on questioning him, I feared he had but too good reason for his alarm, as he described, with fearful distinctness, certain sensations and appearances which infallibly betokened, in my opinion, after examining his eyes, the presence of incipient amaurosis in both eyes. He spoke of deep-seated pains in the orbits—perpetual sparks and flashes of light—peculiar haloes seen around the candle—dimness of sight—and several other symptoms, which I found, on inquiry, had been for some time in existence, but he had never thought of noticing them till they forced themselves upon his startled attention.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands, and looking upward, "spare my sight! Oh, spare my sight—or what will become of me? Beggary seems to be my lot—but *blindness* to be added!" He paused, and looked the image of despair.

"Undoubtedly I should deceive you, Mr. Elliott," said I, after making several further inquiries, "if I were to say that there was no danger in your case. Unfortunately, there does exist ground for apprehending that, unless you abstain, and in a great measure, from so severely taxing your eyesight as you have of late, you will run the risk of permanently injuring it."

"Oh, doctor! it is easy to talk!" he exclaimed, with involuntary bitterness, "of my ceasing to use and try my sight; but how am I to do it? How am I to

live? Tell me *that!* Will money drop from the skies into my lap, or bread into the mouths of my poor wife and child? What is to become of us? Merciful God! and just at this time, too! My wife pregnant!"—I thanked God she was not present—"our last penny almost slipping from our hands—and I, who should be the stay and support of my family, becoming BLIND! Oh, God—oh, God, what frightful crimes have I committed to be punished thus? Would I had been transported or hanged," he added, suddenly, "when the old ruffian threw me into Newgate! But"—he turned ghastly pale—"if I were to die *now*, what good could it do?" At that moment the slow heavy wearied step of his wife was heard upon the stairs, and her entrance put an end to her husband's exclamations. I entreated him to intermit, at least for a time, his attentions to business, and prescribed some active remedies, and he promised to obey my instructions. Mrs. Elliott sat beside me with a sad exhausted air, which touched me almost to tears. What a situation—what a prospect was hers! How was she to prepare for her coming confinement? How procure the most ordinary comforts—the necessary attendance? Deprived as her husband and child must be for a time of her affectionate and vigilant attentions, what was to become of them? Who supply her place? Her countenance too plainly showed that all these dreadful topics constantly agitated her mind!

A day or two after this interview I brought them the intelligence I had seen in the newspapers of Mrs. Hillary's death, which I communicated to them very carefully, fearful of the effect it might produce upon Mrs. Elliott, in her critical situation. She wept bitterly; but the event had been too long expected by her to occasion any violent exhibition of grief. As they lay awake that night in melancholy converse, it suddenly occurred to Mrs. Elliott that the event which had just happened might afford them a last chance of regaining her father's affections, and they determined to seize

the opportunity of appealing to his feelings when they were softened by his recent bereavement. The next morning the wretched couple set out on their dreary pilgrimage to —— Square—it being agreed that he should accompany her to within a door or two of her father's house, and there await the issue of her visit. With slow and trembling steps, having relinquished his arm, she approached the dreaded house, whose large windows were closed from the top to the bottom. The sight of them overcame her; and she paused for a moment, holding by the area railings.

What dark and bitter thoughts and recollections crowded in a few seconds through her mind! Here, in this great mansion, was her living—her tyrannical —her mortally offended father; here lay the remains of her poor good mother—whom she had fled from—whose last thoughts might perhaps have been about her persecuted daughter—and that daughter was now trembling like a guilty thing before the frowning portals of her widowed, and, it might be, inexorable father! She felt very faint, and beckoning hastily to her husband, he stepped forward to support her, and led her from the door. After slowly walking round the square, she returned, as before, to the gloomy mansion of her father, ascended the steps, and with a shaking hand pulled the bell.

"What do you want, young woman?" inquired a servant from the area.

"I wish to see Joseph—is he at home?" she replied, in so faint a voice, that the only word audible in the area was that of Joseph, the porter, who had entered into her father's service in that capacity two or three years before her marriage. In a few minutes Joseph made his appearance at the hall door, which he softly opened.

"Joseph!—Joseph! I'm very ill," she murmured, leaning against the door post—"let me sit in your chair for a moment."

"Lord have mercy on me—my young mistress!"

exclaimed Joseph, casting a hurried look behind him, as if terrified at being seen in conversation with her—and then hastily stepping forward he caught her in his arms, for she had fainted. He placed her in his great covered chair, and called one of the female servants, who brought up with her, at his request, a glass of water—taking the stranger to be some relative or friend of the porter's. He forced a little into her mouth; the maid loosed her bonnet string, and after a few minutes she uttered a deep sigh, and her consciousness returned.

"Don't hurry yourself, miss—*ma'am* I mean," stammered the porter, in a low tone; "you can stay here a little—I don't think any one's stirring but us servants—you see, ma'am, though I suppose you know—my poor mistress—" She shook her head and sobbed.

"Yes, Joseph, I know it! Did she—did she die easily?" inquired Mrs. Elliott, in a faint whisper, grasping his hand.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, in a low tone; "poor lady, she'd been so long ailing, that no doubt death wasn't anything particular to her, like, and so she went out at last like the snuff of a candle, as one might say; poor old soul! we'd none of us, not my master even, heard the sound of her voice for months, not to say years even!"

"And my—my father, how does *he*—"

"Why he takes on about it, ma'am, certainly; but, you see, he's been so long expecting of it!"

"Do you think, Joseph," said Mrs. Elliott, hardly able to make herself heard, "that—that my father would be *very*—very angry, if he knew I was here—would he—see me?"

"Lord, ma'am!" exclaimed the porter, alarm overspreading his features; "it's not possible! You can't think how stern he is! You should have heard what orders he gave us all about keeping you out of the house! I know 'tis a dreadful hard case, ma'am," he continued, wiping a tear from his eye, "and many and

many's the time we've all cried in the kitchen about—hush!" he stopped, and looked towards the stairs apprehensively; "never mind, ma'am, it's nobody! But won't you come down and sit in the housekeeper's room! I'm sure the good old soul will rather like to see you, and then, you know, you can slip out of the area gate and be gone in no time!"

"No, Joseph," replied Mrs. Elliott, with as much energy as her weakness would admit of, "I will wait outside the street door if you think there is any danger, while you go and get this letter taken up stairs, and say I am waiting for an answer!" He took the letter, held it in his hand hesitatingly, and shook his head.

"Oh, take it, good Joseph!" said Mrs. Elliott, with a look that would have softened a heart of stone; "it is only to ask for mourning for my mother! I have not money to purchase any!" His eyes filled with tears.

"My poor dear young mistress!" he faltered; his lip quivered, and he paused. "It's more than my place is worth; but, I'll take it, nevertheless—that I will, come what will, ma'am! See if I don't! You see, ma'am," dropping his voice, and looking towards the staircase, "it isn't so much the old gentleman, after all, neither, but it's—it's Miss Gubbley that I'm afraid of! It is she, in my mind, that keeps him so cruel hard against you! She has it all her own way, here! You should see how she orders us servants about, ma'am, and has her eyes into everything that's going on; but I'll go and take the letter anyhow; and don't you go out of doors, unless you hear me cry 'hem!' on the stairs!" She promised to attend to this hint, as did also the female servant whom he left with her, and Joseph disappeared. The mention of Miss Gubbley excited the most painful and disheartening thoughts in the mind of Mrs. Elliott. Possibly it was now the design of this woman to strike a grand blow, and force herself into the place so recently vacated by poor Mrs. Hillary! Mrs. Elliott's heart beat fast, after she had waited for some minutes

in agonizing anxiety and suspense, as she heard the footsteps of Joseph hastily descending the stairs.

"Well, Joseph," she whispered, looking eagerly at him.

"I can't get to see master, ma'am, though I've tried; I have, indeed, ma'am! I thought it would be so! Miss Gubbley has been giving it me, ma'am: she says it will cost me my place to dare to do such an *audacious* thing again—and I told her you was below here, ma'am, and she might see you; but she tossed her head, and said it was of a piece with all your other shameful behaviour to your poor, broken-hearted father, she did, ma'am"—Mrs. Elliott began to sob bitterly—"and she wouldn't on any account whatsoever have him shocked at such a sad time as this, and that she knows it would be no use your coming"—his voice quivered—"and she says as how"—he could hardly go on—"you should have thought of all this long ago; and that only a month ago she heard master say it was all your own fault if you come to ruin, and as you'd made your bed you must lie on it—her very words, ma'am; but she's sent you a couple of guineas, ma'am, on condition that you don't, on no account, trouble master again; and—and," he continued, his tears overflowing, "I've been so bold as to make it three, ma'am; and I hope it's no offence, ma'am, me being but a servant," trying to force something, wrapped up in paper, into the hand of Mrs. Elliott, who had listened motionless and in dead silence to all he had been saying.

"Joseph!" at length she exclaimed, in a very low but distinct and solemn tone, stretching out her hands, "if you don't wish to see me die—help me, help me—to my knees!" And with his assistance, and that of the female servant, she sank gently down upon her knees upon the floor, where he partly supported her. She slowly clasped her hands together upon her bosom, and looked upward; her eye was tearless, and an awful expression settled upon her motionless features. Joseph involuntarily fell upon his knees beside her, sha-

king like an aspen leaf, his eyes fixed instinctively upon hers, and the sobs of several of the servants, who had stolen silently to the top of the kitchen stairs, to gaze at this strange scene, were the only sounds that were audible. After having remained in this position for several minutes, she rose from her knees slowly and in silence.

"When will my mother be buried?"

"Next Saturday," whispered Joseph, "at two o'clock."

"Where?"

"At St. ——'s, ma'am."

"Farewell, Joseph! You have been very kind," said she, rising and moving slowly to the door.

"Won't you let me get you a little of something warm, ma'am? You do look so bad, ma'am, so pale, and I'll fetch it from down stairs in half a minute."

"No, Joseph, I am better! and Mr. Elliott is waiting for me at the outside."

"Poor gentleman!" sobbed Joseph, turning his head aside, that he might dash a tear from his eye. He strove again to force into her hand the paper containing the three guineas, but she refused.

"No, Joseph, I am very destitute, but yet Providence will not let me starve. I cannot take it from *you;* hers I will not, I ought not!"

With this the door was opened; and with a firmer step than she had entered the house, she quitted it. Her husband, who was standing anxiously at one or two door's distance, rushed up to her, and with tremulous and agitated tone and gestures inquired the result of her application, and placing his arm around her, for he felt how heavily she leaned against him, gently led her towards home. He listened with the calmness of despair to her narrative of what had taken place. "Then there is no hope for us THERE," he muttered through his half-closed lips.

"But there is hope, dearest, with Him who invites the weary and the heavy laden; who seems to have

withdrawn from us, but has not forsaken us," replied his wife, tenderly, and with unwonted cheerfulness in her manner. "I feel—I know—he tells me that he will not suffer us to sink in the deep waters! He heard my prayer, Henry, and he will answer it, wisely and well! Let us hasten home, dearest. Our little Henry will be uneasy, and trouble Mrs. ——." Elliott listened to her in moody silence. His darkening features told not of the peace and resignation Heaven had shed into the troubled bosom of his wife, but too truly betokened the gloom and despair within. He suspected that his wife's reason was yielding to the long-continued assaults of sorrow; and thought of her approaching sufferings with an involuntary shudder, and sickened as he entered the scene of them—his wretched lodging. She clasped their smiling child with cheerful affection to her bosom; *he* kissed him—but coldly—absently—as it were, mechanically. Placing upon his forehead the silk shade which my wife had sent to him, at my request, the day before, as well to relieve his eyes, as to conceal their troubled expression, he leaned against the table at which he took his seat, and thought with perfect horror upon their circumstances.

Scarce 20*l.* now remained of the 600*l.* with which they were married; his wife's little earnings were to be of course for a while suspended; he was prohibited, at the peril of blindness, from the only species of employment he could obtain; the last ray of hope concerning Hillary's reconciliation was extinguished; and all this when their expenses were on the eve of being doubled—or trebled.

It was well for Mrs. Elliott that her husband had placed that silk shade upon his forehead!

During his absence the next morning at the opthalmic infirmary, whither, at my desire, he went twice a week to receive the advice of Mr. ——, the eminent oculist, I called and seized the opportunity of placing in Mrs. Elliott's hands, with unspeakable satisfaction,

the sum of 40*l.*, which my good wife had chiefly collected among her friends; and as Mrs. Elliott read, or rather attempted to read, for her eyes were filled with tears, the affectionate note written to her by my wife, who begged that she would send her little boy to our house till she should have recovered from her confinement, she clasped her hands together, and exclaimed —"Has not God heard my prayers! Dearest doctor! Heaven will reward you! What news for my poor heartbroken husband when he returns home from the infirmary—weary and disheartened! * *

"And now, doctor, shall I confide to you a plan I have formed?" said Mrs. Elliott, looking earnestly at me. "Don't try to persuade me against putting it into practice; for my mind is made up, and nothing can turn me from my purpose." I looked at her with surprise. "You know we have but this one room and the little closet—for what else is it?—where we sleep; and where must my husband and child be when I am confined? Besides, we cannot, even with all your noble kindness to us, afford to have proper—the most ordinary attendance." She paused—I listened anxiously.

"So—I've been thinking—could you not"—she hesitated, as if struggling with violent emotion—"could you not get me admitted"—her voice trembled—"into —the lying-in hospital?" I shook my head, unable at the moment to find utterance.

"It has cost me a struggle—Providence seems, however, to have led me to the thought! I shall there be no expense to my husband, and shall have, I understand, excellent attendance."

"My poor dear madam," I faltered, "you must forgive me—but I cannot bear to think of it." In spite of my struggles the swelling tears at length burst from my laden eyes. She buried her face in her handkerchief, and wept bitterly. "My husband can hear of me every day, and, with God's blessing upon us, perhaps in a month's time we may both meet in better

health and spirits. And if—if—*if* it would not inconvenience Mrs. —— or yourself, to let my little Henry" —she could get no further, and burst again into a fit of passionate weeping. I promised her, in answer to her reiterated entreaties, that I would immediately take steps to ensure her an admission into the lying-in hospital at any moment she might require it.

"But, my dear madam, your husband—Mr. Elliott —depend upon it, will never hear of all this; he will never permit it, I feel perfectly certain."

"Ah, doctor, I know he would not; but he shall not know anything about my intentions till I am safely lodged in the—the hospital. I intend to leave without his knowing where I am gone, some day this week; for I feel satisfied—" She paused and trembled. "When he returns from the infirmary on Friday he will find a letter from me, telling him all my little scheme, and may God incline him to forgive me for what I am doing. I know he loves me, however, too fondly to make me unhappy!"

The next morning my wife accompanied me to their lodging, for the purpose of taking home with her little Henry. A sad scence it was; but Elliott, whom his wife had easily satisfied of the prudence of thus disposing of the child during the period of her confinement, bore it manfully. He carried the child down to my carriage, and resigned him into the hands of my wife and a servant, after many fond caresses, with an air of melancholy resolution; promising to call daily and see him while on his visit to my house. I strove to console him under this temporary separation from his child, and to impress upon him the necessity of absolute quiet and repose, in order to give due effect to the very active treatment under which he had been placed for the complaint in his eyes; this I did in order to prepare him for the second stroke meditated to be inflicted upon him on the ensuing Friday by his wife, and to reconcile him, by anticipation as it were, to their brief separation. When once the decisive step

had been taken, I felt satisfied that he would speedily see the propriety of it.

It was wonderful to see how Mrs. Elliott, during the interval between this day and the Friday appointed for her entrance into the lying-in hospital, sustained her spirits. Her manner increased in tenderness towards her husband, who evinced a corresponding energy of sympathy and affection towards her. His anxieties had been to a considerable extent allayed by the seasonable addition to his funds already spoken of; but he expressed an occasional surprise at the absence of any preparations for the event which both of them believed to be so near at hand.

On the Friday morning, about half an hour after her husband had set out for the opthalmic infirmary as usual, a hackney coach drew up to the door of his lodging, with a female attendant, sent by my directions from the lying-in hospital. I also made my appearance within a few minutes of the arrival of the coach: and poor Mrs. Elliott, after having carefully arranged and disposed of the few articles of her own apparel which she intended to leave behind her, and given the most anxious and repeated instructions to the woman of the house to be attentive to Mr. Elliott in her absence—sat down and shed many tears as she laid upon the table a letter, carefully sealed, and addressed to her husband, containing the information of her departure and destination. When her agitation had somewhat subsided, she left the room—perhaps, she felt, *for ever*—entered into the coach, and was soon safely lodged in the lying-in hospital.

The letter to her husband was as follows—for the melancholy events which will be presently narrated, brought this with other documents into my possession.

"My Sweet Love,

"The hour of my agony is approaching; and Providence has pointed out to me a place of refuge. I cannot, dearest Henry—I cannot think of adding to your

sufferings by the sight of mine! When all is over—as I trust it will be soon, and happily—then we shall be reunited, and God grant us happier days! Oh, do not be grieved or angry, Henry, at the step I am taking. I have done it for the best—it will be for the best, depend upon it. Dr. —— will tell you how skilfully and kindly they treat their patients at the lying-in hospital to which I am going. Oh, Henry! you are the delight of my soul! The more grief and bitterness we have seen together, surely the more do we love one another *Oh how I love you!* How I prayed in the night while you, dearest, were sleeping, that the Almighty would bless you and our little Harry, and be merciful to *me*, for your sakes, and bring us all together again! I shall pray for you, my love—my own love!—every hour that we are away! Bear up a little longer, Henry! God has not deserted us—he will not—he cannot if we do not desert him. I leave you, dearest, my Bible and prayer book—*oh, do read them!* Kiss my little Harry in my name, every day. How kind are Dr. —— and Mrs. ——! Go out and enjoy the fresh air, and do not sit fretting at home, love; nor try your eyes with reading or writing till I come back. I can hardly lay by my pen, but the coach is come for me, and I must tear myself away. Farewell, then, my dear, dear, darling Henry; but only for a little while.

"Your doting wife,

"MARY."

"P.S.—The socks I have been knitting for Harry are in the drawer near the window. You had better take them to Dr. ——'s to-morrow, as I forgot to send them with Harry in the bustle of his going, and he will want them. Dr. —— says you can come and see me every day before I am taken ill. Do come."

I called in the evening, according to the promise I had made to Mrs. Elliott, on her husband, to see how he bore the discovery of his wife's sudden departure.

"How is Mr. Elliott?" I inquired of the woman of the house, who opened the door. "Is he at home?"

"Why, yes—but he's in a sad way, sir, indeed, about Mrs. Elliott's going. He's eaten nothing all day."

He was sitting at a table when I entered, with a solitary candle, and Mrs. Elliott's letter lying before him.

"Oh! doctor, is not this worse than death?" he exclaimed. "Am I not left alone to be the prey of Satan?"

"Come, come, Mr. Elliott, moderate your feelings! Learn the lesson your incomparable wife has taught you—patience and resignation."

"It is a heavenly lesson. But can a fiend learn it?" he replied, vehemently, in a tone and with an air that quite startled me. "Here I am left alone by God and man to be the sport of devils, and I AM! What curse is there that has not fallen, or is falling upon me? I feel assured," he continued, gloomily, "that my Mary is taken from me for ever. Oh, do not tell me otherwise. I feel—I know it? I have brought ruin upon her! I have brought her to beggary by an insane, a wicked attachment! The curses of disobedience to parents are fully upon both of us! Yet our misery might have touched any heart except that of her fiendish father. Ah! he buries her mother to-morrow! To-morrow, then, I will be there! The earth shall not fall upon her before he looks upon me! How I will make the old man shake beside the grave he must soon drop into!" He drew a long breath. "Let him curse me!—curse her—curse us both!—curse our child! There and then—"

"*The curse causeless shall not come*," I interrupted.

"Ay, causeless! That's the thing! Causeless!" He paused. "Forgive me," he added, after a heavy sigh, resuming his usual manner; "doctor, I've been *raving*, and can you wonder at it? Poor Mary's letter (here it is) has almost killed me! I have been to the place where she is, but I dared not go in to see her. Oh, doctor! *will* she be taken care of?" suddenly seizing my hand with convulsive energy.

"The very greatest care will be taken of her—the greatest skill in London will be instantly at her command in case of the slightest necessity for it—as well as every possible comfort and convenience that her situation can require. If it will be any consolation to you, I assure you I intend visiting her myself every day." And by these means I at length succeeded in restoring something like calmness to him. The excitement occasioned by his unexpected discovery of his wife's absence, and its touching reason, had been aggravated by the unfavourable opinion concerning his sight which had been that morning expressed—alas, I feared, but too justly—by the able and experienced oculist under whose care he was placed. He had in much alarm heard Mr. —— ask him several questions respecting peculiar and secret symptoms and sensations about his eyes, which he was forced to answer in the affirmative; and the alarming effect of these inquiries was not dissipated by the cautious replies of Mr. —— to his questions as to the chances of ultimate recovery. I assured him that nothing on earth could so effectually serve him as the cultivation of calm and composed habits of mind; for that the affection of his eyes depended almost entirely upon the condition of his nervous system. I got him to promise me that he would abandon his wild and useless purpose of attending the funeral of Mrs. Hillary—said I would call upon him, accompanied by his little son, about noon the next day, and also bring him tidings concerning Mrs. Elliott.

I was as good as my word; but not he. The woman of the house told me that he had left home about twelve o'clock, and did not say when he would return. He had gone to St. ——'s church, I afterward learned from him. He watched the funeral procession into the church, and placed himself in a pew which commanded a near view of that occupied by the chief mourner, Mr. Hillary; who, however, never once raised his head from the handkerchief in which his countenance was buried. When the body was borne to the grave,

Elliott followed, and took his place beside the grave as near Mr. Hillary as the attendants and the crowd would admit of. He several times formed the determination to interrupt the service by a solemn and public appeal to Mr. Hillary on the subject of his deserted daughter—but his tongue failed him, his feelings overpowered him; and he staggered from where he stood to an adjoining tombstone, which he leaned against till the brief and solemn scene was concluded, and the mourners began to return. Once more, with desperate purpose, he approached the procession, and came up to Mr. Hillary just as he was being assisted into the coach.

"Look at me, sir," said he, suddenly tapping Mr. Hillary upon the shoulder. The old man seemed paralyzed for a moment, and stared at him as if he did not know the strange intruder.

"My name is Elliott, sir; your forsaken daughter is my heartbroken, starving wife! do you relent, sir?"

"Elliott! Keep him away—keep him away, for God's sake!" exclaimed Mr. Hillary, his face full of disgust and horror; and the attendants violently dragged the intruder from the spot where he was standing, and kept him at a distance till the coach containing Mr. Hillary had driven off. Elliott then returned home, which he reached about an hour after I had called. He paid me a visit in the evening, and I was glad to see him so much calmer than I had expected. He apologized with much earnestness for his breach of faith. He said he had found it impossible to resist the impulse which led him, in spite of all he had said over night, to attend the funeral; for he had persuaded himself of the more than possibility that his sudden and startling appearance at so solemn a moment might effect an alteration in Mr. Hillary's feelings towards him. He gave me a full account of what had happened, and assured me with a melancholy air that he had now satisfied himself—had nothing to hope for further—nothing to disturb him—and he would attend to my injunctions and those of his surgical adviser at the in-

firmary. He told me that he had seen Mrs. Elliott about an hour before, and had left her in comparatively good spirits; but the people of the hospital had told him that her confinement was hourly expected.

"I wonder," said he, and sighed profoundly, "what effect her *death* would have upon Mr. Hillary? Would he cast off her children, as he had cast her off? Would his hatred follow her into the grave? Now what should *you* say, doctor?"

The matter-of-fact, not to say indifferent air, with which this very grave question was put, not a little surprised me. "Why, he must be obdurate indeed if such were to be the case," I answered. "I am in hopes, however, that, in spite of all that has happened, he will ere long be brought to a sense of his guilt and cruelty in so long defying the dictates of conscience—the voice of nature. When he finds himself *alone*—"

Elliott shook his head.

"It must be a thundering blow, doctor, that would make HIS iron heart feel—and—that blow"—he sighed —"may come much sooner it may be—" He shuddered, and looked at me with a wild air of apprehension.

"Let us hope for the best, however, Mr. Elliott! Rely upon it, the present calmness of your inestimable wife affords grounds for the happiest expectations concerning the approaching—"

"Ah! I hope you may not be mistaken! Her former accouchement was a long and dangerous one."

"Perhaps the very reason why her present may be an easy one!" He looked at me mournfully.

"And suppose it to be so—what a home has the poor creature to return to after her suffering! Is not *that* a dreary prospect?"

It was growing late, however; and presently taking an affectionate leave of his son, who had been sitting all the while on his knee overpowered with drowsiness, he left.

Mrs. Elliott was taken ill on Sunday about midnight;

and after a somewhat severe and protracted labour was delivered on Monday evening of a child that died a few minutes after its birth. Having directed the people at the hospital to summon me directly Mrs. Elliott was taken ill, I was in attendance upon her within an hour after her illness had commenced. I sent a messenger on Monday morning to Mr. Elliott, according to the promise I had given him immediately to send him the earliest information, with an entreaty that he would remain at home all day to be in readiness to receive a visit from me. He came down, however, to the hospital almost immediately after receiving my message; and walked to and fro before the institution, making anxious inquiries every ten minutes or quarter of an hour how his wife went on, and received ready and often encouraging answers. When I quitted her for the night, about an hour after her delivery, leaving her much exhausted, but, as I too confidently supposed, out of danger, I earnestly entreated Mr. Elliott, who continued before the institution gates in a state of the highest excitement, to return home, but in vain; and I left him with expressions of severe displeasure, assuring him that his conduct was absurd and useless—nay, criminally dangerous to himself. "What will become of your sight, Mr. Elliott—pray think of *that!* —if you will persist in working yourself up to this dreadful pitch of nervous excitement? I do assure you that you are doing yourself every hour mischief which —which it may require months, if not years, to remedy; and is it kind to her you love—to those you ought to consult—whose interests are dependant upon yourself —thus to throw away the chances of recovery? Pray, Mr. Elliott, listen, listen to reason, and return home!" He made me no reply, but wept, and I left, hoping that what I had said would soon produce the desired effect.

About four o'clock in the morning I was awaked by a violent ringing of the bell and knocking at the door; and on hastily looking out of the bedroom window, there was Mr. Elliott.

"What is the matter, there?" I inquired. "Is it you, Mr. Elliot?"

"Oh, doctor, doctor—for God's sake come! My wife, my wife! She's dying!—they have told me so! Come, doctor, oh come!" Though I had been exceedingly fatigued with the labours of the preceding day, this startling summons soon dissipated my drowsiness, and in less than five minutes I was by his side. We ran almost all the way to the nearest coach stand: and on reaching the hospital, found that there existed but too much ground for apprehension; for about two o'clock very alarming symptoms of profuse hæmorrhage made their appearance; and when I reached her bedside, a little after four o'clock, I saw, in common with the experienced resident accoucheur, who was also present, that her life was indeed trembling in the balance. While I sat watching, with feelings of melancholy interest and alarm, her snowy inanimate countenance, a tap on my shoulder from one of the female attendants attracted my eye to the door, where the chief matron of the establishment was standing. She beckoned me out of the room; and I noiselessly stepped out after her.

"The husband of this poor lady," said Mrs.——," is in a dreadful state, doctor, in the street. The porter has sent up word that he fears the gentleman is going mad, and will be attempting to break open the gates; that he insists upon being shown at once into his wife's room, or at least within the house! Pray oblige me, doctor, by going down and trying to pacify him! This will never do, you know—the other patients—" I hastened down stairs, and stepped quickly across the yard. My heart yearned towards the poor distracted being who stood outside the iron gates, with his arms stretched towards me through the bars.

"Oh, say, is she alive? Is she alive?" he cried, with a lamentable voice.

"She *is*, Mr. Elliott—but really—"

"Oh, *is* she alive? Are you telling me truly? Is she indeed alive?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Elliott: but if you don't cease to make such a dreadful disturbance, your voice may reach her ear, and that would be instant death—indeed it would."

"I will! I will—but is she indeed alive? Don't deceive me!"

"This is the way he's been going on all night," whispered the watchman, who had just stepped up.

"Mr. Elliott, I tell you, truly, in the name of God, your wife is living—and I have not given up hope of her recovery."

"Oh, Mary! Mary! Mary! Oh, come to me, my Mary! You said that you would return to me!"

"Hadn't I better take him away, sir?" said the watchman. "The porter says he'll be awakening all the women in the hospital—shall I?"

"Let me stay—let me stay! I'll give you all I have in the world! I'll give you forty pounds—I will, I will," cried the unfortunate husband, clinging to the bars, and looking imploringly at me.

"Do not interfere—do not touch him, sir," said I to the watchman.

"Thank you! God bless you!" gasped the wretched sufferer, extending his hands towards mine, and wringing them convulsively; then turning to the watchman, he added, in a lower tone, the most piteous I ever heard, "Don't take me away! My wife is here; she's dying—I *can't* go away—but I'll not make any more noise! Hush! hush! there is some one coming!" A person approached from within the building, and whispering a few hurried words in my ear, retired. "Mr. Elliott, shake hands with me," said I, "Mrs. Elliott is reviving! I told you I had hope! The accoucheur has this instant sent me word that he thinks the case has taken a favourable turn." He sank down suddenly on his knees in silence; then grasped my hands through the bars, and shook them convulsively.

He then, in the fervour of his frantic feeling, turned to the watchman, grasped his hands, and shook them.

"Hush! hush!" he gasped—"don't speak—it will disturb her! A single sound may kill her. Ah"—he looked with agonized apprehension at the mail coach which that moment rattled rapidly and loudly by. At length he became so much calmer, that after pledging myself to return to him shortly, especially if any unfavourable change should take place, I withdrew, and repaired to the chamber where lay the poor unconscious creature—the subject of her husband's wild and dreadful anxieties. I found that I had not been misinformed; and though Mrs. Elliott lay in the most precarious situation possible, with no sign of life in her pallid countenance, and no pulse discernible at her wrist, we had reason for believing that a favourable change had taken place. After remaining in silence by her side for about a quarter of an hour, during which she seemed asleep, I took my departure, and conveyed the delightful intelligence to the poor sufferer without, that his hopes were justified by the situation in which I had left my sweet patient. I succeeded in persuading him to accompany me home, and restoring him to a little composure: but the instant that he had swallowed a hasty cup of coffee, without waiting even to see his little boy, who was being dressed to come down as usual to breakfast, he left the house and returned to the hospital, where I found him, as before, on driving up about twelve o'clock, but walking calmly to and fro before the gates. What anguish was written in his features! But a smile passed over them—a joyful air, as he told me before I could quit my carriage, that all was still going on well. It was so, I ascertained; and on returning from the hospital, I almost forced him into my carriage, and drove off to his lodging, where I staid till he had got into bed, and had solemnly promised me to remain there till I called in the evening.

For three days Mrs. Elliott continued in the most

critical circumstances; during which her husband was almost every other hour at the hospital, and at length so wearied every one with his anxious and incessant inquiries, that they would hardly give him civil answers any longer. Had I not twice bled him with my own hand, and myself administered to him soothing and lowering medicines, he would certainly, I think, have gone raving mad. On the fifth day Mrs. Elliott was pronounced out of danger, but continued, of course, in a very exhausted state. Her first inquiries were about her husband, then her little Henry: and on receiving a satisfactory answer, a sweet sad smile stole over her features, and her feeble fingers gently compressed mine. Before I quitted her, she asked whether her husband might be permitted to see her. I of course answered in the negative. A tear stole down her cheek, but she did not attempt to utter a syllable.

The pressure of professional engagements did not admit of my seeing Mr. Elliott more than once or twice during the next week. I frequently heard of him, however, at the hospital, where he called constantly three times a day, but had not yet been permitted to see Mrs. Elliott, who was considered, and in my opinion justly, unequal to the excitement of such an interview.

The dreadful mental agony in which he had spent the last fortnight, was calculated to produce the most fatal effects upon his eyesight; of which, indeed, he seemed himself but too conscious, for every symptom of which he had complained was most fearfully aggravated. Nevertheless, I could not prevail upon him—at least, he said, for the present—to continue his visits to eye infirmary. He said, with a melancholy air, that he had too many, and very different matters to attend to—and he must postpone, for the present, all attention to his own complaints. Alas! he *had* many other subjects of anxiety than his own ailments! Supposing his poor wife to be restored to him, even in a moderate degree of strength and convalescence—what prospect was before them? What means remained of obtaining

a livelihood? What chance was there of her inexorable old father changing his fell purpose? Was his wife then to quit the scene of her almost mortal sufferings, only to perish before his eyes—of want? And her father wallowing in wealth—the thought was horrible! Elliott sat at home alone, thinking of these things, and shuddered; he quitted his home, and wandered through the streets with vacant eye and blighted heart. *He wandereth abroad for bread, saying where is it? He knoweth that the day of darkness is ready at his hand.**

Friday. This morning my wife called, at my suggestion, to see Mrs. Elliott, accompanied by her little boy, whom I had perceived she was pining to see. I thought they might meet without affording ground for uneasiness as to the result.

"My little Harry!" exclaimed a low soft voice as my wife and child were silently ushered into the room where lay Mrs. Elliott, wasted almost to a shadow, her face and hands, said my wife, white as the lily. "Come, love, kiss me!" she faintly murmured; and my wife brought the child to the bedside, and lifting him upon her knee, inclined his face towards his mother. She feebly placed her arm around his neck, and pressed him to her bosom.

"Let me see his face!" she whispered, removing her arm.

She gazed tenderly at him for some minutes; the child looking first at her and then at my wife with mingled fear and surprise.

"*How like his father!*" she murmured—"kiss me again, love! Don't be afraid of your poor mother, Harry!" Her eyes filled with tears. "Am I so altered?" said she to my wife, who stammered yes and no in one breath.

"Has he been a good boy?"

"Very—very," replied my wife, turning aside her

* Job, xv. 23

head, unable for a moment to look either mother or son in the face. Mrs. Elliott perceived my wife's emotion, and her chill fingers gently grasped her hand.

"Does he say his prayers?—you've not forgotten *that*, Henry?"

The child, whose little breast was beginning to heave, shook his head, and lisped a faint "No, mamma."

"God bless thee, my darling!" exclaimed his mother, in a low tone, closing her eyes. "He will not desert thee, nor thy parents! *He feeds the young ravens when they cry!*" She paused, and the tears trembled through her almost transparent eyelids. My wife, who had with the utmost difficulty restrained her feelings, leaned over the poor sufferer, pressed her lips to her forehead, and gently taking the child with her, stepped hastily from the room. As soon as they had got into the matron's parlour, where my wife sat down for a few moments, her little companion burst into tears, and cried as if his heart would break. The matron tried to pacify him, but in vain. "I hope, ma'am," said she, to my wife, "he did not cry in this way before his mother? Dr. —— and Mr. —— both say that she must not be agitated in any way, or they will not answer for the consequences." At this moment I made my appearance, having called, in passing, to pay a visit to Mrs. Elliott: but hearing how much her late interview had overcome her, I left, taking my wife and little Elliott--still sobbing—with me, and promising to look in, if possible, in the evening. I did do so, accordingly; and found her happily none the worse for the emotion occasioned by her first interview with her child since her illness. She expressed herself very grateful to me for the care which she said we had evidently taken of him--"and how like he grows to his poor father!" she added. "Oh! doctor, when may I see *him?* Do, dear doctor, let us meet, if it be but for a moment! Oh, how I long to see him! I will not be agitated. It will do me more good than all the medicine in this building!"

"In a few day's time, my dear madam, I assure you--"

"Why not to-morrow? Oh, if you knew the good that one look of his would do me--he does not look ill?" she inquired, suddenly.

"He—he looks certainly rather harassed on your account; but in other respects, he is—"

"Promise me—let me see for myself; oh bring him with you! I—I—I own I could not bear to see him *alone*—but in *your* presence—do, dear doctor! promise! I shall sleep so sweetly to-night if you will."

Her looks—her tender murmuring voice, overcame me; and I promised to bring Mr. Elliott with me some time on the morrow. I bade her good-night.

"Remember, doctor!" she whispered as I rose to go.

"I will!" said I, and quitted the room, already almost repenting of the rash promise I had made. But who could have resisted her?

Sweet soul! what was to become of thee? Bred up in the lap of luxury, and accustomed to have every wish gratified, every want anticipated—what kind of scene waited thee on returning to thy humble lodging,

> "Where hopeless Anguish pour's her groan,
> And lonely Want retired to die?"

For was it not so? What miracle was to save them from starvation? Full of such melancholy reflections, I walked home, resolving to leave no stone unturned on their behalf, and pledging myself and wife that the forty pounds we had already collected for the Elliotts, from among our benevolent friends, should be raised to a hundred, however great might be the deficiency we made up ourselves.

Saturday. I was preparing to pay some early visits to distant patients, and arranging so as to take Mr. Elliott with me on my return, which I calculated would be about two o'clock, to pay the promised visit to Mrs. Elliott, when my servant brought me a handful of let-

ters which had that moment been left by the twopenny postman. I was going to cram them all into my pocket, and read them in the carriage, when my eye was attracted by one of them much larger than the rest, sealed with a black seal, and the address in Elliott's handwriting. I instantly resumed my seat; and placing the other letters in my pocket, proceeded to break the seal with some trepidation, which increased to a sickening degree when four letters fell out—all of them sealed with black, and in Elliott's handwriting, and addressed respectively to "Jacob Hillary, Esq.," "Mrs. Elliott," "Henry Elliott," and "Dr. ——," (myself.) I sat for a minute or two, with this terrible array before me, scarce daring to breathe, or to trust myself with my thoughts, when my wife entered, leading in her constant companion, little Elliott, to take their leave, as usual, before I set out for the day. The sight of "Henry Elliott," to whom one of these portentous letters was addressed, overpowered me. My wife, seeing me much discomposed, was beginning to inquire the reason, when I rose, and with gentle force put her out of the room and bolted the door, hurriedly telling her that I had just received unpleasant accounts concerning one or two of my patients. With trembling hands I opened the letter which was addressed to me, and read with infinite consternation as follows:—

"When you are reading these few lines, kind doctor! I shall be sweetly sleeping the sleep of death. All will be over; there will be one wretch the less upon the earth.

"God, before whom I shall be standing face to face, while you read this letter, will, I hope, have mercy upon me, and forgive me for appearing before him uncalled for. Amen!

"But I could not live. I felt blindness—the last curse—descending upon me—blindness and beggary. I saw my wife broken hearted. Nothing but misery and starvation before her and her child.

"Oh, has she not loved me with a noble love? And

yet it is thus I leave her! But she knows how through life I have returned her love, and she will hereafter find that love alone led me to take this dreadful step.

"Grievous has been the misery she has borne for my sake. I thought, in marrying her, that I might have overcome the difficulties which threatened us—that I might have struggled successfully at least for our bread; but He ordered otherwise, and *it has been in vain for me to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows.*

"Why did I leave life? Because I know, as if a voice from Heaven had told me, that my death will reconcile Mary and her father. It is me alone whom he hates, and her only on my account. When I shall be gone, he will receive her to his arms, and she and my son will be happy.

"Oh, my God! that I shall never see the face of Mary again, or— But presently she will look at our son, and she will revive.

"I entreat you as in the name of the dead—it is a voice from the grave—to be yourself the bearer of this news to Mary, when, and as you may think fit. Give her this letter, and also give, yourself, to Mr. Hillary, the letter which bears his dreadful name upon it. I know—I feel—that it will open his heart, and he will receive them to his arms.

"I have written also a few lines to my son. Ah, my boy, your father will be mouldered into dust before you will understand what I have written. Grieve for your unfortunate father, but do not—disown him!

"As for you, best of men, my only *friend*, farewell! Forgive all the trouble I have given. God reward you! You will be in my latest thoughts. I have written to you last.

"Now I have done. I am calm; the bitterness of death is past. Farewell! The grave—the darkness of death is upon my soul—but I have no fear. To-night, before this candle shall have burned out, at midnight— Oh, Mary! Henry! shall we ever meet again?

"H. E."

I read this letter over half a dozen times, for every paragraph pushed the preceding one out of my memory. Then I took up mechanically and opened the letter addressed to his son. It contained a large lock of his father's hair, and the following verses,* written in a great straggling hand:—

"*I have wished for death; wherefore do I not call for my son?*

"*My son, when I am dead, bury me; and despise not thy mother, but honour her all the days of thy life, and do that which shall please her, and grieve her not.*

"*Remember, my son, that she saw many dangers for thee when thou wast in her womb; and when she is dead bury her by me in one grave.*

"Thus on the point of death, writes thy father to his beloved son. REMEMBER!

"HENRY ELLIOTT."

As soon as I had somewhat recovered the shock occasioned by the perusal of these letters, I folded them all up, stepped hastily into my carriage, and postponing all my other visits, drove off direct to the lodging of Mr. Elliott. The woman of the house was standing at the door, talking earnestly with one or two persons.

"Where is Mr. Elliott?" I inquired, leaping out of the carriage.

"That's what we want to know, sir," replied the woman, very pale. "He must have gone out very late last night, sir—and hasn't been back since; for when I looked into his room this morning to ask about breakfast it was empty."

"Did you observe anything particular in his appearance last night?" I inquired, preparing to ascend the little staircase.

"Yes, sir, very strange like! And about eight or nine o'clock, he comes to the top of the stairs, and calls out, 'Mrs. ——, did you hear that noise? Didn't

* From the Apocrypha. Tobit, ch. iv., v. 2, 3, 4.

you see something ?' 'Lud, sir,' said I, in a taking, he spoke so sudden, 'no ! there wasn't any sound whatsoever !' so he went into his room, and shut the door, and I never seed him since."

I hastened to his room. A candlestick, its candle burned down to the socket, stood on the little table at which he generally sat, together with a pen or two, ink, black wax, a sheet of paper, and a Bible open at the place from which he had copied the words addressed to his son. The room was apparently just as its unfortunate and frantic occupant had quitted it. I opened the table drawer; it was full of paper which had been covered with writing, and was now torn into small fragments. One half sheet was left, full of strange incoherent expressions, apparently forming part of a prayer, and evincing, alas, how fearfully the writer's reason was disturbed ! But where was poor Elliott ? What mode of death had he selected ?

At first I thought of instantly advertising and describing his person, and issuing handbills about the neighbourhood; but at length determined to wait till the Monday's newspapers—some one of which might contain intelligence concerning him which might direct my movements. And in the mean time—how was I to appear before Mrs. Elliott, and account for my not bringing her husband? I determined to send her a written excuse, on the score of pressing and unexpected engagements, but promising to call upon her either on Sunday or Monday. I resolved to do nothing rashly; for it glanced across my mind, as *possible*, that Elliott had not really carried into execution the dreadful intentions expressed in his letter to me, but had resorted to a stratagem only in order to terrify Mr. Hillary into a reconciliation. This notion took such full possession of my heated imagination, that I at length lost sight of all the glaring improbabilities attending it. Alas, however, almost the first paragraph that fell under my hurried eye, in scanning over the papers of Monday, was the following :—

" On Saturday, about 8 o'clock in the morning, some

labourers discovered the body of a man of respectable appearance, apparently about thirty years old, floating, without a hat, in the New River. It was immediately taken out of the water, but life seemed to have been for some hours extinct. One or two letters were found upon his person, but the writing was too much spread and blotted with the water to afford any clew to the identity of the unfortunate person. The body lies at the Red Boar public house, where a coroner's inquest is summoned for to-day at 12 o'clock."

I drove off to the place mentioned in the paragraph, and arrived there just as the jury was assembling. There was a considerable crowd about the doors. I sent in my card; and stating that I believed I could identify the body for which the inquest was summoned, I was allowed to view the corpse, and ushered at once into the room where it lay.

I wish Mr. Hillary could have entered that room with me, and have stood beside me, as I stepped shudderingly forward, and perceived that I was looking upon —HIS VICTIM! The body lay with its wet clothes undisturbed, just as it had been taken out of the water. The damp hair, the eyes wide open, the hands clenched as if with the agonies of death!

Here lay the husband of Mrs. Elliott—the fond object of her unconquerable love! This was he to whom she had written so tenderly on quitting him! Here lay he whom she had so sweetly consoled by almost daily messages through me! This was he to whom, with a pious confidence, she had predicted her speedy and happy return! This was the father of that sweet boy who sat prattling at my table only that morning! This —wretch! monster! fiend!—this is the body of him you flung, on an infamous charge, into the dungeons of Newgate! This is the figure of him that shall HEREAFTER—

I could bear it no longer, and rushed from the room in an agony! After drinking a glass of water I recovered my self-possession sufficiently to make my appear-

ance in the jury room; where I deposed to such facts —carefully concealing, only for Mrs. Elliott and her son's sake, the causes which led to the commission of the fatal act—as satisfied the jury that the deceased had destroyed himself while in a state of mental derangement; and they returned their verdict accordingly.

After directing the immediate removal of the body to the house where Mr. Elliott had lodged—the scene of so many agonies—of such intense and undeserved misery—I drove off; and, though quite unequal to the task, hurried through my round of patients, anxious to be at leisure in the evening for the performance of the solemn—the terrible duty imposed upon me by poor Elliott—the conveying his letter to Mr. Hillary, and communicating, at the same time, with all the energy in my power, the awful results of his cruel, his tyrannical, his unnatural conduct. How I prayed that God would give me power to shake that old man's guilty soul!

Our dinner was sent away that day almost untouched. My wife and I interchanged but few and melancholy words; our noisy, lively, little guest was not present to disturb, by his innocent sallies, the mournful silence; for unable to bear his presence, I had directed that he should not be brought down that day. I had written to Mrs. Elliott a brief and hasty line, saying that I had *just seen Mr. Elliott!* but that it would be impossible for either of us to call upon her that day! adding, that I would certainly call upon her the day after, and —Heaven pardon the equivocation!—bring Mr. Elliott, *if possible*, which I feared might be doubtful, as his eyes were under very active treatment.

I have had to encounter in my time many, very many trying and terrible scenes; but I never approached any with so much apprehension and anxiety as the one now cast upon me. Fortifying myself with a few glasses of wine, I put poor Elliott's letter to Mr. Hillary in my pocketbook, and drove off for —— Square. I reached the house about eight o'clock. My

servant, by my direction, thundered impetuously at the door—a startling summons I intended it to be! The porter drew open the door almost before my servant had removed his hand from the knocker.

"Is Mr. Hillary at home?" I inquired, stepping hurriedly from my carriage, with the fearful letter in my hand.

"He is, sir," said the man, with a flurried air—"but—he—he—does not receive company, sir, since my mistress's death."

"Take my card to him, sir. My name is Dr. ——! I must see Mr. Hillary instantly."

I waited in the hall for a few moments, and then received a message, requesting me to walk into the back drawing room. There I saw Miss Gubbley—as the servant told me—alone, and dressed in deep mourning. What I heard of this woman inspired me with the utmost contempt and hatred for her. What a countenance! Meanness, malice, cunning, and sycophancy seemed struggling for the ascendant in its expression.

"Pardon me, madam—my business," said, I peremptorily, "is not with you, but with Mr. Hillary. Him I must see, and immediately."

"Dr. ——, what *is* the matter?" she inquired, with mingled anger and anxiety in her countenance.

"I have a communication, madam, for Mr. Hillary's private ear—I *must* see him; I insist upon seeing him immediately."

"This is strange conduct, sir, really," said Miss Gubbley, in an impudent manner, but her features becoming every moment paler and paler. "Have you not already—"

I unceremoniously pushed the malignant little parasite aside, opened the folding doors, and stepped instantly into the presence of the man I at once desired and dreaded to see. He sat on the sofa, in the attitude and with the expression of a man who had been suddenly aroused from sleep.

"Dr. ——!" he exclaimed, with an astonished and

angry air. "Your servant, doctor! What's the meaning of all this?"

"I am sorry to intrude upon you, Mr. Hillary—especially after the unpleasant manner in which our acquaintance was terminated—but—I have a dreadful duty to perform"—pointing to the letter I held, and turning towards him its black seal. He saw it. He seemed rather startled or alarmed; motioned me, with a quick, anxious bow, to take a seat, and resumed his own. "Excuse me, Mr. Hillary—but we must be *alone*," said I, pointing to Miss Gubbley, who had followed me with a suspicious and insolent air, exclaiming, as she stepped hastily towards Mr. Hillary—"Don't suffer this conduct, sir! It's very incorrect—very, sir."

"We *must* be alone, sir," I repeated, calmly and peremptorily, "or I shall retire at once. You would never cease to repent *that*, sir:" and Mr. Hillary, as if he had suddenly discovered some strange meaning in my eye, motioned the pertinacious intruder to the door, and she reluctantly obeyed. I drew my chair near Mr. Hillary, who seemed, by this time, thoroughly alarmed.

"Will you read this letter, sir?" said I, handing it to him. He took it into his hand; looked first at the direction, then at the seal, and lastly at me, in silence.

"Do you know that handwriting, sir?" I inquired.

He stammered an answer in the negative.

"Look at it, sir, again. You ought to know it—you *must* know it well." He laid down the letter; fumbled in his waistcoat pocket for his glasses; placed them with infinite trepidation upon his forehead, and again took the letter into his hands, which shook violently; and his sight was so confused with agitation, that I saw he could make nothing of it.

"It seems—it appears to be—a man's hand, sir. Whose is it? What is it about? What's the matter?" he exclaimed, looking at me over his glasses with a frightened stare.

"I have attended, sir, a coroner's inquest this morning—" The letter dropped instantly from Mr. Hillary's shaking hand upon the floor; his lips slowly opened.

"The writer of that letter, sir, was found drowned on Saturday last," I continued, slowly, looking steadfastly at him, and feeling myself grow paler every moment. "This day I saw the body stretched upon a shutter, at an inn. Oh, those dreadful eyes—that hair, matted and muddy—those clenched hands! Horror filled my soul, as I looked at all this, and thought of YOU!"

His lips moved, he uttered a few unintelligible sounds, and his face, suddenly bedewed with perspiration, assumed one of the most ghastly expressions that a human countenance could exhibit. I remained silent, nor did he speak; but the big drops rolled from his forehead and fell upon the floor. In the pierglass opposite, to which my eye was attracted by seeing some moving figure reflected in it, I beheld the figure of Miss Gubbley; who having been no doubt listening at the door, could no longer subdue her terrified curiosity, and stole into the room on tiptoe, and stood terror stricken behind my chair. Her presence seemed to restore Mr. Hillary to consciousness.

"Take her away—go away—go—go," he murmured, and I led her, unresisting, from the room, and, to be secure from her further intrusion, bolted both the doors.

"You had better read the letter, sir," said I, with a deep sigh, resuming my seat; his eyes remained riveted on me.

"I—I—I—*cannot*, sir!" he stammered. A long pause ensued. "If—she—had but called"—he gasped, "but once—or sent—after her—her mother's death—" and with a long groan he leaned forward, and fell against me.

"She did call, sir. She came the day after her mother's death," said I, shaking my head sorrowfully.

"No, she didn't," he replied, suddenly looking at me with a stupified air.

"Then her visit was cruelly *concealed* from you, sir. Poor creature!—I know she called."

He rose slowly from the prostrate posture in which he had remained for the last few moments, clenched his trembling fists, and shook them with impotent anger. "Who—who" he muttered—"who dared—I—I—I'll ring the bell. I'll have all the—"

"Would you have really received her, then, sir, if you had known of her calling?"

His lips moved, he attempted in vain to utter an answer, and sobbed violently, covering his face with his hands.

"Come, Mr. Hillary, I see," said I, in a somewhat milder manner, "that the feelings of a FATHER are not utterly extinguished"—he burst into vehement weeping; "and I hope that—that you may live to repent the frightful wrongs you have done; to redress the wrongs you have committed! Your poor persecuted daughter, Mr. Hillary, is not dead." He uttered a sudden sharp cry that alarmed me; grasped my hands, and carrying them to his lips, kissed them in a kind of ecstasy.

"Tell me, say plainly, only say—that Mary is alive!"

"Well, then, sir, your daughter *is* alive, but—"

He fell upon his knees, and groaned, "Oh God, I thank thee! I thank thee! How I thank thee!"

I waited till he had in some measure recovered from the ecstasy of emotion into which my words had thrown him, and assisted in loosening his shirt collar and neck handkerchief, which seemed to oppress him.

"*Who*, then," he stammered—"who was *found drowned*—the coroner's inquest—"

"Her poor broken-hearted husband, sir, who will be buried at my expense in a day or two."

He covered his face again with his hands, and cried bitterly.

"This letter was written by him to you, sir; and he sent it to me only a few hours, it seems, before he destroyed himself, and commissioned me to deliver it to you. Is not his blood, sir, lying at your door?"

"Oh Lord, have mercy on me! Lord, Christ, forgive me! Lord, forgive a guilty old sinner," he groaned, sinking again on his knees, and wringing his hands. "I—I AM his murderer! I feel—I know it!"

"Shall I read to you, sir, his last words?" said I.

"Yes, but they'll choke me. I can't bear them." He sank back exhausted upon the sofa. I took up the letter which had remained till then upon the floor, since he had dropped it from his palsied grasp, and opening it, read with faltering accents the following:—

"For your poor dear daughter's sake, sir, who is now a widow and a beggar, abandon your fierce and cruel resentment. I know that I am the guilty cause of all her misery. I have suffered and paid the full penalty of my sin! And I am, when you read this, among the dead.

"Forgive me, father of my beloved and suffering wife!—forgive me, as I forgive you, in this solemn moment, from my heart, whatever wrongs you may have done me!

"Let my death knock loudly at your heart's door, so that it may open and take in my suffering, perishing Mary—YOUR Mary, and our unoffending little one! I know it will! Heaven tells me that my sacrifice is accepted! I die full of grief, but contented in the belief that all will be well with the dear ones I leave behind me. God incline your heart to mercy! Farewell! So prays your unhappy, guilty, dying son-in-law.

"HENRY ELLIOTT."

It was a long while before my emotion, almost blinding my eyes and choking my utterance, permit-

ted me to conclude this melancholy letter. Mr. Hillary sat all the while aghast.

"The gallows is too good for me!" he gasped. "Oh, what a monster! what a wretch have I been! Ay, I'll surrender! I know I'm guilty! It's all my doing! I confess all! It was I—it was I put him in prison." I looked darkly at him as he uttered these last words, and shook my head in silence.

"Ah! I see, I see you know it all! Come, then! Take me away! Away with me to Newgate. Anywhere you like. I'll plead guilty!" He attempted to rise, but sank back again into his seat.

"But—*where's Mary?*" he gasped.

"Alas," I replied, "she does not yet know that she is a widow! that her child is an orphan! She has herself, poor meek soul, been lying for many days at the gates of death, and even yet, her fate is more than doubtful!"

"Where is she? Let me know! tell me, or I shall die. Let me know where I may go and drop down at her feet, and ask her forgiveness!"

"She is in a common hospital—a lying-in hospital, sir—where she, a few days ago only, gave birth to a dead child, after enduring, for the whole time of her pregnancy, the greatest want and misery! She has worked her poor fingers to the bones, Mr. Hillary. She has slaved like a common servant for her child, her husband, and herself, and yet she has hardly found bread for them!"

"Oh! stay, stay, doctor. A common hospital! my daughter—a common hospital!" repeated Mr. Hillary, pressing his hand to his forehead, and staring vacantly at me.

"Yes, sir, a common hospital! Where else could she go to? God be thanked, sir, for finding such resources, such places of refuge for the poor and forsaken! She fled thither to escape starvation, and to avoid eating the bread scarce sufficient for her husband and her child! I have seen her enduring such

misery as would have softened the heart of a fiend! And, good God! how am I to tell her what has happened? How I shudder at the task that her dead husband has imposed upon me! *What* am I to say to her? Tell me, Mr. Hillary, for I am confounded, I am in despair! How shall I break to her this frightful event?" Mr. Hillary groaned. "Pray, tell me, sir," I continued, with real sternness, "what am I to do? How am I to face your wretched daughter in the morning! She has been unable even to see her husband for a moment since her illness. How will she bear being told that she is NEVER to see him again? I shall be almost guilty of her murder!" I paused, greatly agitated.

"Tell her—tell her—conceal the death," he gasped; "and tell her first, that all's forgiven, if she'll accept my forgiveness, and forgive *me!* Tell her, be sure to tell her that my whole fortune is hers and her child's. Surely *that*— I will make my will afresh. Every halfpenny shall go to her and her child. It shall, so help me, God!"

"Poor creature!" I exclaimed, bitterly, "can money heal thy broken heart?" I paused. "You may relent, Mr. Hillary, and receive your unhappy daughter into your house again, but, believe me, her heart will lie in her husband's grave!"

"Doctor, doctor!—you are killing me!" he exclaimed, every feature writhing under the scourgings of remorse. "Tell me! only tell me what can I do more? This house—all I have, is hers, for the rest of her life. She may turn me into the streets. I'll live on bread and water, they shall roll in gold. But, oh, where is she? where is she? I'll send the carriage instantly." He rose, as if intending to ring the bell.

"No, no, Mr. Hillary; she must not be disturbed! She must remain at her present abode, under the roof of charity, where she lies, sweet being! humble and grateful among her sisters in suffering!"

"I—I'll give a thousand pounds to the charity—I

will. I'll give a couple of thousands, so help me God, I will. And I'll give it in the name of a repentant old sinner. Oh—I'll do everything that a guilty wretch can do. But I *must* see my daughter!—I must hear her blessed innocent lips say that she forgives me."

"Pause, sir," said I, solemnly, "you know not that she will live to leave the hospital, or receive your penitent acknowledgments—that she will not die while I am telling her the horrid—"

"What! has she yet to hear of it?" he exclaimed, looking aghast.

"I told you so, sir, some time ago."

"Oh, yes—you did, you did but I forgot. Lord, Lord, I feel going mad!" He rose feebly from the sofa, and staggered for a moment to and fro, but his knees refused their support, and he sank down again upon his seat, where he sat staring at me with a dull glassy eye, while I proceeded:

"Another melancholy duty remains to be performed I think, sir, you should see his remains."

"*I see the body!*" Fright flitted over his face. "Do you wish me to drop down dead beside it, sir? I see the body! It would burst out a-bleeding directly I got into the room, for I murdered him! Oh God, forgive me! Oh spare me such a sight!"

"Well, sir, since your alarm is so great, that sad sight may be spared; but there is *one* thing you must do—" I paused; he looked at me apprehensively—"testify your repentance, sir, by following his poor remains to the grave."

"I—I could not! It's no use frightening me thus, doctor. I—I tell you I should die, I should never return home alive. But, if you'll allow it, my carriage shall follow. I'll give orders this very night for a proper, a splendid funeral, such as is fit for—*my—my—son-in-law!* He shall be buried in my vault. No, no, that cannot be, for then"—he shuddered—"I must lie beside him! But, I cannot go to the funeral! Lord, Lord, how the crowd would stare at me!—how they

would hoot me! They would tear me out of the coach. No"—he trembled—"spare me that also, kind sir—spare me attending the funeral! I'll remain at home in my own room in the dark all that day upon my knees, but I cannot, nay, I will not follow him to the grave. The tolling of that bell"—his voice died away—"would kill me."

"There is yet another thing, sir. His little boy"—my voice faltered—"is living at my house; perhaps you would refuse to see him, for he is very like his wretched father."

"Oh bring him! bring him to me!" he murmured. "How I will worship him! what I will do for him! But how his murdered father will always look out of his eyes at me! Oh my God! whither shall I go; what must I do to escape? Oh that I had died and been buried with my poor wife, the other day, before I had heard of all this!"

"You would have known, you would have heard of it *hereafter*, sir."

"Ah! that's it! I know it, I know what you mean, and I feel it's true. Yes, I shall be *damned* for what I've done. Such a wretch, how can I expect forgiveness? Oh, will you read a prayer with me? No, I'll pray myself—no."

"Pray, sir, and may your prayers be heard! And also pray that I may be able to tell safely my awful message to your daughter, that the blow may not smite her into the grave! And lastly, sir," I added, rising and addressing him with all the emphasis and solemnity I could, "I charge you, in the name of God, to make no attempt to see your daughter, or send to her, till you see or hear from me again."

He promised to obey my injunctions, imploring me to call upon her the next day, and seizing my hand between his own with a convulsive grasp, from which I could not extricate it but with some little force. As I had never once offered a syllable of sympathy throughout our interview, so I quitted his presence coldly and

sternly, while he threw himself down at full length upon the sofa, and I heard without any emotion his half choked exclamation, "Lord, Lord, what is to become of me!"

On reaching the back drawing room, I encountered Miss Gubbley walking to and fro, excessively pale and agitated. I had uncoiled that little viper—I had plucked it from the heart into which it had crept, and so far I felt that I had not failed in that night's errand! I foresaw her speedy dismissal; and it took place within a week from the day on which I had visited Mr. Hillary.

The next day, about noon, I called at the lodging where Elliott's remains were lying, in order that I might make a few simple arrangements for a speedy funeral.

"Oh, here's Dr. ——!" exclaimed the woman of the house, to a gentleman dressed in black, who, with two others in similar habiliments, was just quitting. "These 'ere gentlemen, sir, are come about the funeral, sir, of poor dear Mr. Elliott." I begged them to return into the house. "I presume, sir," said I, "you have been sent here by Mr. Hillary's orders?"

"A—Mr. Hillary did me the honour, sir, to request me to call, sir," replied the polite man of death, with a low bow, "and am favoured with the expression of his wishes, sir, to spare no expense in showing his respect for the deceased. So my men have just measured the body, sir; the shell will be here to-night, sir, the leaden coffin the day after, and the outer coffin—"

"Stop, sir; Mr. Hillary is premature. He has quite mistaken my wishes, sir. *I* act as the executor of Mr. Elliott, and Mr. Hillary has no concern whatever with the burial of these remains."

He bowed, with an air of mingled astonishment and mortification.

"It is my wish and intention, sir," said I, "that this

unfortunate gentleman be buried in the simplest and most private manner possible."

"Oh, sir! but Mr. Hillary's orders to me were—pardon me, sir—so *very* liberal, to do the thing in a gentlemanlike way—"

"I tell you again, sir, that Mr. Hillary has nothing whatever to do with the matter, nor shall I admit of his interference. If you choose to obey *my* orders, you will procure a plain deal coffin, a hearse and pair, and one mourning coach, and provide a grave in —— churchyard—nay, open Mr. Hillary's vault and bury there, if he will permit."

"I really think, sir, you'd better employ a person in the small way," said he, casting a grim look at his two attendants; "I am not accustomed—"

"You may retire then, sir, at once," said I; and with a lofty bow the great undertaker withdrew. No!—despised, persecuted, and forsaken had poor Elliott been in his life; there should be, I resolved, no splendid mockery—no fashionable foolery about his burial! I chose for him, not the vault of Mr. Hillary, but a grave in the humble churchyard of ——, where the poor suicide might slumber in "penitential loneliness!"

He was buried as I wished—no one attending the funeral but myself, the proprietor of the house in which he had lived at the period of his death, and the early and humble acquaintance who had attended his wedding. I had wished to carry with us as chief mourner, little Elliott, by way of fulfilling, as far as possible, the touching injunctions left by his father, but my wife dissuaded me from it. "Well, poor Elliott," said I, as I took my last look into his grave—

'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'

Heaven forgive the rash act which brought his days to an untimely close, and him whose cruelty and wickedness occasioned it!"

I shall not bring the reader again into the guilty and

gloomy presence of Mr. Hillary. His hard heart was indeed broken by the blow that poor Elliott had struck, whose mournful prophesy was in this respect fulfilled. Providence decreed that the declining days of the inexorable and unnatural parent should be clouded with a wretchedness that admitted of neither intermission nor alleviation, equally destitute as he was of consolation from the past, and hope from the future!

And his daughter!—oh, disturb not the veil that has fallen over the broken hearted!

Never again did the high and noble spirit of Mary Elliott lift itself up—for her heart lay buried in her young husband's grave—the grave dug for him by the eager and cruel hands of her father! In vain did those hands lavishly scatter about her all the splendour and luxuries of unbounded wealth—they could never divert her cold undazzled eye from the mournful image of him whose death had purchased them; and what could she see in her too late repentant father, but his murderer?

END OF THE MERCHANT'S CLERK.

THE WAGONER.

King John. Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. Dost understand me?
He is a very serpent in my way.
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
King John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
King John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
King John. Enough.
I could be merry now.

KING JOHN, *Act III., Scene 3.*

THE singular—the apparently improbable circumstances which form the basis of the ensuing narrative, occurred about fifty years ago. I am not aware of their having been till now brought before the public eye in any other shape than a brief and naked contemporaneous report. I am a curious man, and somewhat successful in hunting after such matters; but the following are the fruits of a discovery made a few years ago by mere accident. One or two cases are on record, in the criminal annals of this and other countries, in which similar motives induced nearly similar conduct—but infinitely less systematic, mysterious, and atrocious, than what I am at present about to develop.

Shrewsbury clock was tolling twelve, on a fine frosty moonlight night, ushering in the Christmas of 1760, as a wagoner, with a snow-white smock-frock on, and a half-emptied jug of ale in his hand, sallied out of the Hunting Horn inn—one of the chiefest in

Shrewsbury. His wagon was standing before the door, the covering incrusted with hoar frost, and a noble team of horses attached to the well-laden vehicle were refreshing themselves with hay and water, quietly submitting, the while, to the sibilatory civilities of the hostler. The wagoner watched them with complacency, as he drained his jug; and then lifting up his smock, he extracted a few halfpence from his pocket, and gave them to the hostler.

"And do you go into the tap, hostler," said he, "and see whether these two partners o' mine are a stirring themselves. Hang me, an I don't think they would sit there till this time to-morrow!" He was interrupted by a shout of boisterous laughter from the taproom. "I say—within there! Bill! Thomas!" cried the wagoner, returning to the room he had just quitted, "what be ye doing in there sotting? Come, come! ye know as well as I 'tis starting time! Do you hear? it has just struck twelve by the church clock." "Then 'tis to-morrow," quoth one of the wags he was addressing.

"Come, come, now!" continued the wagoner; "we've a weary week's drive before us—and you know it as well as I! Are ye moving, eh?" "Aha, Dick!—isn't this Christmas morning? Come! don't ye be sulking on the beginning of this blessed day; but sit ye down a little longer, and drink a merry Christmas to one another!" "No, I won't," replied the wagoner, resolutely.

"Well, then—an ye must start, do ye drive the wagon slowly—and we'll both be after you before you reach the Baker's Pond. There's some ale a spicing for us, Dick," replied Thomas, smacking his lips enticingly. "No, no, I know my duty—and I'm off," grumbled the wagoner, quitting the room. He went out, cast his careful eye over the trim of his horses, and had just reached down his whip from the wagon head, when one of his companions touched him upon the elbow, and proffered him a cup of warm spice-

scented ale. "Come, Dick—come, drink it off," said Bill, coaxingly—a good-natured lad of one or two and twenty, that could say fair things as well as many of his betters; "come, you won't refuse to drink us a merry Christmas? This ale is special, man! Won't ye drive on slowly for half an hour, or so—and we'll be with you, as sure as death, by when you reach the Baker's Pond? Come, come, Dick—we'll do, maybe, more for *you* at a pinch!" The good-natured wagoner was not proof against fair words and spiced ale. He yielded, took the cup, drained it in a twinkling, shook Bill heartily by the hand, wished him a merry Christmas, and added, "Now don't ye be long a following; for drive slow as I will, you'll have two or three miles to run for it, I know!"

"We'll look to that, Dick—good-by," replied Bill, hurrying inward, while Dick betook himself to his horses' heads, cracked and smacked his whip; his horses pricked up their ears, and away they went. The ponderous wagon rumbled heavily over the stones of silent Shrewsbury, accompanied by the clattering of sixteen pair of horses' hoofs, and the occasional "Gee—o—a—whoop! Come up! On, Smiler!" of the driver, who was soon out of sight of the jovial Hunting Horn, and fairly started on the broad London road. He walked slowly by the horses' heads for some time, whistling and humming to himself, and every three or four minutes turning back his head towards Shrewsbury, to see whether his companions were yet on the road. He had proceeded, however, at his very slowest pace, for more than an hour, without their appearing.

"Now, this is unkind," quoth the wagoner to himself, as he trudged along; "but did I not say it would be so? Here are Bill and Tom sitting snugly by the fire—drinking till they be drunken! What shall I do? I must go on! Lord, Lord, how bitter cold it is!" He laid his whip across the shafts of the wagon, and stood still, slapping his hands against his sides for

warmth. By the time he had done, his wagon had proceeded thirty or forty paces ahead of him. Just as he was overtaking it, he passed a milestone; and, with alarm and surprise, caught a glimpse of the figure of a brawny sailor-looking man, sitting beside it, with a little basket by his side.

"Good-morning! A merry Christmas to you, Master Wagoner! How are you, eh?" inquired the stranger. "Pretty well, but desperate late—desperate!" replied the flurried wagoner, passing by the speaker.

"Stop, just stop a minute," said he: "have you got anybody in your wagon? Can you make room for me, eh?" "Lord, sir, no, I'se got three men sleeping there already," replied the poor fellow, his heart beating fast—thinking he had hit upon a good device for terrifying one whom he took to be a highwayman. "They're all soldiers—all three of them; and I'm giving them a lift for ten miles or so. They've all got their muskets."

"Eh! What? soldiers, did you say?" inquired the man, evidently disconcerted. "May I die if I haven't!" replied the wagoner, stoutly.

"What the ——— brings soldiers into these parts, eh?" "Lord, sir, I don't know. You had better ask them, for they're calling to me. Good-morrow—good-morrow, sir," said the wagoner, and running up to his wagon, he affected to be walking in conversation with some one inside of it. He was very much alarmed at the slight accident just recounted, and was growing more and more uneasy at the prolonged absence of his companions. His head was filled with fears of murder and robbery. Could he doubt that the person he had been speaking to was a highwayman? Often did he look over his shoulder, to see whether the man who had addressed him was following; but he saw nothing moving on the long line of high road he had passed, and his fears began to abate.

It was now not far from two o'clock, and the morning continued bright and frosty. Like the eye of

beauty, the moon shone forth radiantly and cheeringly from the unclouded blue. No sound interrupted the solemn silence, except the drowsy tinkling of a few bells about the horses' heads, the clattering of their hoofs, and the monotonous rumbling of the wagon wheels. For an hour and a half the wagoner had met nothing moving on the road, except the mail, which had thundered past him about twenty minutes before. He seemed to have forgotten the occurrence which had so alarmed him. Even the prolonged absence of his two companions seemed to have ceased disturbing him; for he had made up his mind to continue at his next putting-up place till they arrived. Recollecting suddenly that it was Christmas, he clambered up a holly hedge on the left-hand side of the road, to pluck a conspicuous piece of glistening mistletoe. While in the act of cropping it, he thought he saw, in a cross-road at some little distance, the figure of some one running very fast. But what was there alarming in that? he thought, as he leaped down, and overtook his wagon. He stuck his mistletoe in the brim of his great white hat, resumed his whip, and went on, cheerily singing the verses of a Christmas carrol—

> The holly's berry is not so red
> As the blessed blood that Jesus shed·
> Nor pretty mistletoe,
> Though it be white as snow
> So white as—

The words were still on his lips, when, arrived at an abrupt turn of the road, he was suddenly seized by several men in sailor's dresses, and thrown down on the ground. In spite of all his strugglings his arms were fastened to his sides, his legs tied together, his eyes were bandaged, and a gag was forced into his mouth. He was pressed down by the knees of his ruffianly assailants, flat into the road; and a voice addressed him in hurried, but distinct tones, "'Tis no use to struggle. If you are not immediately quiet your brains will be dashed out directly. Only be easy, and

you will not have a hair of your head hurt; but if you attempt to make a noise, there is a pistol, always loaded and cocked, within a few inches of your head—see!" and the bandage was slipped from his eyes for a moment, that they might look at a large horse pistol in close contiguity with his forehead. Short and fearful as was the glance which the wagoner gave at the formidable weapon, he did not fail to observe that the hand holding the pistol was the fair white hand of a gentleman, and that there was a sparkling ring on his finger. After what he had seen and heard, the wagoner perceived the folly of attempting to disturb or resist his captors. Perfectly passive, he was elevated on the back of one of the men, who carried him about twenty yards backward and forward, and then roundabout, evidently to mislead him as to the direction in which they were about to take him. He was then placed in a vehicle—whether a post chaise or a carriage he could not tell: some one entered with him; the door was shut, and a voice called out to the driver, "Ready—drive on!" and away they went rapidly. The agony occasioned by the gag in his mouth, the aching of the teeth, and straining of the jaws, became soon intolerable; and careless of consequences, he groaned and gasped piteously, and strove to articulate. The choking sounds he uttered seemed to alarm one of the persons sitting beside him; for the gag was presently removed, and he was asked, in a kind tone, whether the gag hurt him. The poor fellow's jaws fell together the instant the gag was removed, and for some time he could not separate them so as to utter a syllable. He seemed pitied by the persons beside him; for he was told that if he would but be silent, the gag should not be applied again; but that the moment he attempted to make any disturbance it would be replaced, even if it tortured him to death. He was told further, that wherever he might be taken, it would be useless to call for assistance; for he would be taken to a place where no living being would be

near him but those who had him in their custody. All this was said in a mild expostulating tone and manner, though with evident attempts to disguise the voice. Putting all things together, hasty as was his attempt to reason on his situation, the wagoner's terror began to give place to sheer amazement. He could not conjecture what could be the motive of those who had seized him. He could scarcely think plunder their object, till he suddenly adverted to his wagon, fully laden—ah! the thing was fearfully probable! How did he know but it contained, unknown to himself, yet known to those who had seized him, articles of very great value—money or plate? Horrid thought! was he being conveyed by highwaymen to their secret place of rendezvous, there to be despatched, that he might tell no tales? He was trembling with the terror occasioned by these surmises when the vehicle stopped; the cords which bound his legs were untied; and he was told to step out. With the shivering reluctance of a sheep being urged into the bloody slaughter house, the wagoner obeyed, screaming, "Mercy! mercy! mercy, gentlemen!" and he dropped upon his knees. He was suddenly plucked up, however. "Silence, sir!" whispered the voice of one who firmly grasped his right arm—"remember!" and the wagoner felt the muzzle of a pistol touching his ear. His limbs could scarcely support him; so he was rather dragged and pushed than anything else, along a paved place. He heard the sound of a wooden gate being unbarred; and presently the scent of cattle and stables that met his nostrils, led him to conclude that he was in a farmyard. He was stopped a moment by his conductors, and one of them whispered, in low earnest tones, "Now, step very lightly, hold your tongue, and make haste; or I, who shall follow close behind, with a loaded pistol almost touching the back of your head, will, without hesitation, fire at you. All this mystery and fright will be over in half an hour. Now, sir!"

"Oh, I will obey, sirs! I will!" quivered the captive, and went whither he was urged. He ascended some narrow steps, creaking and shaking under him. Then he was led through a passage and a door into a room, warm, with a fire heard crackling in the grate. Then he was conducted out again into another passage by a different door, and down a long flight of stone steps: these brought him to another passage, at the end of which another door was unlocked, unbarred, opened—and he felt himself once more in the open air. He had scarcely walked a few steps, however, before he was conducted through another door, which, unlike any of those through which he had previously passed, was carefully closed and locked after them. He was then turned round till he was quite giddy; in which state he was snatched up in some one's powerful arms, carried a few steps, and set down in a very close warm room. He heard another door closed on them, and several voices speaking in low whispers. A chair was placed behind him, and he was told to sit down in it. "You are now in the presence," said a voice, in a low determined tone, "of those who can murder you, and bury you, so that none shall ever find you or hear of you again. We can despatch you this instant: our hands are filled with weapons, and our hearts have no fear. We shall do no harm to you, however, unless you are foolish and obstinate enough to refuse what we shall require of you, which will be easy and reasonable. Quick, decide!" continued the voice, with sudden and startling sternness; "will you seize a chance for life?" For some seconds the wagoner was too overpowered with agitation to speak: he moved his hands, as far as he was able—his arms being tied—imploringly.

"Tell un, masters, tell un what I am to do!" he groaned. There was a pause, and then a hurried whispering. "First, swear by the great God that made and can destroy you, that if you should leave this place alive, you will never in any way make known

what has been, and shall yet be, done to you, or attempt to find us out, or try to come again to the place to which you may hereafter fancy yourself to have been taken. Swear, I say!" The wagoner paused.

"Come, you hold life cheap," whispered a voice; and he heard the sound of a pistol cocking. "I swear—I swear—I swear!" he faltered.

"On your knees, kissing the Bible!" The wagoner dropped on his knees, and kissed a book which was held to his lips.

"Again," resumed the terrible speaker, "say you wish your soul may perish for ever if you break your oath!" "I do!" gasped the wagoner. "And now, dear gentlemen, what am I to do? What do you want? I will do all I can!" There was a pause. The wagoner sobbed, and the tears were perceived trickling down from under the bandage which was over his eyes.

"What ails you?" inquired some one, sternly. "I am thinking of my poor old mother—and that my employers will call me a thief and a villain!" he replied, crying bitterly.

"You may soon be free, perhaps, if you will do your duty." "And what is that?" he inquired, faintly. He received no answer.

"Remove the bandage from his eyes," said an authoritative voice; and the bandage was instantly taken off. He found himself in a small room, lighted by one candle, and the walls covered with what appeared sheets and blankets hung on them, as if to prevent the chamber's being recognised. The first fearful object, however, that met his eyes, was a pistol held close before him, and by the very same white hand, with the ring on, that he had noticed when he was first seized. The person who thus menaced him was sitting close in front of him on a table, wore a white coat, buttoned up to the chin, and a white nightcap was drawn over his face down to his mouth, (as when a man is hanged,) evidently to conceal his features. There were three

others in the room, all effectually, and indeed similarly disguised.

"What is your name?" inquired the person who held the pistol in his hand.

"Forster," replied the wagoner, promptly.

"Forster?" echoed several voices, in tones of consternation.

"Is it really so?" inquired the person opposite to him, agitatedly—and lowering the pistol he held, till it touched the wagoner's bosom—"is it so, in the presence of God, on your oath?"

"It is!" replied the wagoner, firmly, "the only name I was ever called by—Richard Forster."

"I will send you perjured into hell, if you speak false: is it Forster?"

"Yes! yes! yes!" repeated the wagoner, solemnly, looking upward. The pistol was removed; the person who held it suddenly struck down the candle from the table, and the room was left in darkness.

"Pho!" exclaimed the voice that had all along been speaking, in a low fierce tone; "we are wrong, after all!" There was a pause, and a hurried consultation in whispers for a second or two. "What shall we do with him?" the affrighted wagoner heard asked, but could not catch the reply.

"My poor fellow," said the voice now familiar to him, "we have unfortunately mistaken our man. We have frightened you nearly out of your senses, and all in mistake! You are not the man we want; you cannot do what we wish. Here is a trifle by way of making you some amends;" and several pieces, apparently guineas, were put into his hand. "And if you will tell us the name of the place where you live, you shall have twenty pounds before the new year. We shall not hurt a hair of your head, but shall put the bandage round your eyes once more, and lead you safely where we found you. Don't be afraid; only remember—remember your oath!"

"What!" inquired the wagoner, "are you going to release me?"

"Yes, directly."

The wagoner fell at full length on the floor, in a swoon. When he recovered possession of his senses he found himself seated in a vehicle, driving on rapidly, situated exactly as he was before. The first words he heard were, "You dropped four guineas out of your hand *in the chapel:* we have put them in your pocket, where you will find them when we leave you."

This was spoken in a very kindly manner; and much more was said by the same speaker, expressive of sorrow for having so needlessly frightened him, and assuring him that he had been mistaken for some one else. He was told again, that he would receive twenty pounds before Newyear's day; but that, if ever he opened his lips to any one breathing, about what had happened to him, or give information about it to magistrates, or did anything to lead to inquiry, he would, as surely as he was now about to be released, be shot within twelve hours of his doing so, wherever he might be, in whatever part of England, how many soever guards and constables he might get about him. "We have got a man," continued the voice, "who will, unknown to you, watch you for months after this, to see if you break your oath. You will never find him out, and yet he will be always near you to do our wish. He is a kind of devil, and is charged to kill you, if you do contrary to what you have sworn. Remember all this, Richard Forster; and be but honest and true, and it shall be well with you for the rest of your life." After near an hour's driving, the vehicle stopped. The wagoner was again addressed:—

"You are now within about fifty yards of the place from which we took you. We shall set you in the hedgeside, with this bandage still on your eyes, but shall remove the cords from your arms, and so leave you. You must neither stir, nor remove the bandage from your eyes, for an hour, as nearly as you can

guess. If you do you will be shot; for we shall leave a man to stand sentinel over you for half an hour." The bewildered wagoner was then led out of the vehicle, his arms were unbound, and he was placed by the hedgeside, as he had been told.

"Now, remember!" said the voice, and the hands of the speaker shook those of the wagoner; "break your oath, and the grave will yawn for you the next moment. Farewell!" The wagoner heard the sound of retreating footsteps, then the door of a vehicle closing, and it drove fast away, but in an opposite direction from what he had expected.

The wagoner sat still as a mouse, scarce daring even to breathe, much less shift his posture, lest it should be construed into an intention of rising before his time. It might be all a farce about the man left to watch him; but what if it were not? Overcome with fear, fatigue, and cold, he fell fast asleep. He was woke by some one suddenly pulling off the bandage from his eyes, and shouting in his ears, at the same time shaking him violently by the shoulder, "Why, Dick! Dick! Dick! where hast thou been? Dick Forster—hey, hem—stare at me! I will do thee no hurt, God knows: but where hast been? why and how here?" said Bill Fowler, one of the two whom Forster had left drinking at the Hunting Horn, and who now, after a long and terrified search, stood scrutinizing his companion's features by the help of a lantern. The wagon had arrived safe, though unattended, at its nearest point of destination, followed shortly by the arrival of the two wagoners who had been left at Shrewsbury: and then the startling question was, "Where is Dick Forster?" Unable to answer the question, they, with several others, instantly set out in search of the missing wagoner.

"Why, man, where have you been? what have you been doing? what has come to you? who has put this bandage before your eyes? how long have you been here?" were questions asked in a breath, without time

given for answers, even if Forster had been able, or so disposed. He stared stupidly at the man who addressed him, and muttered some such incoherent words as—"Don't—don't shoot me, kind sir!—for God's sake! It was not I that took off the bandage! For our Lord's sake, don't murder me! I will never tell!" His companion recoiled from him as he uttered these affrighted exclamations, and stared at him with unspeakable concern and wonder.

"Why, Dick! Dick!" said he, again shaking him by the shoulder, "don't 'ee know un? don't 'ee know where thou art? where the wagon is? Egad! art mad, or drunk, or devil-struck?" Dick made no answer; but stretched out his arms and legs, and groaned, as through exhaustion. His companion began to get alarmed, and his own apprehensions were aggravated on seeing, owing to a sudden change in Dick's posture, that there rolled out of his pocket several guineas.

"Why, Dick Forster! why—why.—why"—he stammered, turning pale, and holding his lantern down towards the golden coins; "who gave thee these? Where didst thou get them? Hast thou been out a—a—a—robbing? or—hast—tell me, Dick Forster—or I'll go and fetch some one that shall make thee!" and he shook him violently. Dick began to come a little to his senses on being so roughly handled, and was answering some question rather angrily put to him, when there was heard a faint rustling by the other side of the hedge. Dick suddenly clasped his arms around his companion, his eyes glared on him with wildness, and he gasped—"Save me! save—save me! he'll shoot me! he'll murder me!" His companion stared at him, first with an alarmed, and then a distrustful air, folded his arms on his breast, and, with a resolute air, said to him, "Now, Dick, may I die here, this blessed Christmas morning, if I do not think thou hast done ill since we met!" He paused with agitation. "Speak, man!" he resumed; "this money; where didst get it? for what? from whom? Is all this thy frighted

manner but a deceiving of me? Come, come, Dick! thou shalt tell to a magistrate, or my name is not Bill Fowler!"

Dick slowly lifted himself up, and clasped his companion's hand, whispering faintly, "Bill Fowler, let us leave this lonely place—help me to the high road—then to some house or other, and I will tell thee all! It will make thy hair stand like a hedgehog's!"

"Well—come, now—that is reasonable enough! let us away! and as for any one shooting thee, I would not run from the great devil himself, with a pistol in each hand. Come—I long to hear thy story, for I much dread me it will be a black one! But come!" At that instant a pistol was discharged from the other side of the hedge, and the bullet whizzed close past the astounded wagoners. Fowler fell down with the suddenness of the shock, but found his feet again in a trice, and made desperate but fruitless efforts to get through the high and thick hedge. All the while he heard the sounds of one running as it were for his life, across the frozen furrows of a newly ploughed field; and though tantalized and irritated almost to phrensy, he was obliged at length to give up the thought of pursuit, and hastened his companion to the high road. Half dragging and half carrying him, he succeeded in bringing Forster to a small farmhouse, about a quarter of a mile down the road, where they were both of them known. Though it was five o'clock, and Christmas morning, they found the good people stirring. Each of them got a little ale, the good effects of which were soon visible on Forster, for he began to look about him with some composure. "Where is the wagon gone?" was the first sensible question he asked. "'Tis now standing at Job Winton's," was the reply.

"And where is Thomas?" "He is, I warrant him, out, searching for thee, now."

"And what is the hour?" "A trifle past five. And now, Dick," said his companion, no longer able to con-

ceal his impatience, "tell us all that hath happened to thee."

"No," replied Dick, firmly, "I will not tell thee a word now, and here; but take me before a magistrate, and I will tell thee and him all. I have sworn before God, it is true, that I would not tell a word, and may be shot for doing so; but I care not—I will ease my soul, and put my life into God's hands. Oh, Will, Will! when we parted last evening, at the Hunting Horn, how small thought had I of what would befall me!" Bill made no answer, but grew visibly paler, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead: he rose from his seat, and stepped to and fro across the small room in which they were sitting, with great agitation in his manner.

"Well, Dick," he muttered, "I don't know what the ending of all this will be; but I fear for thee! I dread me the devil hath been at thee! 'Tis said he walks these parts on Christmas morn!" He presently resumed his seat, and tried again to extract his companion's secret from him; but in vain. Dick was inflexible: he took four guineas out of his pocket, and gave them into Bill's hand, saying, "I don't value this gold. It may be gotten ill by those who gave it me. Do thou keep it, and see what the magistrate will say about it; for to one we will go this day, or my name is not Richard Forster."

By two o'clock that afternoon, the two wagoners found their way to the house of a county magistrate, to whom Dick gave a full account of what had befallen him. His words were taken down; but there was such an air of exaggeration—of blank improbability about the whole, that it was evident the magistrate did not attach overmuch credit to it. What could he do in the matter? The wagoner swore that, if his life depended on it, he could not tell by which of the four cross roads he had gone or come; he had never seen the faces of those who had so mysteriously seized him; he could not describe the voices of any one that spoke to him.

"So, they were surprised to hear that your name was Forster, eh?" "Yes, your worship."

"They said you were mistaken for some one else?" "Yes, your worship."

"Now, do you know any one among your associates that has a name anything like your own?" inquired the magistrate, as if a sudden thought had struck him. "Think a little, my man," he continued, seeing the wagoner very thoughtful, and rubbing his forehead with a puzzled air. "No, no," replied the wagoner, at length; "I don't know any one of my name, nor any one like it."

"Oh, please your worship," said the other, "I hope your worship's honour will forgive me—but *my* name is Fowler; but that, again, as your worship knows, is not Forster." "So I should suppose," drawled the magistrate, with a smile, looking at his watch, and then taking down the name.

"How do you spell it, my man?" Fowler repeated the letters of his name separately.

"And are you a wagoner, like your unfortunate friend, here?" "Yes, your worship, and go the same road, and serve the same master."

"You neither of you know any one that is likely to have ill blood against you." "Lord love your worship—no, your worship!" replied both in a breath.

"I hope you are an honest, sober fellow, my friend?" inquired the magistrate of Fowler, amused by his *naïveté* and eagerness. Fowler hung down his head and blushed. "Why, please your worship, as for the matter of honesty, I am as honest (as one might reverently say) as your worship yourself; but I own—I humbly say—" he continued, with an embarrassed air.

"Aha!" exclaimed the magistrate, quite tickled; "you like your glass, eh? a friendly glass?" "Not exactly, your worship; give me a plain jug—a plain jug, with ale in it!"

His worship and his clerk laughed heartily.

"And, pray, who are your father and mother? Where do they live?" "Both dead, your worship, long ago!

"Richard Forster," said the magistrate, "a word or two more with you about this strange story of yours. Do you think you could recognise the room in which you were, or the yard, doors, and passages through which you were led, if you were to be taken to them again?" "No, your worship, on the oath of a true man. Your worship will recollect that I was not only blindfolded, but turned round and round, like a cockchaffer; besides being all the while nearly dead of fright."

"Why, can't you say whether you went towards the north, south, east, or west?" "No, your worship."

"Did you hear any bleating of sheep—any snorting or neighing of horses—any lowing of cows, when you passed through what you took to be a farmyard?" "No, your worship, nothing like it."

"Did it seem a large or a small house—or what sort of place?" "Please your worship, I know about as much of it as a dead man knows of the shape of his grave!"

"Humph!" exclaimed the magistrate, completely nonplussed, rubbing his hand over his forehead.

"Oh, please your worship!" said Dick, suddenly; "I forgot one thing. I saw the hand of one man twice; first when he seized me by my wagon, and then when he held the pistol to my breast in the little room; and marked specially that it was fair and white, like a gentleman's, and had a shining ring upon one finger." "Ay! ay! ay! are you sure of that?" inquired the magistrate, with much interest; "a gentleman's hand, with a bright ring on? One might make something of that!" He paused.

"And yet—pho! What is such a trifle as that, to lead to discovery? There must be something strange behind all this, I am confident!"

The simple fact was, that the magistrate was completely at a loss. What, indeed, could be done in the matter? What great harm had been done, after all?

To be sure, there were some symptoms of threatened outrage on another of his majesty's subjects, when he could be found; but, as for the present complainant, he had been clearly much more frightened than hurt. Here he was, sound and whole, richer by four guineas than he was before, unable to give a spark of available information about his seizure, capture, or journey. What could be done in the affair? The magistrate knew not. However, he decided on sending a memorial of the whole affair to the secretary of state's office, and so throwing the business on the shoulders of government. He directed the wagoner, in the mean while, to return to his ordinary work, and granted him the service of two constables, to ride all the way inside his wagon to London, and back again, with firearms, which they were authorized in using without hesitation, in case of emergency. His worship also directed Forster to keep the four guineas, and gave Bill Fowler half a crown, to enable him to get a "plain jug" of good ale. And so the affair ended, as far as the wagoner was concerned. The result of the application to the secretary of state, was an order to advertise the affair over the whole county, offering a reward, on the part of government, of 100*l*. for the discovery of the perpetrator of so extraordinary an outrage; which was done, but in vain. Not a tittle, not a glimpse of evidence was obtained, by which to trace or fasten the occurrence anywhere; and after a fortnight or so the affair was forgotten by the public, in spite of the stimulating paragraphs that, as in our day, ran the round of the papers, "vires acquirentes eundo." The wagoner, Richard Forster himself, resumed his ordinary business without interruption, and gradually dropped his fear, treating the whole affair, when it was mentioned to him, rather as a joke than otherwise.

One word, in passing, concerning the magistrate. The first thing he did, after dismissing the wagoner, as has been described, and entering his library, was to take off his gloves, hastily pluck off a ring from his

little finger, and fling it into the fire grate. "Cursed little traitor!" he exclaimed, pale and gasping with fury, "lie there and be burned!" He sat down in a chair; the perspiration started upon his brow, and his fist clenched with involuntary emotion. He presently started from his seat, and walked to and fro in prodigious agitation. *His* was the hand that the wagoner had spoken of; *he* it was that seized him by the throat, and presented the pistol to his breast!

This atrocious, daring, and unaccountable transaction soon slipped from public recollection, and ceased, as was remarked above, to annoy or disturb even Dick Forster, the wagoner. It served little other purpose, indeed, so far as Dick was concerned, than to make him the most popular man on the whole road from Shrewsbury to London; for everybody was curious to see and converse with the man who had experienced so extraordinary an adventure. The coachmen and guards of the various coaches took an interest in him; nay, even the very mail-coachman himself, that king of the road, brief as was his time for stoppages by the way, more than once twitched Dick almost off his feet, to show him to some one or other of his inside passengers as the man that had had "the hextra-hordi-nary 'ventur t'other day." It is almost superfluous to state with what ridiculous glosses and variations Dick told his story; for how can any man, gifted with a spark of fancy, forbear to fill the maw of curiosity gaping before him? So Dick, "the kidnapped," as he had been called, soon acquired the less romantic name of "Lying Dick," when his various auditors discovered, time after time, his point blank contradictions. Many began to surmise that there was no foundation in truth whatever for Dick's narrative: but the circumstance of the four guineas, and the condition in which he was actually discovered by his fellow-wagoner, sufficed to vindicate at least the basis of poor Dick's flourishing superstructures.

One incident, worthy of record, occurred on the oc-

casion of one of Dick Forster's numerous taproom prelections. He was telling his story for the tenth time, at least, at the Hunting Horn inn, in Shrewsbury, about six weeks after the events took place, before a taproom filled with a breathless auditory; and when he had got down to the concluding incident, about the pistol shot fired from behind the hedge at himself and Fowler, he was pleased to say, "There were at least three shots fired at me—"

"Three! You lie!" said a man who had been listening to him. The eyes of all present were in an instant fixed on the uncourteous interrupter. There was a pause. Dick's character for veracity had not yet been flyblown; and the parish clerk of Shrewsbury, who was a very devout and frequent attendant at that place of godly resort, the Hunting Horn, and a shrewd man to boot, pointedly inquired, "My good friend, how do *you* happen to know that Dick Forster has told a lie?"

"Ay—ay—ay—how do you?" echoed many voices, and Dick's among the rest; whose temporary embarrassment seemed suddenly transferred with tenfold intensity to the man who had interrupted him. He gave such a poor account of himself, that a constable, who happened to be present, and was gradually inflaming his imagination with the "100*l.* reward," unable to contain himself any longer, rushed up to his man, plucked out his staff of office, seized him by the collar, and shouted, "Sir, you're my prisoner!" The suspected man was had before the magistrate in a trice—the constable made his statement, corroborated by a host of others—the man was remanded, listening to the charge with derision, and in silence; and at length, much to the mortification of the constable, discharged. He soon dissipated all suspicion by freely conversing with any one who questioned him on the subject, and saying, with a laugh, that his only ground for making the obnoxious observation, was his conviction that "Dick Forster was gammoning them;" for that he had him-

self heard Dick tell his tale in twenty different ways, and always, till then, had been content with *one* pistol as the wind-up!

"Then you really know nothing about the matter?" inquired the spectacled clerk. "No more than your prayer book of your piety, Mister Snore!" replied the man, and was teased no more by such inquiries.

Yet was this man, as it transpired long afterward, the very one who had stood sentinel over Dick Forster, and fired at him from the other side of the hedge! He was, further, the first man who had seized and thrown him down, and kept at his side till the moment of discharging his pistol, as has been told. What a mysterious length of interval does Providence often interpose between the perpetration and discovery of crime!

Passing over a period of more than two months, we come to the morning of the 8th of March, 1761. It was between the hours of three and four o'clock, and the weather was miserably inclement. A cold easterly wind swept howling down the road, driving fast-falling piercing sleet full into the face of a man who, almost perishing with cold, poor fellow! sat on the shaft of a small cart laden with greens, scarce able to hold together with his benumbed fingers the two ends of an old piece of sacking, to protect himself from the wet. It was pitch dark, and the carter's thoughts were sad and cheerless. While driving slowly on his way to Wrexham, from which he was distant about eight or nine miles, and to the market of which place his cart load of vegetables was consigned, he suddenly leaped off the shaft on which he had been sitting; for he heard himself called by his name from the right side of the hedge. He was almost petrified with surprise and alarm, and stood motionless a moment or two, while his cart drove slowly past him.

"Fowler! William Fowler! speak, for your life!" was repeated in a louder and more distinct tone; and the astounded carter caught sight of two or three

figures approaching him at but a few yards' distance. A recollection of his friend Dick Forster's adventure flashed across him, and off he sprung down the road at the top of his speed, in a contrary direction to that in which his horse and cart were moving. He made for a farmhouse, about a quarter of a mile off, where he was known, and whither he was pursued, but by how many he knew not. He was fast outstripping his mysterious pursuers, when one of them called out, "Stop, Fowler, stop, before a bullet overtake you!" Fowler flew forward, however, like the wind, but suddenly stumbled over a large stone lying in the highway. He was in the act of rising, and again rushing forward, when the report of a pistol, fired at but a short distance from behind him, and the ball of which he thought he heard hissing close past him, brought him to his knees; when two men, quite breathless, made up to him. "You d—d fool and coward!" exclaimed one of the men, panting for breath, "take *that* for the trouble you've given us!" and he hit the poor carter a heavy blow on the side of the head. Fowler, however, was a little of a bruiser; and springing to his feet in a moment, he levelled his assailant to the ground with a swinging blow between the eyes, and was preparing to do the same for the other, when a third suddenly stole up to him from behind, and with the butt end of a horsewhip or walking stick, felled him at one stroke to the ground, where he lay completely stunned. When he recovered his senses, he affrightedly found himself in precisely similar circumstances to those which he had so often heard his friend Forster describe. He was moving on rapidly in some kind of vehicle, with his eyes bandaged, his arms fastened to his side, his legs tied together, and a gag in his mouth. He attempted to rise from his seat, bound as he was; but was instantly forced down by the two men between whom he sat. He moaned and gasped piteously; when one of them addressed him, saying, that if he was not a fool, he must know that all resistance was useless; and

that if he would but hold his peace, the gag would be taken out of his mouth. "If you mean to be silent, nod your head three times," continued the voice. He complied, and the gag was the moment after withdrawn.

"For pity's sake, what have I done?" he commenced.

"This pistol and your head must become close acquaintance, unless you are silent," said the gruff voice which had addressed him from the first. Fowler sullenly resigned himself in silence to his fate, which he expected would be murder. After a long interval of twenty minutes, during which not a syllable was spoken by any one within the coach, he was again addressed: "There are three persons in this coach besides yourself, who have each loaded pistols, which will be fired at you if you make the least uproar or resistance. We shall shortly alight, and you must suffer us to do with you what we wish; and then we will not hurt a hair of your head. It will be useless for you to cry out; for we take you to a house which is at least a mile from all others, and *there* will be none but ourselves. So, remember what your life depends upon!" concluded the voice; and presently the coach drew up. Fowler was then led out, his legs having been first untied, and conducted through the same places which had been traversed by his predecessor, Forster, till he was finally led into the same room where Forster had been sworn and questioned, as described. He was placed in a chair; and the same voice that had spoken to Dick Forster proceeded to address Fowler, and in a similar strain of solemn menace. "That wretched man, Richard Forster," he was told, "has deceived us, and broken his tremendous oath, taken in this very room; for which he must, and will, certainly die. There is one even now, waiting from hour to hour, from day to day, a favourable moment to dismiss him." Fowler's blood ran cold. "But as for you—we are safe. There neither is, nor can be, any mis-

take here: so, at once to business. Your name is William Fowler?" "Yes."

"Married?" "No."

"Are your father and mother both dead?" "Yes."

"Are you an only son?" "Yes."

"What do you do for a living?" "I am gardener and servant to Thomas Tripster, a farmer at West Severn."

"What do you get a week?" "Eight shillings, and board and lodging."

"You would like to have more than a pound a week, without any trouble, wouldn't you?" Fowler paused.

"Do you hear me, sir?" repeated the voice, more sternly. "Yes, I hear. I should like it, if it were honestly earned." There was a pause.

"You wouldn't mind, I dare say, whether you spent more than a pound a week in England, or abroad?" "*Abroad!*" echoed Fowler.

"Yes; I say, abroad. America, for instance." "What! must I then be sent out of the country like a rogue?"

"Silence! Be obedient: answer the question put to you." Fowler continued silent, however, and was observed to clench both fists, though his arms were pinioned to his sides.

"Have you heard the question put to you, Fowler?" inquired the voice. "Yes," replied Fowler, in sullen monosyllable.

"Well, William Fowler, since this is then your humour, we must take our measures accordingly. We will give you five minutes by a watch, to consider your answer to the question which has been put to you. *We shall not tell you when the time has expired;* but if you have not given us an answer by then, you shall certainly have three bullets through your head, and be buried, in an hour after, under the room in which you are now sitting. Think!"

There was a palsying pause. One—two—*three* minutes passed, and yet Fowler had not opened his

lips. He heard the snapping sound of a pistol being cocked: he fell down on his knees, groaning, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" He continued silent a few seconds longer: he felt the cold tip of a pistol touching his ear—his resolution faltered, and he murmured, though scarcely audible, "Well, I don't care to live abroad; but I should like to know why!" "You have saved your life by a hair's breadth," replied the voice which had before addressed him, "but you are a stubborn fool. Ten seconds longer, and you would have died."

"May I now ask a question?" "No, sir! unless you are careless about living to hear the answer!" Fowler muttered to himself.

"What are you saying, you sullen fool?" he was asked. "Only this," he replied, with a reckless air, "that if there is any one here says I'm in *England*, and among Englishmen, I say he is a liar, that's all."

"Poor devil!" muttered a voice, in a compassionate tone; but it was instantly answered by several exclamations of "St!—st!—hush!"

"Fowler, your hands look very black and cold," said the same voice, in a kind tone. "And well they may," replied Fowler, sullenly, "being tied down so long and tightly!"

"Well, suppose we were to loose them; would you use violence?" "I should be very likely, shouldn't I, when my eyes are bandaged, and my legs tied," replied Fowler, bitterly.

"Let his arms be unpinioned," said the voice, authoritatively; and it was obeyed.

"There is a fire in the room?" said Fowler. He was answered in the affirmative.

"I am dying with cold; let me sit by it!" He was instantly set down beside the fire, and sat warming his hands for some time in silence.

"Will you undo my legs?" "No," was the prompt reply, by several voices.

"So help me God," continued Fowler, in an im-

ploring tone, "I will sit still, and not attempt mischief. For God's sake, untie my legs—untie my legs; and then I shall be sure you do not mean to murder me."

"Pshaw, fellow, who talks of murdering you?" was the petulant reply.

"Gentlemen! only consider! what can *one* do against so many, even if he were ever so disposed? For mercy's sake, unbind me, or I shall go mad; for I feel like a bullock prepared for the butcher!" and a visible tremour testified the reality of his emotion. A faint whispering conversation went on for a few moments; and he was then told, in a decisive tone, that his request could not be complied with; that he must be content to sit with his legs tied for at least a quarter of an hour longer; and that if he said more on the subject his hands would be retied also. He received the answer in silence; but his lips quivered with fury. He heard a faint rustling, as if of some one moving papers; and was presently further addressed by the voice of one who sat beside him.

"William Fowler, you must now be convinced that you are in the power of those who can do what they will with you; but all they wish is, that you would let them send you, peaceably and comfortably, out of England, to a place where you may live as you like, and have plenty of money, on this only condition, that you will not try to return. There are good reasons for this. There is one here who has been told, on oath, that"—(here the speaker's voice faltered, as if with the embarrassment of conscious falsehood)—"that you are bent on taking away her life—that—that—never be happy till you are removed from England."

"*What!*" exclaimed Fowler, nearly at the top of his voice, involuntarily recoiling from the speaker, rising for a moment from his seat, and elevating his hands with amazement.

The speaker proceeded, but in a somewhat broken tone. "It matters not whether you deny it or not, or even whether it be true or false in itself—it is *be-*

lieved; and the lady will die of terror, or you must quit for foreign parts, where she will handsomely provide for you." Fowler continued silent; but the person who had been speaking to him observed that so much of his face as was not concealed by the bandage over his eyes, was become of a corpselike colour.

"Everything has been done to persuade the lady that you mean her no harm; it *has*, indeed." The speaker paused, as if waiting for a reply; but poor Fowler spoke not. He seemed utterly stunned by what he had heard. There was a dead silence in the room for some time.

"Fowler," said the voice, in a gentle tone, while the speaker took hold of his hand; "do you hear what I am saying?" Fowler's lips moved, as though with the vain attempt to speak; and presently he was heard muttering, absently, "*Kill a lady!*" * * *

"You said she was *here*," stammered Fowler.

"Yes; and you shall hear for yourself," was the reply. "Open the door!" continued the speaker, in an authoritative tone. He was obeyed: a door was unlocked. Presently was heard the rustling of a female dress, and the sound of half stifled sobs and sighs.

"Ah!" shrieked a female voice, "there he is! I shall die! Take me away. He has sworn—" and she fell, as if in a swoon. One or two of the persons present affected to be attending to her; and shortly were announced symptoms of recovery.

"Do you hear, sir?" inquired the voice of him who had so long addressed Fowler; "this lady swears she is in fear of her very life for you, guilty wretch—"

"Then she is a liar greater than there is in hell, and you are all devils!" roared Fowler, springing from his seat, and tearing off the bandage from his eyes; for while his hands were resting upon his knees, they happened to come in contact with the knot of the cord which tied his legs; and while the attention of those around him was for a moment directed to the female

who had just entered, Fowler contrived, unperceived, to slip the knot, dropped the cord, and sprang from his seat, as has been told, with the air and gestures of a madman. In a twinkling, he had felled to the floor a man on his left, who was in the act of levelling a pistol at him; but he had scarcely hit the blow, when he shared a similar fate, for he was the next moment himself struck senseless to the floor by a fearful blow on the head, from the butt end of a pistol.

When Fowler recovered the possession of his faculties, he found himself in such strangely altered circumstances, that he could scarcely persuade himself that they were *real*—that he was himself awake. He was so weak that he could hardly prop himself up on his elbows in a bed, laid upon the floor of a small room, apparently a cellar, which was lighted by a little lamp burning in a niche of the wall, and the ruddy glow of a small wood fire. He looked round him for an instant with a confused bewildered stare, and then fell back on his bed, exhausted with the effort of sitting upright. He did not know that he had lain there for upward of a fortnight, during which time he had suffered all the agonies and paroxysms of a violent brain fever, without having received any medical assistance! It was fortunate that he was, during all that time, tied hand and foot; for he might have destroyed both himself and those around him. He had been bled several times in the temples by a few leeches applied by the old woman who attended him; and this, added to a low spare diet, was the only means adopted to snatch a poor unoffending individual from a cruel and premature death! His mysterious captors, indeed, could not, even had they felt so disposed, summon in medical assistance without risking fatally their own safety, by discovering their almost unparalleled atrocity. But they would have rejoiced in nothing so much as his death under disease; for that, they supposed, would have rid them from a world of suspense and trouble—an infinity of peril. Twice did one of the complotters

urge upon his principal the dark and bloody proposition of murdering their prisoner as he slept; but was answered, that Fowler's *death* was not required—only his absence from England. Nevertheless, one incident will show the fearful jeopardy in which Fowler had been placed: he awoke once at midnight, and found himself alone, the pinioning cords loose about his arms, and a keen-edged butcher knife lying close by his right hand!

He was lying one afternoon in the darkness and solitude to which he was now painfully accustomed, watching the dull flicker of the lamp, and the crackling of the embers of his fire. He was too weak to be able to rise from his bed. His thoughts were vainly pondering, for the thousandth time, over the unaccountable situation in which he was placed. He could not conceive, any more than at the moment of his seizure, what were the reasons of it: he was a poor, ignorant, unoffending man, who had never injured or quarrelled with any one; and what, then, could be the meaning of what had been done to him? Was it true, or only a recollection of delirium, that he had heard a female declare her belief that he intended to murder her? If it were true, how could she come to form such a preposterous opinion? If it were false, what, in the name of Heaven, could be the aim and scope of all this plotting? He tried to think over every action of his life for years past; whether he had incurred the ill will of any of his companions or acquaintance, who, to be revenged on him, had taken these means of ruining him, by persuading a lady that he had threatened her life. But, again, if that were so, why was he not lawfully arrested, examined openly in a court of justice, and at once acquitted or convicted? What could the person, or persons, in whose custody he was, want to do with him, or require him to do? What concern had they with his family and mode of life? If his death were their object, why was he still living, after they had had so many opportunities of easily and secretly killing him?

All these conflicting conjectures served only to bring on him deeper doubt and darkness; and in the extremity of his misery, he closed his eyes, and fervently besought the protection of Providence. While thus piously engaged, the door of his prison was opened, and the old woman who attended him entered. She did not speak, as indeed she rarely did, but proceeded to tie the bandage over his eyes, by which he knew that he was going to receive a visit from his tormentors; and, sure enough, in a few moments he heard some one step into the room, bringing with him a chair, on which he sat down close beside Fowler.

"William Fowler, how are you?" inquired the voice, whose tones were now fearfully familiar. "Weaker than yesterday," was the reply, in a feeble voice; "and well I may be! Your cruelty is breaking my heart, as well as my health. May God forgive you; for if I die of this illness, I am a murdered man!"

"Fowler—Fowler," continued the person beside him, with some faltering of manner, "I have anxiously striven to find a means of explaining all that has befallen you, and even setting you at liberty; but I cannot. I am, God knows, more sorry than otherwise that ever I undertook what has been done; but having gone thus far—" "Ha!" gasped Fowler, in a fierce though feeble under tone of exultation, "the devil is deep! He has you!"

"Well," proceeded the speaker, sternly, "be that as it may, I cannot now stop, or undo what has been done. It would be both ruin and death to me; for of course you would, immediately on getting your liberty, tell all—" "Ay!" gasped Fowler, unable to control himself, or dissemble.

"Well, then, now you have at once put it out of my power to free you, even were I ever so much disposed. I cannot jeopard *my* life to save yours. Fowler, you are a stubborn, and had you the means, a revengeful man: you will therefore be well looked after. I must be short; for I thought I should have found you sub-

dued into reason, and am disappointed. This is, perhaps, the last time you will ever hear me speak to you; listen, therefore. To-night, whether you be well or ill, you will be removed from this place, by men fully armed, and set out on a journey to foreign parts. You will be taken to America; and fifty pounds will be put into your hands the moment you land. A month afterward you will receive five pounds; and then that sum will be paid you regularly every month. You are to live in America, mark me, for at least twelve years—possibly for the remainder of your life; and sure means are taken to prevent your ever attempting to send word to England, or escape thither yourself. You will certainly not live one hour after you shall have set sail from America. I tell you this, William Fowler, not more solemnly than truly, that you may be neither rash nor foolish. Only continue in America, and you shall be both a rich and happy man. There are deep and dreadful reasons for all this, many of which you must not at present be made acquainted with. The lady whom—" On hearing these last two words, William Fowler attempted to spit in the face of the speaker, making use of a ghastly imprecation.

"Well," continued his visiter, calmly, "I grieve to see your temper so fierce, as you are yourself the only one whom you can hurt. Farewell, William Fowler; farewell!" And with these words the mysterious speaker rose and stepped towards the door. "Come back a moment—come back!" cried Fowler, as loudly as he could, while the door was closing. It was reopened, and he heard the sound of returning footsteps.

"Well, what is the matter?" "You think you are concealed from me; but you are wrong. I know you," continued Fowler, in an agitated tone: "I recollect your voice. You are—*Sir William Gwynne!*"

Fowler heard his visiter suddenly utter a gasping sound, and spring from the seat on which he was in the act of sitting down: then he heard the sound of a

stifled groan—of attempts to suppress violent emotion. At length his visiter staggered out of the room, closing the door after him, as with an unsteady hand. Fowler was left alone for three hours: his food, wretched stuff at best, was not brought him as usual; and, faint with hunger, and worn out with agitation and suspense, he at length dropped asleep.

Before that time twenty-four hours, the wretched, persecuted Fowler, in almost the last degree of exhaustion, was placed on board a sloop in the Channel. He lay in a state rather of profound stupor than sleep, in his hammock, when he was suddenly roused, in the middle of the night, and carried on board another vessel, which was a French brig, bound for America. Confused as he was, he heard the respective crews taking leave of one another, in a confused jargon of French and English; and presently after, all being again quiet around him, he fell asleep. He had asked, while on board the former vessel, for a draught of beer, to quench his raging thirst; and the stupor which speedily followed, proved that it had been drugged.

On the third day of his passage, the bandage was removed from his eyes, and the pinions from his arms and legs. The light almost blinded him for some minutes, his eyes had so long been kept closed; and his benumbed and strained limbs seemed scarce to have the power of motion left to them. At length he was able to see that he lay in a tolerably comfortable berth. Everything about him wore a foreign appearance; and the poor wagoner, lonely and deserted, closed his eyes, sobbed, and shed tears at the recollection of his sufferings, and the illness which yet oppressed him. This was his situation, when a strange figure of a cabin boy, his head hid in a great hairy cap, suddenly made his appearance at his bedside, and said something to him in the French language. Fowler shook his head, intimating that he did not understand him. The cabin boy, after making several motions, as if to make himself intelligible to the Englishman, presently

withdrew, and returned with a basinful of sea soup, or broth, which he proffered good-humouredly to his passenger, who rose up in bed, and ate it with absolute voracity. It was the first food he had taken with relish for many a long day. He was waiting for the reappearance of the cabin boy, to make signs for something to drink, when another of the crew made his appearance—a tall, muscular, uncouth-looking fellow—a world of ill-fitting clothes, and his head covered with a great red nightcap—who in bad broken English asked Fowler whether he would dress and go on deck. Unprepossessing as was his aspect, Fowler felt a regard for him, merely for the sake of the few words he had uttered of English. They soon got into conversation about indifferent matters, chiefly touching the country to which they were sailing—America: of which the Frenchman gave him an enthusiastic description. When Fowler was able to leave his bed, this man helped to dress him, assisted him up the cabin steps, and supported him while he walked to and fro on the deck, lost for some time in wonder and admiration at the novel scenery—the world of uninterrupted waters which surrounded him—the vessel, with all her sails bellied out by the fresh breeze, bounding over the blue foaming waters, which sparkled and flashed in the vivid sunlight! He forgot, for a while, his sufferings—the mysterious wrongs he was enduring; and while the momentary excitement and glow were upon his feelings, in an hour of unguarded confidence he told his new companion all that had befallen him in England, and the manner of his being conveyed on shipboard, as far as he himself recollected it. The sailor listened to him with features full of interest, which deepened, however, into indignation, as Fowler went on. His "Sacres!" "Pestes!" "Mon Dieus!" "Diables!" as the eager and foolish Fowler went on with his narrative, were incessant.

"Aha! vould not you kill de dam cruel man vat do you dis, verever you see him, mon pauvre Anglais?"

asked the sailor, clenching his fist. "No, no," replied Fowler; "but if I get back to England, I may get him hanged for it. Do you think I could get back? I suppose there are plenty of ships in America?"

"Ay, ma foi! ver good; but how you get de money for come?" inquired the Frenchman, shaking his head. "Oh, why, I'm to have fifty pounds directly I get into America!" The sailor seemed confounded.

"Fifty pounds when you get America? and you say you ill used? Begar, mon ami! I vish dat some one would take *me* away from my countrèe, and use *me* the ver same bad way you are!" "Oh," proceeded Fowler, "besides that, I'm to have five pounds a month for ever and ever, if I will but stop there!"

The sailor stared again, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Ah, sacre! you be ver well content wid your cruel, bon ami! You are dam lucky man! Begar, I vish I was kidnap! Do not you go away from America. Aha! dam happy glorieuse countrèe! better than France or England! Aha! lucky man!"

Little did poor Fowler imagine, while making these unreserved communications, that his newly-found confidant was the ruffian, heavily feed and hired by Sir William Gwynne and others, to accompany him to America—to watch all his doings—to pay him all the moneys spoken of—and without hesitation take his life, if he attempted to return to England!

When they reached America, Fowler had greatly recovered both his health and spirits. His curiosity was abundantly roused and gratified by the new and prodigious scenes he was approaching. On landing at New-York, he put up, with several of the crew, at a small house of entertainment in the suburbs. All of them drank deeply; and Fowler was carried to bed in a state of insensibility. When he awoke, about the middle of the next day, he overthrew a stool that was placed by his bedside; and, on accidentally casting his eyes to the floor, he saw it strewn with bank notes! This circumstance soon collected his scattered intel-

lects, and recalled him to a sense of the singular misery and mystery of his situation. In a foreign country, without a single relative, friend, or acquaintance among its inhabitants—smuggled from home in a fearful and atrocious manner, he knew not why or wherefore—forbidden to return, under penalty of instant death, which he knew not when or how to evade. What was to become him? What was he to do? The thought never occurred to one so ignorant and inexperienced as he was of putting himself at once under the protection of the civic authority of New-York; and even if it had, it is probable Fowler would have feared taking such a step, lest his murder should be the consequence. He lay tossing about in bed, completely bewildered, and irresolute what to do. When he rose, he found his ship companions had left the house, even the one most intimate with him. He went down at once to the ship by which he had come, sought out the captain, and contrived to ask him whether or not he would take him back again? He was promptly answered in the negative; and was told that the ship was to proceed immediately to South America. Wearied and disappointed, afraid of seeking out an English ship, lest his life should be sacrified as had been threatened, he returned to the inn he had left, and endeavoured to seek solace in drink. He was soon afterward joined by several of the crew, and his own intimate friend among the number; and they all fell to drinking again. Fowler was informed that they had leave of absence from their ship for a few days, before it proceeded to South America; and they proposed to take a journey into the interior of the country. He was asked to accompany them; and, his fancy being inflamed with their accounts of the luxuriance and magnificence of the scenes he would witness, he consented. I need not describe their excursion. Drink, merry conversation, and incessant change of scene, soon dissipated Fowler's moodiness, and he seemed to enjoy the jaunt as keenly as any of the party. One incident must be mentioned,

as it materially influenced the fortunes of Fowler, and forwarded the scheme of those who had sent him from England. His favourite companion (Francis Leroux by name) took the opportunity one evening, when he and Fowler had strayed far from their companions, and were viewing a sweet cottage, with a pretty patch of land about it, the whole of which was marked for sale, of making Fowler a proposal that greatly surprised him. He began by saying that he had long been tired of a sailor's life, and desired to settle in America, but had not a favourable opportunity till then; that he and Fowler seemed to have agreed very well on shipboard, and he did not see why they should quarrel on land.

"And so—what you say to we live here together? Is it not better than sail the great dam sea? You tell me you have money—fifty pounds—and so have I, little, what I save. We both buy this place, and both live and work here together, and so we get rich—ver soon—ver rich, and then we go home, you to your country, and I to my own! Eh! vat you say to this?" he inquired, anxiously; at the same time taking out a small leathern purse, he showed Fowler several pieces of gold coin, and notes for money on American banks. Fowler, as soon as his astonishment had a little subsided, promptly refused to accede to his companion's proposal, saying, that "nothing should keep him from England; that he *would* go back, come what might."

"Ah, mon ami! And what you do when you go there?" "Find out the people that sent me away, and then get them hanged."

"Aha! First catch your fish, and then cook him; but what if him not bite? sacre!"

To cut matters short, Fowler, who was a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, was in the end over-persuaded by his companion's earnestness and volubility. Leroux drew such an enticing picture of the pleasures of American life, and represented so strongly the difficulties and dangers which must environ Fowler if he were to attempt, or even succeed in his scheme of re-

turning to England, and the improbability of his proving the guilt of Sir William Gwynne, or even ascertaining that he was right in charging Sir William with it, that Fowler at length told his companion that he would consider of his proposal. He at length agreed to continue in America for at least a year or two, and try whether he got so rich as Leroux led him to expect. They entered, therefore, into a sort of partnership, and with their joint funds purchased the house and grounds which had attracted their admiration.

Behold, then, William Fowler in a new character; that of an American farmer, and in partnership with his newly acquired companion, Francis Leroux. Many were their conversations, as was natural, on the extraordinary adventures which Fowler had undergone; and one remark was made by the Englishman which seemed to strike Leroux forcibly.

"Should I be sent out of England at all this expense, and kept here so handsomely, for nothing? It *must* be worth somebody's while!" "Ay, but," would Leroux reply, "begar, you go back and get your dam head blow off if that worth *your* while!"

Affairs prospered with the farmers, and Fowler's uneasiness began to wear off, giving place to the numerous and active cares of business. The land was so fertile, the climate so delightful, the scenery so beautiful, living so cheap, and Leroux so unwearyingly gay and good natured, that Fowler began to get not only reconciled to his lot, but delighted with it; coinciding in the frequent remark of his sagacious companion, "Ah, '*bird's hand worth two bushes!*'" His monthly allowance of 5*l.* was forwarded to him, though at irregular periods, from the next post town, distant about twenty miles; and at length Fowler, finding himself environed on every side with mystery, gave up fretting about unravelling it, contented with the comfort and plenty it produced him.

The artful rogue Leroux was a ci-devant English smuggler, who had been heavily bribed by Sir William

Gwynne and another, to assist in kidnapping Fowler, conveying him abroad, and watching over him with incessant vigilance. His broken English was all assumed. He could speak tolerably well in both languages—trading, as he did, between the coasts of the two countries; but thought that he could more easily delude his prisoner by adopting a mixture of the two. Sir William Gwynne had given him the sum of 200*l.* at setting out, telling him to keep half of it for his own purposes, and give the remainder to Fowler, as has been described; and when it was exhausted he was to write for more. The mode adopted by Leroux for conveying the monthly instalments to Fowler was this—he took the opportunity of visiting the next post town on a market day once a month, where he enclosed 5*l.* in a blank envelope, and put it in the post, which duly delivered it at Fowler's residence. For several years did Fowler receive this money, each time expressing astonishment at the mode of its conveyance; and yet never discovered the agency of Leroux! Extraordinary as this may seem, it is nevertheless the fact. The fidelity and ingenuity of Leroux were secured and perpetuated by the vigilant skill of Sir William Gwynne, who timed his remittances and shaped his communications with astonishing tact. How wise is the ordination of Providence, that never fails to insert into guilty combinations the elements of *treachery*, as, indeed, a necessary condition of its being; concealment involving its own discovery! It was against *this*—against the risk of Leroux's perfidy, that Sir William had to guard himself, and yet never for an instant felt fully secure. Leroux had extorted great sums from his employer beyond what had been promised him, and grew occasionally insolent in enforcing both the punctuality and increase of his remittances. Sir William had, besides Leroux, another bloodsucker, that scarce ever left his side, in the person of a fellow-smuggler of Leroux's, who grew increasingly exorbitant in his demands, as repeated trials convinced him

of the firm hold he had upon the guilty baronet. Sir William grew nearly frantic at finding the fearful extent to which he was committed, and the incessant efforts and sacrifices necessary to quiet his ruffianly agents; and yet, perhaps, after all, only *postponing* discovery, disgrace, and even death. The figure of the poor wagoner haunted him cruelly day and night; and then he had to bear the stubborn insolence of one minion, dogging and bullying him personally at home, and the incessant baying of a bloodhound, borne to his affrighted ears over the Atlantic!

In one of his gloomiest and most reckless moments, the unfortunate, the wretched, the guilty baronet set pen to paper, and wrote to Leroux in nearly the following terms:—

"You once pressed me, while —— was in England, in our hands, to destroy him, and I refused. I never wished to destroy him—my soul shrinks from blood. But in the humour in which I now write, I may say, in a manner, that my views are altered. I say—mark me—that I do not now wish to destroy him; I mean only, that if —— were out of the way, when I heard of it, I should not trouble myself with inquiring into it. Your comrade —— (mentioning Leroux's fellow-smuggler) talks on the matter with cruel cunning, saying, that there are many ways of your seeing that —— dies, without having to charge yourself, or any one else, *directly*, with the doing of it. But I always stop him when he talks so. Indeed I do not know why I name the thing to you. Enclosed are bank notes for 100*l*. Tear and burn this letter, *or send it me back*."

When Leroux received and read this letter, it threw him into a long train of thought—for nearly an hour. At length he rose from his seat, put the money into his strong box, and the letter into his pocketbook, saying to himself, "Now, this is a two-edged sword, and will cut either way I choose!"

To return now to England. The abduction of Fowler produced a prodigious sensation over the whole

county. There was scarcely a house, there were scarce any premises, public or private, but were ransacked for his discovery. Forster's services were in universal request, to aid in identifying the scenes he had himself described—and he was hurried here, there, and everywhere, for that purpose, but in vain. He could recognise nothing, nor give any clew of information. The affair excited greater alarm even than that of Forster; and the whole country round about was rife with dark and dismal speculations concerning the mysterious fate of "The Wagoner." Ballads were made, and sung about the streets of Shrewsbury; and at length superstition was roused, who hinted that there were, or might be, supernatural agency at work in the business!

Sir William Gwynne was pre-eminent among his fellow-magistrates, in exertions to unravel the mysterious transaction; cheerfully devoting day after day to the receiving of depositions, the granting of warrants, the examination of suspected persons, and authorizing the distribution of placards, offering liberal rewards for the discovery of the perpetrators of such an atrocious outrage. He caused the chief of a notorious gang of gipsies, who had been long in ill odour, to be arrested, under pretence of a secret information against him. He caused the anonymous letter on which he acted to be made public—and its cunning inuendoes and circumstantiality served to arrest public suspicion, and fix it permanently on the gipsies! All was useless, however. Nothing could be discovered. The devil outwitted all. The veteran gipsy was discharged for want of evidence; the reward placards gradually disappeared from the walls; new nine-day wonders arose, challenging public curiosity in their turn—and all was buried in undiscoverable mystery.

Now, what is the meaning—the reason of all this? the reader is doubtless exclaiming. He shall shortly be informed.

About two months before the seizure of Richard Forster, Sir William Gwynne, a wealthy and powerful

baronet in Shropshire, who had retired to his library after dinner, to write several letters of importance, and was in the act of drawing on his velvet dressing gown, was informed by his valet that a gentleman had just arrived at the hall, who desired to speak with him on urgent business.

"Show him in," said the baronet, sitting down in his study chair, which he drew around to the fire. His visiter in a few moments made his appearance, announcing himself as a Mr. Oxleigh, a solicitor, residing at a little distance from Shrewsbury. He was a short, squat, ugly, Jew-featured man, with a muddy-black piercing eye—the beau ideal of a country pettifogger —with "rogue" written all over his face in characters of impudence. The haughty baronet was sufficiently disgusted with the man at first sight—but much more with his vulgar offensive nonchalance.

"Sir William," said he, carelessly, approaching a chair, nearly opposite to the frowning baronet, "I'm afraid this is intruding upon you—an inconvenient—" "Your business, sir, I pray," interrupted the baronet, with a stern impatience of tone and manner, that somewhat abashed the attorney; who, instead of sitting down in the chair, as he had intended, stood leaning a moment against the back of it.

"Allow me, Sir William, to take a seat," said he, in a somewhat humble tone, "as the business I am come upon may be long and wearisome to both of us." "Be seated, sir, and brief," replied the baronet, haughtily, drawing back his own chair, but with a little surprise in his features.

"I believe, Sir William," proceeded Oxleigh, leisurely taking out one of a packet of papers, tied together with thin red tape, "that the rental of the Gwynne estates is from 25 to 30,000*l.* per annum?" "What the d—— *do* you mean, sir?" slowly inquired the baronet, sitting forward in his chair, and eying Oxleigh with unfeigned amazement.

"I believe I am correct, Sir William," continued

the attorney, with a cool composure and impudence that confounded his aristocratical companion. "Be good enough, Mr.—a—a—whatever your name is—be good enough, sir, to state your business, and withdraw!" said the baronet, in a commanding tone.

"I am afraid, Sir William, that my business will take longer to settle than you seem to imagine," continued Oxleigh, with immoveable assurance. The baronet made an effort to control himself; or, being a powerful man, he might have thrust his presumptuous visiter out of his presence, somewhat unceremoniously.

"I should be sorry, Sir William, either to say or do anything displeasing or disrespectful—but my duty compels me to say, that in the important business I am come about, I must be allowed my own time, and my own way of going about it. It appears, Sir William—" proceeded the attorney, with would-be calmness, though his hands trembled visibly, and his voice was thick and hurried. "My good sir, your business, whatever it be, had better be transacted with my steward. If you really *have* any business that concerns me, sir, you clearly do not know how to communicate with *me*. Bundle up your papers, sir, and retire," said the baronet, rising to ring his bell.

"Sir William—Sir William!" exclaimed Oxleigh, earnestly, rising from his chair; "pray—allow me—one—one instant, only. I can say *one word* that will make you, however indisposed you now are, willing—nay, anxious—to hear me!" "What *does*—what *can* all this mean, sir?" inquired the baronet, pausing, with the bell rope still in his hand.

"Only this, Sir William," said the attorney, putting the packet of paper into his pocket, and buttoning his coat; "I could have wished to communicate it in a friendlier manner. You think you have a right to the title of Sir William Gwynne, and these large estates. You have, however, no more right to them than—your obedient humble servant, Job Oxleigh, to command." The baronet's hand dropped from the bell rope—the

colour left his cheek for a moment, and he stared at the attorney in silence. "Why, you caitiff!" slowly exclaimed the baronet; and calmly approaching Mr. Oxleigh, he grasped him with overpowering strength by the collar, holding him for a second or two, and looking in his face as one would into that of a snarling dog, whom one holds by the throat; and then with a violent kick jerked him from him to the farther corner of the room, where he lay prostrate on the floor, the blood trickling from his mouth, which had caught the corner of a chair in falling. After continuing there, apparently stunned, for a few moments, he rose, and wiping the blood from his lips, staggered towards the baronet, who, with his arms folded, was standing before the fire.

"Sir William Gwynne, you have drawn blood from me, you see," said he, calmly, pointing to his spotted handkerchief; "and, in return, be assured *I* will drain your heart of every drop of blood it contains. I will draw down the law upon you like a millstone, which shall utterly crush you. Great and high man that you are," he continued, in the same calm tone, uninterrupted by him he addressed, "it is in my power to drag you into the dust—to strip you of all you unjustly possess—to turn you out of this hall a beggar, and expose you to the world as an impostor. Do you hear me, Sir William Gwynne?"

All this was uttered by Oxleigh with the accuracy and impressiveness of a man who, unwilling to trust to extempore wording in a matter of the last importance, has carefully pondered his language, and even committed *words* to memory. When he had finished speaking he paused, and watched the baronet, who continued standing motionless and silent before the fireplace, as before; but his countenance wore an expression of seriousness, if not agitation, and his eye was settled on that of Oxleigh, as if he would have searched his soul. "Mr. Oxleigh," said he, in a lower tone than he had before spoken in, "whether you have, or have not,

ground for what you say, you are a very bold man to hold such language as yours to Sir William Gwynne! You must know, sir, that I am a magistrate; and, as you profess to be a lawyer, you must further know that I can at once commit you to prison for coming to extort money from me by threats. That would be a serious charge, Mr. Oxleigh, you know well." "Have I mentioned money, Sir William?" inquired Oxleigh, calmly. "But commit me—commit me this moment. You shall the sooner get rid of your title and estate."

"Why, you impudent man, do you *dare* come here to bandy words and threats with me?" "Calling names is not talking reason, Sir William; and hard words break no bones," replied Oxleigh, with a bitter smile. "*I* call *you* no names, Sir William, and yet I call you by your wrong name; for I shall elsewhere prove you to be *Mister* William Gwynne—not *Sir* William! *I* can afford to be civil, because I have you quite within my grasp as closely as I could wish my deadliest enemy. I am in condition to prove that you are not the rightful heir of this property; that there is some one living who has a *prior right under the entail.*"

"You swindler!" said Sir William, striding up to him, seizing him a second time by the collar, and shaking him from head to foot. "Sir William Gwynne—Sir William—you must pay me handsomely for all this—you *must* indeed!" panted Oxleigh, nowise enraged. "You had better be calm, and count the cost! Every kick, thrust, and shake you give me is worth its thousands! You are a magistrate, Sir William, you tell me. Have you not committed an assault on me—a breach of the peace? However, I do not come to quarrel with you, nor am disposed to do so even yet, ill as you have used me; but to tell you that your *all* on earth is at the mercy of him you insult!"

Sir William Gwynne was boiling over with fury; yet he controlled himself sufficiently to say—or rather gasp, "Well, sir, simply because I cannot think you

a madman—and a madman among the maddest you must be to behave thus without knowing well your ground"—(Oxleigh smiled contemptuously)—"I am ready to hear what you have to say. Go on, sir. You may sit down, if you choose." The baronet sat down in his easy chair, and Oxleigh took a seat opposite to him.

"Not liking to trust my memory in such matters as this, Sir William," said he, leisurely, "I have committed to paper what I have to say to you, and beg your permission to read it." The baronet nodded haughtily, and his features wore a very concerned air. Mr. Oxleigh drew out of his hat a sheet of paper, and distinctly read as follows: "Sir Gwynne Fowler Gwynne died in 1673, bequeathing his estates to his eldest son, Fowler Gwynne Gwynne, and the heirs male of his body; but if his first son died without having been married and leaving male issue, then to his *second* son, Glendower Fowler Gwynne, and the heirs male of his body; if his second son, however, died unmarried, and without leaving male issue, then to the heirs male of Sir Gwynne Fowler Gwynne's niece, Mary Gwynne Evans, on condition that they took the name of 'Gwynne.'

"Sir Fowler Gwynne Gwynne entered, and died at sea, unmarried, in 1683; when his brother, Glendower Fowler Gwynne, entered on the titles and estates—was afterward married, and had two children—"

"Both of whom *died*," interrupted Sir William, eagerly, who had been listening with undisguised and intense anxiety. "But one of them left *issue*," continued Oxleigh, calmly; "and that issue I can produce! Gavin Evans, son of Ellen Evans, (your father, Sir William,) entered in 1740; and had about as much *right* to do so as I. Do I make myself clear, Sir William?"

"And do you pretend, Mr. Oxleigh," said the baronet, rather faintly, yet striving to assume a smile of incredulity—"do you *dare* to assert, Mr. Oxleigh, that there is now living lawful issue of Sir Glendower Gwynne?" "Yes, Sir William, I do—and can prove

it. I can reduce your infirm title to dust with a breath, whenever I please; and thus: Sir Glendower—as doubtless you know, Sir William—died in 1740, and, as you imagine, without leaving male issue surviving him; but I can show you, that though his daughter Ellen died unmarried, his son, William Fowler Gwynne, *was* married in 1733."

"It is false as hell! It is false! It *is* false!" exclaimed the baronet, vehemently—half choked, yet continuing in his chair, with his eyes fixed on Oxleigh. "'Tis too true, Sir William—too true for *you*, I'm afraid! I say, William Fowler Gwynne was secretly married to Sir Glendower's housekeeper in 1733, and had a son by her in 1738, a few months only before he himself died. I can produce all the necessary registers and certificates, Sir William—I *can!* The marriage was in the proper full name of William Fowler Gwynne; but immediately afterward his wife dropped the name of Gwynne, and settled in a distant part of Somersetshire, under the name of Fowler; but her son was carefully christened by the name of Gwynne. It is a strong case, Sir William—what we call, in law, a *very* strong *prima facie* case," continued Oxleigh, bitterly. "I can, at a day's notice, produce that son, who is the proper heir and holder of all you now have—who is now more than of age—"

"Why, sirrah! even on your own showing, I am safe, you —— pettifogger, if by right of *possession* only." "Pardon me—pardon me, Sir William! There are nine years and a quarter, and more, yet to expire, before that can be the case. I have calculated the time to a minute! And *now*, Sir William Gwynne," said Oxleigh, with a startling change of tone, "pay me for the *kick* you gave me!"

The baronet continued silent; though the working of his features showed the prodigious tempest that agitated within. "Let me be frank, Sir William. I do not presume to *blame* you for calling yourself a baronet, and enjoying these fine estates; it was done in

ignorance; but, it is hard—very, *very* hard, to give them up, Sir William!"

"Why, there glares an improbability, if not a falsehood, on the very face of what you say!" said the baronet, in a low tone. "How could the damned vixen that swindled William Fowler out of his name and land forget to put in claim on behalf of her son till now?"

"You cannot escape me, Sir William! Mrs. Fowler died in childbed, and had changed her residence, by her husband's order, but a week before her confinement. She did not live to explain the nature of her son's rights and birth. *I*, however, know them well, though at first through blessed accident; and have for months feretted out every fact that can establish the right of that woman's son to the title and estates *you* now hold. There is not, however, another person breathing but our two selves, that know of this—indeed there is not, Sir William!"

"Have you here the proofs of all this?" inquired the baronet, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and looking anxiously at the packet of papers which lay in Oxleigh's hat. Mr. Oxleigh instantly untied them, and proffered them to Sir William, who suddenly snatched them up, crushed them together, and with frantic violence of gesture flung them into the blazing fire, where, in an instant, they were reduced to ashes. Mr. Oxleigh looked on with composure, making not the slightest effort to rescue them. "Well! it is but the trouble of another copy from the originals!" "Copy! *Copy!*" murmured Sir William, aghast, sinking back overwhelmed into his chair.

"Yes! You have burned *copies* only, Sir William. And could you really suppose I should bring here the original documents, on purpose for you to destroy them? We lawyers, Sir William, are generally considered a cautious set of men, and do not usually fling ourselves bound hand and foot into the hands of the enemy! And look'ee, Sir William," continued Oxleigh, fiercely, taking a small pocket pistol from his bosom, cocking it, and

levelling it at the baronet, "since I cannot otherwise obtain civility, I shall avenge any future insult you may dare to offer me on the spot. If you menace me ever so little—if you lift but your little finger threateningly towards me—by ——! I'll shoot you through the heart. I cannot be insulted even by *Sir* William Gwynne!" said he, with sarcastic emphasis. The baronet looked at him as if he were stupified with what he had seen and heard.

"Have you any further commands with me in this business, Sir William, or is it *now* your pleasure that I should withdraw?" inquired Oxleigh. "Yes—withdraw, sir! Begone! I will set off to-night for London; I will lay your atrocious conduct before the secretary of state—I will seek the advice of eminent counsel—"

"Do not you think, then, Sir William, that *one* depositary of such a secret as this is quite enough? Would you rather prefer being at the mercy of a *dozen*, than one?" The baronet heaved a profound sigh, and looked deadly pale.

"Sit down, sir," said he, in a mournful tone—"pray be seated, Mr. Oxleigh!" Oxleigh bowed, and resumed the chair he had left.

"Put away your pistol, sir—" "Excuse me—pardon me, Sir William! Forgive my holding it in my hand, after what has happened between us, as an argument for coolness and consideration, till you and I thoroughly understand one another!" The baronet's lips—rather his whole frame—quivered with insuppressible emotion, and his eyes were fixed with a kind of anguished stare on those of Mr. Oxleigh. He suddenly hid his face in his hands, pressed his hair back, and muttered, "Surely, surely, this is all dreaming!"

"It is a dreadful business," exclaimed Oxleigh, "and I see you feel it to be so. I thought you would." The baronet spoke not, but seemed absorbed in deep and bitter reflection. "Sir William," resumed the at-

torney, in a low tone, "is it impossible for us to come to an—an amicable adjustment?"

"Great Heaven!" groaned the baronet, rising, and walking hurriedly to and fro; "here is a wretch, absolutely in my own house, tempting me to become a villain!" "Say, rather, a friend, who would persuade you to prefer safety to destruction, Sir William!"

"And pray, what do you mean, sir, by an amicable adjustment?" inquired the baronet, sternly—pausing, and looking full in Oxleigh's face. "Surely, Sir William, it is not very hard to imagine a meaning," replied Oxleigh, looking unabashed at the baronet with equal keenness and steadfastness. Sir William seemed confounded at the easy effrontery of his companion.

"What, sirrah, do you mean that you would wish me to meet the person you have been speaking of, and buy him off heavily?" "No, no, Sir William; such a thought never passed through my head. It would be folly personified. There *are* ways of *cutting* the knot: what you name would but tie it faster."

"You would *murder* him, then?" said the baronet, in a hollow tone, eying Oxleigh with horror. "Oh no, Sir William; no! There are other ways yet of disposing of him, and firmly securing you. What, for instance, if he were quietly sent out of the country, and kept abroad, without knowing how, why, or by whom? If you can but keep him there for *nine* years, it will be enough; you are safe—his right is barred—he is shut out for ever!"

"What! why do you pretend to intimate—do you wish me to believe that such conduct could be practised with impunity? That you could by such means cheat him out of his rights, in spite of God and man?" "I do." The baronet walked about, frequently stopping, evidently in deep and agitating thought; and at length sat down exhausted in his chair in silence. He closed his eyes with his hands, and looked that moment as wretched a man as breathed.

"How am I to know, sir, that you are not, after all,

a common swindler—have come here with this trumped-up stuff for the basest purposes?" inquired the baronet, with a scowl of mingled pride and despair. "By going to the parish church of Grilstone, and for yourself comparing my copies, which I will, *once more*, Sir William," continued Oxleigh, with stinging emphasis, "cause to be put into your hands to-morrow, with the original registers and certificates; and if you prove me wrong—that I have deceived you in anything—in a single tittle of what I have said—hand me over at once to the pillory, transportation, or death!"

"I *will*, sir!" replied the baronet, with a searching look at Oxleigh; who resumed, "Sir William, I am a lawyer, and a calculating one. I have looked well to the end of what I am doing. Permit me, therefore, to say, that my arrangements will not allow of delay. You must choose your alternative—beggary, or a baronetcy with 30,000*l.* a year! And again, Sir William," continued Oxleigh, drawling out his words slowly, "there are what we lawyers call MESNE PROFITS to be accounted for! What will become of you?" The baronet shuddered. The bare possibility, the distant contingency of such a thing, was frightful. To be not only shorn of his title, income, and standing in society, but have to disgorge two or three hundred thousand pounds to his supplanter! Fearful thoughts and prospects; bloody schemes began to gleam before the disturbed intellects of Sir William Gwynne. What an awful change had a few minutes only wrought in him, his situation, his prospects! Here was a low fellow, a scoundrel, swindling pettifogger, bearding and bullying him in his own house; flashing ruin, disgrace, starvation before his shrinking eyes—coolly goading and edging him on to the perpetration of villany and cruelty, and requiring, doubtless, a participation in the profits! These maddening thoughts kept him long silent.

"Are you, permit me to inquire, thinking of what I have said, Sir William?" "I am thinking you are too great a villain to live, sir; and that I had better knock

you on the head, and so rid the world of such a ruffian!" replied the baronet, with a desperate air.

"Suppose you *did*, Sir William; a lawyer, like an eel, is hard of dying. I have made such arrangements, as, even were you to succeed in killing me on the spot, here, this night, and which would not, possibly, be without danger"—glancing from his pistol to Sir William—"it would do you no good, but rather ruin you at once in every way, with no possibility of escape. I told you I had calculated, Sir William—"

"Oh!—your terms, sir!" gasped the baronet, interrupting Oxleigh, as though he felt his fate pressing him on. "Why, I don't know, exactly, whether I could name them at a moment's warning. It is, I presume, superfluous to say, that I must be paid well for any assistance I may render you. Nay, may I not name any terms I choose? Is it not *I* who am to dictate?"

"What are your terms, sir?" repeated the baronet, with an air of consternation at the tone in which Oxleigh spoke: "whatever they are, name them at once. Don't hesitate, sir. You know, of course, that you are a scoundrel; but circumstances have made you safe, and protected you from a fury that would have annihilated you," gasped the baronet, stamping his foot upon the floor. "Name your terms at once. They *may* be so exorbitant and monstrous, that I may determine, at all risks, to refuse them, and defy you, devil out of hell as you are!"

"Well, Sir William, it is of course for yourself to know best your own interests. Let me, however, request you, Sir William, to bear in mind what small courtesy you have this evening deserved at my hands. *I* would have treated you with the pity due to misfortune!" "Oh, God! oh, God! that I must bear all this!" groaned the baronet, compressing his arms with convulsive force upon his breast. Oxleigh smiled.

"I have little further to add to what I have said, Sir William, unless you are disposed to come to terms. It will be a terrible thing for you, if I leave your house

to-night without something like a very definite understanding with you. I will be straightforward with you, Sir William, and in a word or two tell you that, to secure my secrecy and co-operation in concealing the fact of this young man's, Fowler's, existence—sending him abroad, and keeping him there—you must convey to me the fee of a certain estate of yours, in the neighbourhood of the house where I live, worth, as I reckon it, 2000*l.* per annum; and further, must cause it to be believed by the world that I have been a *bona fide* purchaser of it." The baronet bit his lips, but evidenced no symptoms of astonishment or anger. "Well, sir," said he, "I suppose I must consider your proposal."

"But allow me, Sir William—do you consider it *unreasonable*, supposing you to have ascertained the truth of my representations?" "Why, certainly, sir, you *might* have been more extravagant," replied the baronet, gloomily, and with a reluctant air.

"But, further, Sir William, this must be done with no ill grace—no airs of condescension! It must be done as between *gentlemen*," continued the attorney; "you and I must hereafter know each other, and associate together as equals"—the baronet's blood boiled, and his eye flashed—"we must be intimate, and I shall expect the honour of your good word, and introduction to your friends of the county generally." While Oxleigh said all this, the tears of agony were several times nearly forcing themselves from Sir William. He rose from his chair, exclaiming, in a low tone, "I—I *cannot* think that all this is real!"

"Will you allow me to remind you that pen, ink, and paper are before you, Sir William, and will you favour me with your written promise to convey to me the property in question?" "It will be time enough to think of that, sir, to-morrow, after we shall have inspected the parish register."

"Excuse me, Sir William, but, with submission, we can do it now, *conditionally*. Nothing like written accuracy on such occasions as these." "Well, sir!"

exclaimed the baronet, with a profound sigh: and, flinging himself down in his chair, he seized pen and paper, and wrote, to the dictation of the attorney:

"Sir William Gwynne, baronet, of Gwynne Hall, Shropshire, hereby engages to convey to Job Oxleigh, Esq., of Oxleigh, in the same county, the fee simple situate in the same county, and known by the name of 'The Sheaves,' now of a rental of 2000*l.* per annum, provided the said Job Oxleigh shall prove the truth of his representations, and make good the undertakings specified by him to me, this 15th of October, 1760. And, as the said estate is portion of the estate entailed upon me, I hereby engage to suffer a recovery of the same, in order to cut off the entail, for the purpose of alienating such portion thereof as is above specified.

"WILLIAM GWYNNE."

"Gwynne Hall, 15th October, 1760."

Mr. Oxleigh carefully read this agreement over, folded it up, put it into his pocketbook, and expressed himself satisfied with it. "Now, Sir William," said he, in an altered tone, "we understand one another, and may therefore proceed to business." "Mr. Oxleigh—Mr. Oxleigh, not quite so fast, sir! I have not yet ascertained the truth of your extraordinary representations: till which is done, I will not stir one step in the proceedings. I expect, in the course of to-morrow, to be shown the marriage, baptismal, and burial registers, and to be put into possession of the name and residence of the young man we have been speaking of. And you will allow me, sir, to take this opportunity of telling you two things; that if I should find myself, after all, deceived by you, by my God, I will get you hanged; or, if that cannot be done by law, I will shoot you through the head. And I beg, secondly, that you will not talk so much like my equal—in such a strain of familiarity with me. Sir, I care not what you say to this, or how mortified you look. I cannot,

and will not, bear such freedom. It chokes me to hear the tone of your speech to me. We shall never be friends so long as you forget that *I* am a gentleman and a baronet, and *you*—but no matter. Sir, it is against my nature to endure liberties of any kind." The baronet said all this sternly and bitterly, and drew himself up to his full height as he concluded. The attorney was abashed by the flashing eye and proud bearing of the baronet, and stammered something indistinctly about the respect "certainly due to misfortune."

"Sir, your attention a moment," said the baronet, abruptly, seeing Oxleigh rising as if to go; "tell me what is to be done in this matter, supposing all to prove true that you have said. How is this young man to be found? how is he to be got securely rid of?" inquired the baronet, anxiously. "Why, Sir William, I see no other safe and sure way than—kidnapping him in the night—blindfolded—his arms bound—and in that fashion conveyed abroad. We could soon get him to the Channel."

"And who is to do all this? Must we have *more* depositaries of our secret?" inquired the baronet, with a bitter smile, echoing the expression a short time before used by Oxleigh. "Do you pretend to say that your own hands are sufficient for this cruel—this horrid work?" "No, Sir William; nor yet are yours sufficient, even with mine; but we must neither of us, *therefore*, be idle. We must hire at least two desperate fellows, and pay them well—stop up their mouths with bank notes; and, besides, there is no need for them to be intrusted with the *reasons* of what they are doing: we can easily give *them* any story we like."

"It is a frightful business! Here, the devil has taught you how to make a villain in a moment out of a man who, but an hour ago, might have believed his soul to be full of honour and nobility! I am undone! I am fit for hell, for even listening to you!" "Well, it is easily remedied: I can tell you a way of preserving spotless honour—"

"What do you mean, sir?" inquired the baronet, abruptly. "By simply giving up your *all*—surrendering your title and estates to a—wagoner—a common wagoner—making up to him two or three hundred thousand pounds—and earning your own bread for the rest of your life. *That*, now, Sir William, would certainly be noble!" The baronet groaned. "We are all the creatures of circumstances, Sir William: we must all yield to fate!" "Patter your nonsense elsewhere, sir!" replied the baronet, angrily; "I want no devil's preaching *here!*"

"I wonder, Sir William," retorted Oxleigh, thoroughly nettled by the lofty bearing of the baronet, and the contemptuous tone in which he addressed him, "you can so easily forget that I, who am really and in fact *your master*, yet consent to become your friend—your adviser! Have I not been moderate in my demands? What if I had demanded half your fortune?" "And how do I know but you will hereafter? Let me advise you, Mr. Oxleigh, not to irritate a desperate man; for I now tell you, that if you *were* to increase your demands on me above what is already, perhaps, too easily conceded, I would certainly take your life!"

"Sir William—I had better be frank with you, as I said before—I never thought I should be free from danger—though 'nothing venture, nothing have'—that my life would be otherwise than in perpetual jeopardy—and so I will at once tell you what arrangements I have made to provide for my own security. I have drawn up a full statement of the matters which I have mentioned to you this evening, sealed it up, and placed it in the hands of my London agent, with explicit directions for him to open it, directly he hears of my death, either naturally or violently, for at least nine years to come; so that not only would it do you no good to take away my life, Sir William, but it would immediately ruin you." "Ah! Well, here, then, is an end of our bargain. Give me up the paper I have put into your hands! I will not treat with you on such

terms!" said the baronet, his face blanched to a whiter hue than before.

"You cannot help yourself, Sir William!" replied the attorney, calmly. "Only be pleased to reflect—and you will yourself see that you cannot." * * * "Mr. Oxleigh," said the baronet, suddenly, "I have been thinking of this matter. Supposing all to be as you say, and it should prove necessary to send this man out of the country, there is surely, there can certainly be, no need for *my* appearance or meddling in the business? *I* need not, personally, have a hand in it! Cannot I leave it all to *you*, Mr. Oxleigh, and your assistants?"

"Then, Sir William, what security would you have? How would you know that I had really performed my promise to you? That I had not played you false? Besides, Sir William, this is a dangerous, a very black business—a perilous, a deadly job; and I cannot consent to bear it all upon my own shoulders—to stand alone in it. *You* must help me, Sir William—must work as hard, and risk as much as I. Our hands must both assist in removing this obnoxious person! I am a man of my word, Sir William!—I cannot forego this! To be equally safe, we must be equally guilty, Sir William!—equally committed to each other!" * * *

"Pray, sir, what did you say was this young man's name?" "William Fowler Gwynne—but he goes by the name of William Fowler only."

"Does he know that he bears the name of Gwynne, sir? Has he any inkling of what you have now been telling me?" "No more than the dead!"

"What is he now?" "I am not quite sure, Sir William. He is poor and ignorant—a carter, I believe, or wagoner; but I shall know more by to-morrow."

"Till to-morrow, then, sir, we must part," said the baronet. "Be here to-morrow at nine, and we will say more on this subject. Good evening, sir." "Good evening, Sir William; good evening. I shall be with you again at nine to-morrow; and hope we shall then

be better friends. Good evening, Sir William"—and Oxleigh presumptuously tendered his hand to the baronet, who reluctantly laid his cold fingers—the flesh creeping the while with disgust—in those of Oxleigh; and in a moment or two he was left alone. He sat back in his ample armchair, for nearly two hours, in stupified silence. He was to have written three or four important election letters, and one to his intended wife, that evening; but being now unequal to the task, he thrust his table from him, rang for candles, and went to bed, saying to his valet that he was ill. It need hardly be said that he passed a fearful night; several times being on the point of leaping out of bed, and committing suicide. True to his time, the villain Oxleigh made his appearance at the hall as the clock was striking nine. Sir William met him with a fevered brow and bloodshot eyes; and in half an hour's time both of them stepped into the carriage, which Sir William had ordered to be in readiness. They drove rapidly into Somersetshire; and Sir William returned thunderstruck with what he had seen—ample and indubitable corroboration of all Oxleigh had told him overnight—a ruined, a blighted man. It was long before he recovered the stunning effects of the disclosure. He gradually became passive in the hands of Oxleigh. The servants at the hall, and Sir William's friends, equally wondered what could be the reason of Oxleigh's perpetual presence at the hall.

In three weeks' time it was a matter of notoriety over the country, that Job Oxleigh, Esq., of Oxleigh, had purchased "The Sheaves" estate from Sir William Gwynne; and shortly afterward occurred the seizure with which this narrative commences. Sir William and Oxleigh, with two desperate fellows hired by Oxleigh, were the four that set upon Forster, and, subsequently, William Fowler. Sir William became one of the most miserable of men. His altered demeanour and habits became matter of public observation. He contrived to have it given out that he had become ad-

dicted to the gaming table; and the subtle Oxleigh encouraged the rumour—even allowing himself to be thought one of Sir William's winners! That consummate scoundrel contrived to write himself, in two or three years' time, Job Oxleigh, Esq., M.P.; and was on terms of intimate acquaintance with most of the leading men in the county. He easily made his presence, in a manner, necessary to the wretched baronet, whose nobler soul drooped daily under the pressure of guilt contracted in a weak and evil hour, and so wormed himself into his confidence, that, what with wheedling and menace, he obtained an introduction to a female relative of the baronet's, and married her.

Hurrying on an interval of several years—for the few remaining scenes of this black drama must now be passed rapidly before the reader's eyes—let us approach the mansion of Job Oxleigh, Esq., M.P., on an evening in the winter of the year 1768. He was entertaining a numerous and gay dinner party, consisting of some of the most distinguished people in the county Sir William Gwynne was to have been one of them, but excused himself on the score of illness. Many were the toasts that had been drunk, and were drinking; and the health of the host was being proposed, and received with complimentary enthusiasm, when a servant brought in a letter, which he put into the hands of the Rev. Dr. Ebury, the vicar of the parish, a staid and learned man, who, after a polite nod to the host, opened it, and read with much surprise as follows:—"The master of the workhouse presents respects to the Rev. Dr. Ebury, and begs to inform him that there is a pauper in the workhouse, now in dying circumstances, who has so disturbed, for some time, everybody in the house with his groans and lamentations, that it has been found necessary to put him into a room by himself. He says he has something very heavy on his mind, and humbly begs the favour of a clergyman's being sent for, when he will make an important confession. The Rev. Dr. Ebury is respectfully in-

formed, that the man is pronounced to be in extreme circumstances, and that unless the doctor can come immediately, it may prove too late."

Great was the astonishment with which Dr. Ebury perused this letter, which he took an opportunity of reading aloud to the company, as at once a sufficient and very interesting excuse for leaving. He promised to return to the party that evening, and communicate any intelligence he might receive. Mr. Oxleigh was observed to start as Dr. Ebury went on; and when he had finished reading the letter, Mr. Oxleigh turned deadly pale. Fortunately, however, for him, he had been complaining of indisposition several times in the course of the evening; and what was really the consequence of consternation and guilt, was attributed by those around him to the cause he assigned. His hands, his whole limbs shook; and his eyes looked glassily around the no longer welcome company; for he felt frightful misgivings that his name might be implicated in the confessions which the clergyman was gone to receive!

When Dr. Ebury reached the workhouse, he was conducted alone to the bedside of the man who had wished to see him. He sat beside the gaunt and ghastly figure of a once tall and powerful man. The eyes were sunk and fixed, the flesh fallen away from his high cheek bones, his bloodless lips were retracted, and his huge bony hands, comparatively fleshless, clasped together on his breast, as in an attitude of prayer. He looked a fearful figure—the remnant of a ruffian.

Dr. Ebury knelt down beside the dying man, and uttered a few words of prayer over him.

"And what have you to say to me, my friend?" inquired Dr. Ebury, as soon as they were left alone. The man bent his staring eyes glassily on the clergyman, and with some difficulty, owing to a convulsive twiching about the throat, gasped, "Ay, sir, ay! much to say, and short my time! Lord have mercy on me!

Oh, good Lord, pardon my wicked soul! Lord, Lord, forgive me, and I will confess all!" The man's limbs shook, and his lips worked to and fro violently, evidencing the presence of terrible emotion. He then gasped and faltered, at intervals, somewhat to the following effect: "Doctor, I have lived in guilt almost from a child—wo to me that I was ever born! I have been a robber, and a smuggler, and even—even"—his retracted lips disclosed his white teeth in a frightful manner—"a—murderer! Ay—I have! But there is nothing weighs down my soul so heavily in these my last moments, so heavily as one wickedness I have done to an innocent, unoffending man—for, black and cruel as it will seem, it may be yet in my power to make amends. I shall break my oath—" Here a convulsive twitching seized his whole frame, and Dr. Ebury, under the apprehension that the man was dying, called for assistance. It was nearly a quarter of an hour before the power of speech returned. "Sir, will God curse me if I break an oath I ought never to have made?" Dr. Ebury solemnly replied, "No; especially if breaking it will tend to repair the evil you have done!" The man seemed encouraged.

"It is more than eight years ago now, sir—close going for nine—that a man of the name of Isaacs and I, both being smugglers at the time, were hired to help in kidnapping a man of the name of Fowler—" "*Fowler!* Fowler!" exclaimed Dr. Ebury, bending down breathlessly to catch every word, uttered more faintly every moment by the dying man.

"Yes, sir—Fowler was his name, William Fowler—send him off to America, and Isaacs with him; and cruelly did we use the poor harmless fellow!"

"And why was it all?" "Because, sir, our employers told us he stood in the way of their rights!"

"What were their names?" inquired Dr. Ebury, bending down his ear to the very lips of the dying man, to catch every breath of sound. "Sir William Gwynne, and—and Squire Ox—Ox—leigh—"

Dr. Ebury turned suddenly pale, and almost overthrew the chair on which he had been sitting.

"Go on—go on! God give you strength to tell all you wish, and truly!" "Amen! amen! amen!" replied the dying man, closing his eyes. His breath was evidently beginning to fail.

"Speak, before it is too late—relieve your soul—" "Mr. Ox—Ox—leigh—paid me—had, in all, hundreds of pounds—Fowler—now in America—hope—alive—New-York—Isaacs—order to kill—oh—save—save—pray!" The wretched man's voice ceased, and gave place to a horrid choking, gurgling sound—his hands quivered a moment with final agonies—there was a sudden start—his jaw dropped—his eyes looked upward with a fixed leaden stare—and Dr. Ebury sat gazing on as fearful a corpse as he had ever witnessed.

He was so stunned with what he had heard, that he did not think of moving for some minutes from his seat beside the dead man. "Sir William Gwynne! Mr. Oxleigh!" he repeated, scarcely believing he had heard the words aright. He left the workhouse with such agitation in his countenance and trepidation in his gestures, as sufficiently alarmed the master and others whom he encountered, and who knew the dreary errand on which he had been summoned. He returned not to Mr. Oxleigh's party, but hurried to his own house, betook himself to his study, and instantly committed to paper what he had heard, determined, whatever might happen, to preserve such a faithful record as he could swear to.

About an hour after Dr. Ebury had left the workhouse, Mr. Oxleigh made his appearance there, having suddenly dismissed his visiters on the plea of illness.

"Is the man dead, sir?" he inquired, falteringly, from the master. "What—the man Dr. Ebury came to see, an hour or so since?" "The same—ay, the same," replied Oxleigh, hastily. "Yes, sir. He died while Dr. Ebury was with him; and he has—"

"Give me a light, sir, and let me be shown into the

room alone. It is of consequence," said Oxleigh, sternly; and presently, with a candle in his hand, he entered the room where the corpse, yet untouched, was lying. He shut the door, and bolted it; approached the corpse, and let the light of the candle fall upon the ghastly features. His own countenance was blanched in a moment. "So—it is you! Dam—ned ruffian!" he gasped, in a low choked tone, his body half recoiling from that of the dead man; his eyes gleaming with a diabolical stare upon those of the corpse; his left hand elevating his candle, and his right, with the fist convulsively clenched, extended, for nearly a minute, in quivering contact with the face of the deceased. He *struck* the cold corpse—and then, overcome with horror, sank down into a chair; his candle dropped—was extinguished—and then the dead and living ruffians were left together in darkness.

In a state of distraction bordering on phrensy, Oxleigh made his way from the workhouse, amazing the people he passed by the wildness and agitation apparent in his countenance. He hurried on horseback to Gwynne Hall, and asked hastily for Sir William Gwynne. He was informed that the baronet, feeling worse that evening, had been some hours in bed. "Never mind, sir," said Oxleigh to the thunderstruck valet; "show me into Sir William's chamber instantly. Tell him my name, and that my business is of mortal consequence!" The valet returned shortly, and conducted Mr. Oxleigh at once to the bedside of his master.

"Well, sir—well," commenced the baronet, in a low and hurried tone. "What is the matter? For God's sake, sir, *what* has happened?" he inquired, in still greater agitation, seeing Oxleigh stand speechless, and the image of despair.

"Sir William, it is all over with us; we are DISCOVERED!" at length replied Oxleigh, in a gasping whisper, laying his shaking hand on the baronet's shoulder. Sir William sprung up in bed, as if he had received an electric shock, tossed of the bedclothes, and lay curved

up and crouching in the midst of them, with his hands clutching the hair of his head, and his countenance full of frightful expression. It did little more than reflect the horror-stricken features of Oxleigh. There was a guilty pair! The baronet, without having uttered a syllable, slowly sank again into bed, and lay there, absolutely gasping. Neither of them spoke. At length Oxleigh recovered himself sufficiently to say, "Sir William, Sir William, this is very truth; but we must not shrink in the hour of danger. We must meet it like men. We *must*, Sir William," he continued, eying the dumbstruck, stupified baronet, who scarce seemed to hear him, but mumbled to himself. At length, Oxleigh distinguished the words, "Is it death, or transportation?" "You are rambling, Sir William! What are you talking about? It is weak to behave *thus*, in such an awful crisis. Remember how you have implicated *me*, Sir William!"

The baronet was roused by these last words from his lethargy. He turned his head suddenly towards Oxleigh, looked at him a few seconds, and then suddenly leaped towards him, grasped him by the collar, and shook him with frantic fury, exclaiming, "You fiend! you fiend!—to talk *thus* to ME!" He had hardly uttered the words, however, before his hold relaxed, and he dropped into bed again in a swoon. Oxleigh rang the bell; and when the valet made his appearance, he informed him he was going to bring the physician, and suddenly left the hall. He hurried through the lonely park on foot; and when he had reached the thickest clump of trees, he paused, leaned against the glistening trunk of an old ash, and, with folded arms and bent brows, pondered his fearful fortunes.

"What is to be done! Dr. Ebury has taken down his confession, and has not returned, as he promised, to my house! Then he knows all! Messengers will be sent off to America, Sir William and I shall be arrested, we shall be confronted with Fowler in a court of justice—or—I must away betimes! And yet sup-

pose, after all, the man died before he could make confession! Suppose he was unable to speak distinctly! Suppose he has not told names--has not mentioned *me* —and all is yet safe! *There* is a straw to cling to! But suppose he HAS! My neck aches! I must away! I must leave all behind me. Yes—Sir William Gwynne! Well—what if I do leave *him?* Would *he* risk his life for me? Then why I for him? I entered into all this to serve my ends, not his! I must away—be off to America! This night—ay, this very night—and alone! If I had but known where the cursed caitiff that has betrayed me was to have been found, I would have silenced him!" Oxleigh clutched his hands involuntary, as though they were grasping the dead man's throat. "This is why he has been absconding the last six months from Sir William and me —the pitiful villain—the cowardly, treacherous devil!"

He sprang from where he had been standing, made for where he had fastened his horse, galloped at his utmost speed over the highway, and was soon at home. After a night of terrible agitation, he determined to take the earliest opportunity of calling at the vicarge, and seeing Dr. Ebury, where he could but learn the worst. By ten o'clock he was knocking at the vicar's; but to his consternation, he found that Dr. Ebury had set off an hour before in a carriage and four for London, in company with Mr. Parkhurst, a solicitor in the neighbourhood. There was no mistaking *that* move, thought Oxleigh! He returned home, and hastily wrote to Sir William Gwynne:—

"Fate thrusts me from England. When you read this I shall be on my way to foreign parts. I can do no good in England for myself or for you. I leave you bound to the stake by your own weakness. Accursed, damned be the hour I ever saw you, or discovered the means of my ruin. J. O."

He altered his intentions suddenly, however, after

writing and sending the above note to Sir William Gwynne; for his terrified domestics found him that morning lying in the paved yard behind his house, horribly crushed and mangled. He had thrown himself, head foremost, out of the highest window!

* * * * * *

The scene must once more shift to America. In the large room of an inn in New-York, one Saturday evening in February, 1769, was collected together the usual miscellaneous assemblage of sailors, small tradesmen, and others fond of "noisy song and stirring draught." It differed little from a crowded English taproom. Liquor circulated freely, and conversation, if such name it deserved, was brisk and boisterous. There were several recently arrived British sailors in the room, who about eight o'clock left to return to their respective vessels, leaving behind them two of their passengers. These men seemed silent and reserved, even beyond the proverbial taciturnity of Englishmen; and for upward of an hour had drunk their liquor in quiet, without exchanging a syllable with any one about them. They continued drinking, however, till liquor opened the sluices of speech—at least of one—who took the opportunity of the other's temporary absence to inform a listening coterie that had gradually collected about the bench on which he sat, of the reason for his visiting America. This prudent person was no other than he who was first brought before the eye of the reader—Richard Forster, who had, during the seven or eight years which had elapsed, been elevated to the dignity of constable; and he told his gaping auditors that his and his companion's errand to America, in company with a 'torney and his clerk, was to discover a kidnapped Englishman of the name of Fowler!

"I suppose there isn't any one here that knows Bill Fowler, or where he may be found?" inquired the garrulous and foolish Englishman, whose simple intellects were getting more and more disturbed with what he was drinking. He repeated his question.

"Hold your tongue, you idiot!" growled his companion, that moment returning, and resuming his seat by Forster; "hold your —— tongue, you fool!" and his brother constable pinched him cruelly by the arm. Forster's question was answered in the negative by those around, who began to ask questions in their turn.

"Does any of you—" "St! st!" whispered his scowling companion, kicking Forster's shins under the table. But his tongue had been set going, and could not easily be stopped.

"Does any one know a fellow of the name of—of—of—Le—Le—hang me, I've forgotten the name! What is it, Dobbes?" he hiccoughed to his companion, who was smoking his pipe with prodigious energy. "Oh, you —— fool! Don't speak to *me*. You deserve your tongue cut out of your head! Gentlemen," he continued, addressing those around, "all that this silly chap has said is blather—mere moonshine. He's drunk! We have but come to America to-day, and for the purpose of settling in this town if we can." But his auditors' curiosity was excited, and could not be so easily allayed. One of them was—Francis Leroux himself; and the consternation with which he listened to the gabble of the English stranger may be imagined. He had only that afternoon come up to New-York to see whether there were any long-expected letters for him from England; for his own letter had been long unanswered, and he was getting furious, and bent on mischief. He was too practised a villain to lose his presence of mind in such an emergency as that in which he now suddenly found himself placed. Drinking a little deeper from the glass that stood before him, he mingled with the throng around Forster, and with as indifferent a tone as he could assume, inquired, "Why, what does your government intend to do with the knave?" "It has sent out us four gentlemen to seek these two men, Bill Fowler (who, would you believe it, is an old friend of mine) and

Le—Le—Le—what's his name?—back to England. The whole thing is discovered! 'Tis all known! This Bill Fowler is worth—"

"Now, I'll tell thee what, thou exceeding ass!" exclaimed his companion, a huge fellow, flinging down his pipe, "if thou sayst one word more, I'll take thee into the street, and put my fist upon thee till thou art beaten sober again. Come away, you rascal!" and Dick was dragged out of the room, amid the jokes and laughter of the whole assemblage.

Neither joke nor laugh, however, fell from the quivering lip of Leroux. He presently left the inn, and made for the post where he had tied up his nag, which he saddled, mounted, and rode at a smart pace out of the town, desirous of reaching his and Richard Fowler's residence as quickly as his horse would carry him. Two schemes suggested themselves to his busy thought as he rode along. The one was to make drunk, and then murder Fowler that very night, and then start for South America. The other to conceal him, by getting him to undertake a journey far inland, and keeping him there on one pretext of business or another, till Leroux could make terms for himself by turning king's evidence and betraying his employers.

"I know well how to dispose of him," thought Leroux, as he rode slowly up a hill to ease his nag; "and yet not have to charge myself with his murder. Poor Fowler! He is a harmless fellow, too—and what harm has he ever done me? But I've done too much against him already to stop now! Besides, Sir William Gwynne's last letter—and I've sworn to obey *him!* So—let me see how it might be done. Suppose I wait till to-morrow evening, and then ask Fowler quietly to drink with me at my little place in the Lake field. He is easy and simple, especially in the matter of drink, which I can make him swill till he knows not whether head or heels are uppermost. Then I will part with him; and to return home he must pass the Dorlbad, which is a rotten and dangerous bridge,

scarcely passable by daytime, and while sober—and there is a rushing stream underneath, with a thirty feet fall! Suppose I send him out, then, reeling, and nearly blind drunk—and shake hands with him at parting, telling him to take care of himself—(Lord, there *can't* be murder if I say *that!*) Well—he comes to the bridge—he staggers—his foot—his foot—his foot slips—I watch him from a distance—do not see him—there is a faint crash—and I am off that night for South—"

Leroux's horse had been standing still, while these fearful thoughts passed through the head of its rider, who suddenly heard the clatter of horses' hoofs approaching from behind, at a smart pace; and, turning round his head, he found a small party of horsemen approaching him. He was a little surprised at this, for the road was lonely and unfrequented; but surprise gave way to a very different feeling, when, on being overtaken, one of the party stopped his horse beside him, and—another snatching hold of his bridle—seized him with the grasp of a Hercules by the collar, and in a rough English voice, said, "Isaac Isaacs—thou art my man; and, dead or alive, I will have thee in England before thou art two months older. I say," he continued, tightening his vicelike hold; "hast forgotten what an English bulldog is, Isaac?"

Confounded, as he well might be, with the suddenness of the seizure, and more so at hearing his real name spoken, the first time for many years, Isaacs, who was a very muscular man, swung his assailant nearly off his horse with a sudden jerk of his arm. Two pistols were instantly levelled at his head.

"Dost see what are before thee?" inquired the man who had seized him, and still kept his hold. "They will teach thee reason!" "Why—are you Englishmen?" growled Isaacs, "and is *this* the way—"

"Ay, we are English—and stout men, too!" replied the brawny constable; "and to show thee what stuff we are made of—if thou hast English blood enough left in thee to relish a round at bruising, (thou

art a big fellow,) and wilt dismount, I will make thee swear a horse kicked thee, Isaacs!" shaking his huge fist at his prisoner. "Come! art for a turn?" "A likely thing!" muttered Isaacs, without stirring a muscle.

"So! thou wilt not fight un, eh? Well—to be sure thou hast lived in America, and forgotten our English ways. But we shall teach thee them, Master Isaacs!" he continued—and observing his prisoner with his hand in his bosom, trying to unclasp a knife, he aimed such a tremendous blow at the side of his head, that his prisoner would have fallen from his horse, had he not still been held by the left hand of the constable. Isaacs was completely stunned; and before he could recover himself, his arms were tied tightly together behind his back, and the rope passed once round his neck, in such a way, that if he struggled at all, he would find himself nearly choked.

"Now look, Isaacs," said the constable, standing over his slowly recovering prisoner, "I have often seen thy ugly face in Shropshire, and knew the sort of trade thou didst carry on, though mayhap thou knewest naught of me. I heard thee ask Dick Forster here, them questions at the inn! I saw thy face go white as a new-washed shirt! And now, to be short, having thus quietly taken thee, we will as quietly keep thee! Isaacs, an thou art for leaving America alive, do thou harken to me, and tell me where Bill Fowler is, or we'll hang thy great carcass on the first tree we come to; which is the English way of doing things in America."

"Where is your warrant for all this?" growled Isaacs. "Here!" said the Englishman, taking a pistol out of his coat pocket; "sure this will be enough for thee! Isaacs, we be charged to bring home thee and Sir William Fowler Gwynne, by fair means or foul, and we *will*, Isaacs!"

"Well—let me know one thing. If I should show you where he is, safe and sound—will you release

me?" There was a pause. "No—I will be plain and true with thee like a man. We will *not* let thee go; we will have thee back to England, dead or alive."

"Well—if I show him to you—and we both reach England—what will be done with me, think you?—hanging?" "Why—no; I doubt whether thou art worthy of that. Thou wilt, perchance, be put into the stocks, morning, noon, and night, for three years; and then publicly whipped; and then be kicked out of Old England, and sent to a somewhat different place from this—and when thou art there, how soon thou gettest shot, or hanged, matters not." Every one laughed at the eloquence of the constable but Isaacs.

"What—will it not make in my favour to tell you where he is, gentlemen?" said the crestfallen Isaacs, quite cowered before the plain-spoken, resolute, athletic Englishman. "To be sure it will! An thou dost not, thou shalt not *live* to get hanged in England, for I will knock out thy brains here!" Isaacs seemed reflecting a while.

"Well," said he, at length, "I see how it is—and perhaps 'twere better to tell all at once! Look'ee, gentlemen!—I'm an injured man." There was a laugh. "I've done all in my power to release Fowler, and get him back to England—but could not compass it. I have used him handsomely, and given him almost all the moneys that were sent me from England." "Come, then—he'll be better able to tell us that himself," said the constable, urging his prisoner, and helping him on horseback; "thou must mind say all *that* before my lord the judge in England, who will have to sentence thee. I am a plain man, and don't see the use on't! Now lead thou on, Master Isaacs!"

Nearly bursting with fury, Isaacs, his horse's bridle held by the constable, directed the party in what direction to proceed; and in about two hours time the cavalcade entered the quiet farmyard of Fowler and Isaacs—and one of the party knocked at the house-

door. It was about twelve o'clock, and Fowler was greatly alarmed, thinking himself beset by banditti.

"Do but come down to us," said Dick Forster, one of the party, thoroughly shaken into his sober senses, before setting out on the expedition, by his angry companion. "Do but come down to us, and we will tell you the greatest piece of news you ever heard. Come! —come, an it be with a cocked pistol in each hand, and under both arms! Why, man, I am loving Richard Forster from England! And here be never so many friends come with me, to bear me company to you!" Fowler nearly leaped out of the window from which he had been reconnoitring the party in the yard. In a trice he was down stairs, in the midst of them, with his cap and night shirt; and singling out Forster, who rushed forward to meet him, clasped him in his arms, laughing and crying by turns.

"Why, dearest Dick, what art thou come here for? Who be all these?" All bowed and removed their hats, and their eloquent spokesman proceeded—"We be come for to tell you of your rights, and riches, and honour, and titles, and our loves. You be no longer Bill Fowler, but Sir William Fowler Gwynne, a baronet of Gwynne Hall, Shropshire, with a hundred thousand pounds a year besides! An't he, gentlemen, eh?" —turning round with a confident air to his bowing companions.

"Sir William—*Sir William*—what?" inquired Fowler, standing stupified among them. "Ay, ay, Bill—I mean *Sir* Bill—that is, Sir William," stammered Dick Forster—"you be really a very great man, and here's one behind us will tell thee so, besides!" And stepping aside, poor Leroux, with his hands tied behind him, and in the grasp of the gigantic constable, stood forth to view. Fowler stared at him, breathlessly.

"Isaacs!" said Forster, "I mean, Le—Le—what's it?—isn't all this true? Isn't Bill Fowler that was, a baronet now, by the name of Sir William Fowler?"

"Ay, I suppose so!" grumbled Isaacs, ashamed to look his ci-devant captive in the face.

"What! is it all true?" said Fowler, approaching him, with a wondering air. "Is it no dream?—no mockery?" "You *are* Sir William Gwynne!" replied Isaacs, sullenly.

"And why are *you* tied in this way, eh?" pursued Fowler, elevating his hands in astonishment. "Because *he's* a rogue as you are a baronet!" replied Dick Forster, promptly.

Fowler still looked bewildered. "Gentlemen," said he, suddenly, "I can't make it out; but I shall know better what to think, when I've slept upon it! But—if I'm really a baronet—why, I'll make you all drink this night with the greatest man you ever drank with before! I will empty all my ale casks for you, and you can drink them. Come in, gentlemen—come in, I say!"

The baronet was obeyed; and in a short time was sitting in his parlour, with a new-lighted fire, surrounded by his English friends, and with a fresh-tapped cask of ale upon the table, which supplied such excitement to them all, as found vent in songs that might have been heard a mile off, and were heard with peculiar satisfaction by Isaacs, who, with his legs tied together and his arms pinioned, lay in the room overhead. It need not occasion surprise to hear that the rising sun beheld the newly made baronet, and his jolly friends, lying huddled together on the parlour floor, in prostrate adoration before the shrine of Bacchus. It was arranged that they were all to set off for England without the delay of a day. Sir William Fowler was not long in making his preparations; but one of the expected guests did not evince such alacrity for the voyage as his companions. It was Isaacs; who took the opportunity, in some inexplicable way, of making his escape. When his mortified captors came, hardly sobered, into the room where they had left him, lo! their man was

gone! All search proved useless; no traces of him were ever discovered.

Let us travel faster to England than Sir William and his attendants, and view the aspect of matters awaiting his arrival.

Dr. Ebury lost no time, as he was, in proceeding up to London, and laying before the secretary of state the shocking confession he had received, thereby explaining the sudden and mysterious abduction of Fowler. The villanous plot began to unravel itself; but, as an affair of such magnitude, and criminating a man of the rank and fortune of Sir William Gwynne, the secretary of state enjoined the utmost deliberation and circumspection. The moment, however, Oxleigh's suicide was communicated to him, he felt warranted, at the instance of Mr. Parkhurst, the solicitor accompanying Dr. Ebury, in sending a commission of four persons to America; two of them constables from the neighbourhood, and acquainted with the person of Fowler, to bring back the kidnapped heir to the titles and estates of Gwynne. In the mean time, Mr. Parkhurst hurried down to Shropshire with a warrant to arrest Oxleigh, and reached his house, with officers, during the time that a coroner's inquest was sitting on the body. He then proceeded to Gwynne Hall; but found Sir William in too dangerous circumstances to be moved. Very heavy bail was taken for him, and an officer besides left in the house. A most rigorous investigation into the whole affair was set on foot by Mr. Parkhurst and Dr. Ebury. The claims of the absent Fowler were thoroughly sifted, and found to be irrefragable. Morning, noon, and night, did Mr. Parkhurst devote cheerfully to the laborious inquiry; writing with his own hands hundreds of folios. When, at length, he had collected all his materials, and, as the phrase is, "licked them a little into shape," he set off with them for London, to secure the opinion and advice of the celebrated attorney general. Great interest was excited about the cause, even in the metropolis; and

all parties waited with anxiety for the decision of the attorney general—as if his fiat had been that of the judges.

The day appointed by the attorney general for delivering his opinion on the voluminous case laid before him, happened, singularly enough, to be that on which the new baronet and his friends arrived in London, from America. Mr. Parkhurst soon received intelligence of the event; and procured the attendance of Sir William, with himself, Dr. Ebury, and another, at the attorney general's chambers in the Temple, where he had intimated his intention of reading to them and explaining his opinion.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I do not think I ever devoted such anxious care to a case as this. I have gone nearly a dozen times over this pile of papers, and had, all the while, the assistance of my eminent brother, the solicitor general. We completely agree in one opinion; which is, that the title of Sir William Gwynne CANNOT BE DISTURBED." Mr. Parkhurst almost sank into the floor. "There are two reasons for this," proceeded the attorney general, calmly; "first, the statute of limitations came into operation six months ago, in Sir William's favour: and I need not say, that when the statute once begins to run, nothing can stop it. But even supposing that ground to be doubtful, as it *may*, possibly, be beat into a questionable shape, there is yet a fatal obstacle in the way of the person whose pretensions you have so zealously and ably espoused; Sir William Gwynne IS THE RIGHT HEIR AT LAW." Mr. Parkhurst looked aghast. "In a matter of such moment as this, I have availed myself of a certain information, which was tendered to me in consideration of my office. I have here, and shall deliver into your hands, a document, formerly in the possession of the deceased Mr. Job Oxleigh, and unquestionably in his handwriting, stating, with proofs, that the wife of the late Mr. William Fowler Gwynne, the alleged mother of the person now present"—pointing to the *sci-disant*

baronet--" died, certainly having given birth to a son; but that SON DIED within a week of his christening. This young man, who has always hitherto borne the name of William Fowler, was an orphan son of a poor woman that died in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Fowler, who took her child, nursed it, gave it the name of William Fowler, and died, leaving it about two years of age. The whole has been the singularly artful contrivance of the late Mr. Job Oxleigh, to hold Sir William Gwynne in bondage, and extort from him the estate called 'The Sheaves,' of which Mr. Oxleigh was possessed. I may take the liberty of suggesting, that, though the baronet has acted cruelly and illegally, under the circumstances, a prosecution against him would not be more than barely sustained. He has suffered greater torture for the last nine or ten years, than the law can now inflict upon him. It is of course, however, for you and others to consider this, which I merely offer as a suggestion. Sir, I beg to hand you my written opinion, as well as the document to which I have alluded; and to intimate that I am compelled to withdraw, being summoned to attend the king."

The attorney general bowed, and withdrew into another room, leaving Mr. Parkhurst, and indeed all present, completely thunderstruck.

"What! Be I no baronet, then, after all?" inquired Fowler, wofully chopfallen. Mr. Parkhurst gave him no answer.

"Who is to send me back again to America?"

These were puzzling and unwelcome questions. How the poor fellow was eventually disposed of, I know not; though, it is said, he was seen, shortly after, in his old character of a wagoner; and his splendid adventures silenced for ever the claims to popularity of poor Dick Forster. Mr. Parkhurst did not continue in town two hours after the attorney general had delivered his opinion; but stepped into a post-chaise and four, and hurried down into Shropshire, to release Sir William Gwynne from all restraint, and

communicate the extraordinary turn which circumstances had taken. He reached Gwynne Hall in time to see the return of the mournful funeral procession which had attended Sir William's remains to the vault of his ancestors. The griefworn, broken-hearted baronet—the victim of villany almost unequalled in systematic atrocity—had expired about a week before, begging he might be buried as quickly as possible—as though he were ashamed for his remains to be upon the face of the earth. The titles and estates went to a remote member of the family.

END OF THE WAGONER.

MONKWYND:

A

LEGENDARY FRAGMENT.

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir: put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

King John.

THE soft sunlight streamed sadly through many a dim and gloomy vista of Monkwynd Forest, towards the close of a sultry afternoon, in the autumn of 1399. On every side, beyond the eye's ken, stretched vast sylvan colonnades of amber-hued trees, here and there interrupted by a gaunt and hoary oak, who seemed struggling to maintain his patriarchal supremacy over his leafy brethren—and irregular clumps of towering elms. Dimly through the distance was occasionally seen the form of a solitary deer, glancing swiftly among the trees, as if in search of his strayed comrades. Solemn and unbroken stillness reigned throughout the gloomy depths of Monkwynd. Rich masses of broken sunlight fell at intervals on the soft, glistening moss, which looked as though it had never been crushed beneath the proud footsteps of man. The sun was as yet at a considerable height above the vast outline of the Welsh mountains, which bounded the horizon.

A slight gloom overcast the rich and tranquil scenery; and the aspect of the sky betokened the rapid approach of a thunder storm. The sun, with his regal train, presently disappeared behind a dense phalanx of tow-

ering clouds, which seemed as though collecting from all parts "the loud artillery of heaven." A few moments ensued, of that intense and sultry stillness which usually precedes a storm. Nature seemed to sink with fearful apprehension of what might follow. At last, a few large drops of rain were heard pattering slowly through the motionless branches; they were soon followed by an astounding peal of thunder, which seemed to shake the whole forest, as its long and deep reverberations died away among the distant groves. Several awfully vivid sheets of lightning shed over the scenery a transient ghastly light; and in a few moments the rain poured down in torrents. There was something freshening, in hearing its ceaseless clatter among the hurtling leaves and branches, and viewing it streaming on the emerald grass and moss beneath.

On a slightly elevated mound of grass, at some distance from the surrounding trees, in the very heart of the forest, apparently unconcerned amid the torrents of rain, the reverberating thunder claps, and the livid, incessant flash of lightning, stood the tall figure of a stranger. His arms, folded on his breast, drew tightly around him the folds of a long dark cloak; it doubled over his head in the shape of a hood, which, in the present instance, was thrown rather aside. It was the monkish costume. His pale, stern, and forbidding countenance, and restless vulture eye, conveyed to the spectator the idea that he contemplated a monument of ruined ambition. He was gazing on the sky; and the fitful lightning shed over his features a most wild and unearthly expression. His lips were compressed sullenly together; and his broad forehead, partially shaded with black hair, was knotted with a gloomy air of intense thought and disquietude.

"Ay!" he exclaimed, in a deep tone, after witnessing a terrific flash of lightning, "an I envy not that cloud, may Satan asshrive me this night! It hath cast forth from its dark chambers a troublesome guest, and now flitteth on its journey easily. Holy St. Botolph!

would *I* were able to cast forth the lightning which scorcheth me secretly—ay, blighteth every hour of my accursed life! And that thunder—why the earth seemed to leap with horror at the hearing on't—yet it shaketh not the soul o' him that standeth thereon! I weeten* that these fresh rain drops would cool my burning brow—but alack! they roll off hot—hot! Marry! that was a doughty feat, in sooth!" said he, as the lightning descended on a giant oak, and rent it asunder with a loud crash. "That same lightning hath taught me a lesson. *It* careered over the sky till it had collected all its might—and then it flung down at once the whole of its fiery vengeance; and see how it hath blasted the proud old king o' Monkwynd! In like manner *I* have wandered from far, over lonesome hill and valley, and crossed the troublous seas—and now will I do in like manner, by the mass!" As he spoke these last words with subdued eager bitterness, he reached over his hand to his left side, as though he felt something beneath his cloak. A wild smile passed over his face. "An't shall please thy reverence," exclaimed a husky voice, thou hadst better turn within, and abide under cover, till the rain be overpast." The voice issued from the door of a small cave, which conveniently opened between the trunks of two trees, at about ten paces distance from the mound on which stood the moody stranger. The speaker was a jolly obese little friar, with a smooth-shaven crown, and vermilion tinted nose. The stranger stalked slowly to the cave, and stood leaning against one of the elm trees. He glared silently on the lightning, as it flashed incessantly afar off.

"Sancta Maria! what a dreary even is this!" quoth Father Gootle, fingering his dusky beads. "Yon lightning looketh like fiery snakes i' the sky: an't please ye, sir serpents, I wot ye would keep far from

* In several parts of the ensuing narrative I have adopted the colloquial phrases of the period at which our story commences.

this our comfortable resting-place! Dost thou dread the lightning, holy father?"

"I prithee peace, sirrah: trouble me not with thy malapert questions. Rather sit thee down within there, and go to sleep," replied the monk, sternly.

"If it please thy reverence, I have but aroused a little while from my nap—and even then an unmannerly peal o' thunder awoke me. But I can tell thee o' something that will comfort thy soul: ay, in sooth, it *will* comfort thy soul."

"Out with it, then!" said the monk, looking negligently over his shoulder.

"Body and soul be sworn brothers—*charissimi fratres*, as saith one of the fathers, if it please thy reverence to recollect. Sith it so stand, it follows that they have all things in common. When one is griped, and pinched, why so is the other, as it were. Thy mind is now disquieted, after a certain sort; and by close examination thereof, according to the command of the holy church—but thou rememberest what Father Ambrose saith—

'Sint pura cordis intima
Absistat et vecordiâ'—

I found that it was not disquieted because of aught evil in itself, (blessed be the mother of God!) but purely because the body is wanting in due and fitting nourishment: the stomach—the stomach—hem, hem."

"Out on thy drivelling! What wouldst thou say to me?"

"Marry, that I have an excellent mutton pasty within here, which a certain pious damsel gave me this morning for absolution from an unspeakable thing. Doubtless thout wilt fall to, and partake thereof."

"Thou fat old dotard!" exclaimed the monk, turning his back on him angrily.

"Nevertheless, *I* feel a certain craving after food, which must be satisfied. Doubtless when the savoury smell of my pasty ascendeth to thy nostrils, thou wilt

be of other mind than thou art now, for thou hast travelled far to-day," replied the good friar; and drawing a small knife from his vest, which seemed always ready on such occasions, he cut out a large piece, which he immediately began to eat, with great zest, and in silence. For some moments the monk stood gazing on the storm, which yet raged with unabated violence; but at last, it seemed that the prediction of his companion was verified, for he turned slowly round and seated himself within the cavern.

"An thou likest, thou mayst portion *me* out a morsel, for I wax something faint with travelling, and a long fast. I have that to do which doth not admit of weakness—else I had vowed not to eat till—" He broke off suddenly, and a gloomy pause ensued.

"Surely the damsel from whose fair hands did come this pasty, is blessed with excellent skill in the fashioning of pasties," said the friar, handing a slice to the monk, who ate a few mouthfuls in silence. At length he flung down the remainder, with violence.

"Sancta Maria! doth it not suit thy palate? Is it seasoned too highly?" inquired the astonished friar. "Thou couldst not have done more, an it had been poisoned—which our blessed Lady forbid, for I have eaten a reasonable quantity!" he continued, passing his hands over his protuberant paunch, and looking rather alarmed. The monk, evidently striving to conceal from his companion his great perturbation, stammered confusedly, as a reason for his strange conduct,

> "Carnis terat superbia
> Potûs cibique parcitas.

"Dost not thou know what that meaneth, thou that art gorging like a hog beneath an oak tree? I will taste no more o' thy vile dainties."

He seemed fearfully agitated. He quivered from head to foot: and glared so wildly around him that the friar, terrified by his vehemence, and apprehending that a long fast had somewhat deranged him, pulled out

a small flask of wine, and offered it to him: he drained it off at a draught.

"Was that *blood* thou gavest me?" inquired the monk, in a hollow tone, fixing an appalling stare on the affrighted friar.

"Blood?—blood? Holy St. Becket! Why should I give thee blood? Thou ravest! Thou art certainly ill! Look at this holy wood, father, and be blessed!" and he held before him a small crucifix.

"Ha!" exclaimed the monk, with a long shuddering gasp, gazing on the crucifix with a bursting eye. He suddenly snatched it from the trembling grasp of the friar, and dashed it into fragments upon the stone floor.

"Sancta—sanctissima Maria! Henceforth a curse clingeth to thee for ever!" screamed the astonished friar, as the monk darted from the cavern, and staggered to the mound where he had previously stood. He shook himself violently, as though he had been flinging off the coils of a serpent, pressed his hands to his forehead, and gazed upward with an eye quivering with agony and despair. He turned round with sudden calmness. He seemed with a gigantic effort to have allayed his terrible excitement. He walked slowly to the cave, at the entrance of which stood the pale and agitated friar, rapidly counting his heads.

"Go thou within, Father Gootle; I have somewhat for thy ear."

"How shall I sit near one who hath broken and despised the blessed cross!" inquired the trembling friar. A look from the monk silenced his scruples, and he obeyed. The monk seated himself opposite to him.

"Dost thou remember," he resumed, solemnly, laying his cold hands on those of the friar; "dost thou remember San Marco?"

The shuddering friar made no reply.

"I see thou dost," continued the monk, gloomily; "but why art thou so startled? Dost thou remember in the inner court of the abbey, in the still of the eve-

ning, what words they were which I spoke to thee? What I said about England—about Cheshire?"

"Holy father, I pray thee, take off from me thy burning eye! Thy fiendish stare hath maddened me. Help; I faint!"

"Weak fool!" exclaimed the monk, as he supported him till he recovered.

"Father Gootle! I ask thee, dost thou remember the word which I whispered in thine ear, when the bell rung to vespers?"

"I do! I do!" replied the friar, gasping with terror.

"That word hath brought me from Italy to England, although thou thoughtst I was intrusted on an errand of state to Cardinal Superbè. That word hath been my support amid troubles and sorrows unutterable. That word hath been to me for breath and for food. That word hath made me to laugh at the grave."

"And that word will be thy passport to hell!" replied the friar, vehemently.

"*Hell!*" ejaculated the monk, with a bitter smile. "Now, father, do thou mark me, and mind me. I go to do a deed, which neither thou nor any other man must see. Stay thou within this cavern until I return, or thy blood be on thine own head. An thou stirrest beyond these two trees till I return—by the cross which I brake, but this is thy grave!" said the monk, in a voice of thunder.

The friar fell on his knees, and clasped his hands in speechless agony.

"What meanest thou? What wouldst thou?" inquired the monk, sternly.

"By thy hopes of heaven, do not this dark and bloody deed!"

"Thou mayst cease thine entreaties, father. Can the stamp of a foot crumble yon mountains into dust? Then may thine entreaties melt the rock of my resolution. I tell thee I *shall* have my revenge, an there be truth in heaven or in hell. Once again I warn thee,

if thou leavest till I return, I will slay thy body, and curse thy soul for ever, an it were in my power."

With these words he left the cave, and Father Gootle more dead than alive. He strode rapidly to the mound he had previously occupied. The armies of the storm had furled their flags, and left the sky to the brief but serene dominion of the setting sun. Purple-tinged clouds floated around him in dim pomp and shadowy magnificence. The freshly laved trees glowed in his soft lustre; and the winds swept through their foliage, as though they chanted the faint and mournful requiem of the departing day. The scene was delightfully tranquil; but not so he whose eye dilated upon it with sullen indifference.

The monk frequently cast his eye towards a grove of silvery sycamores, round which wound a circuitous pathway leading to Wrexham, as though anxiously waiting the approach of an expected passenger. He often muttered to himself, "When will he come? What an, after all, I am misled? But, lo! there he cometh! ay, *he cometh!* Why doth my blood stand still, and why mine eyes grow dim? What meaneth this sickness? this deadly faintness at the heart? Hold! an *it* fail me *now*, so shall my life!"

He drew his cowl over his face, and began to walk around, in a thoughtful mood, so that he might be speedily overtaken by the horseman who followed. It was an elderly man who rode on a large white horse. He was dressed in a long buff tunic, somewhat the worse for wear, with a broad leather band buckled round his waist, and had on a coarse thrum bonnet. Covetousness and rapacity seemed to twinkle in his keen, deep-set, gray eyes, and to be stamped upon every feature of his countenance; and a dirty-grayish, straggling beard attached to his peaked chin, gave a perfect idea of a miser. He rode at a leisurely pace, and soon overtook the monk, who walked on with his chin inclined on his hand, in a posture of deep thoughtfulness.

"The blessing of St. Botolph be with thee, good stranger; hast thou alms for one of the holy church's poor servants?" inquired the monk, in a stifled voice.

"Good even' to thee, holy priest: but syn thou askest alms, let me tell thee, I have not sufficient for mine own wants."

"An it were ever so little, give it, I prithee: wottest thou not of the widow's mite?"

"I tell thee," replied the stranger, peevishly, "I have scarce sufficient for mine own wants; and how, then, can I minister to thine?"

"How sayst thou so? Report babbleth that thou hast an indifferent good estate, adjoining—is it not so? *Davie o' Monkwynd* passeth for richer than any within many a rood, an I am not misled."

"Then report is a liar—an thou *wilt* have plain words. Even suppose I had some trifling property in tenements, and so forth—thinkest thou I am not sufficiently burdened with young King Richard's extortion? Every month that cometh is saddled with some new exorbitant tax. Marry, I tell thee, I am poor."

"An it were never so small a trifle," continued the monk, imploringly.

"Thou shouldst not, because thou couldst not have it!" replied Davie, angrily, at the same time quickening the pace of his horse. But the monk still kept close to his side.

"Leave me, leave me, thou importunate beggar! Thou dost disgrace thy cloth!" said Davie, impatiently: had he seen the withering scowl with which the monk regarded him, he would have set off at full gallop; as it was, he urged his horse to brisker speed than before: but the monk, with long and rapid strides, still kept even with him, and, seeing Davie inclined to set off at a gallop, he laid his hand on the bridle.

"Why—what meanest thou? By'r Lady, wouldst thou rob me! Dost know that the greater half of this forest is owned by me?" said Davie, with great trepidation.

"An that be so, how canst thou be so poor as to be unable to give me a mark or two? I pray thee give me alms, in the name of the Blessed Virgin!"

"I will see thee hanged first, priest as thou art!" vociferated Davie, losing all patience.

"Then mark me!" said the monk, in a slow and solemn voice, "I will give *thee* a gift!"

"Ay, i'fait?—ay?" inquired Davie, eagerly; "money or goods? Money or goods? Stay—perchance thou meanest thy blessing? If so, keep it to, thyself: a monkish blessing I value not half a sterling."

"Davie, wouldst thou know what my gift meaneth?" asked the monk, impressively. "It is this! Gaze till thine eyes be blighted!" and he drew from beneath his cloak a keen, long, and glittering knife, spotted with blood.

"Holy Mary! Dost thou mean to murder an old man?" stammered Davie, while he strove, but ineffectually, to urge his horse to a more rapid pace.

"Murder thee! St. Dunstan forbid! Dost thou think a *monk* a murderer? Take thou this blade, and examine it well. I warrant thee thou shalt, by-and-by, discover in it something strange and wondrous," replied the monk, as he extended the knife to his companion.

"By the bones o' Saint Becket, I will not touch it! Thou art a fiend, and no man," replied Davie.

"Take it, or rue it!" thundered the monk. Davie took it with a trembling hand. "And what am I to do with it?" he inquired, faintly.

"Mark it well, and give it me again."

Davie viewed it with a dim and sickening eye, and returned it in silence to his companion, who clutched it with fierce eagerness, and replaced it beneath his cloak.

"Dost thou remember it, Davie? Dost thou remember it?"

"No!" replied Davie, casting a wild and fearful

glance on his companion, who drew his cowl closer over his face. A long pause ensued.

"And so thou art poor, art thou?" inquired the monk, with feigned calmness.

"Thou speakest truly, reverend father."

"How long hast thou lived in these parts?"

"I have dwelt here syn my youth," replied Davie, with trembling submissiveness.

"*Hadst thou ever a brother?*" inquired the monk, abruptly, in a voice which thrilled to the very marrow of his shuddering auditor.

"Ay!" he replied, at the same time grasping the pommel of his saddle, as if he with difficulty preserved his seat.

"Why dost thou tremble, and turn so white in thy face, Davie?" inquired the monk, with a fierce smile.

"A passing fit of sickness, such as I often have. Would that Gideon Drench, the leech, were here: I lack his assistance. I pray thy reverence to remember, that I am a weak and year-stricken man."

"Doubtless it is so; but—thy brother?" continued the monk, with cold solemnity; "is he alive now?"

Davie was silent.

"I ask thee, Davie—is thy brother alive?" repeated the monk.

"With great grief of heart, I must tell thee, he is dead. God's peace be with his soul!" stammered Davie, as if his words choked him.

"When did he die, Davie?"

"It is now a matter of ten years, so please thy reverence."

"I prithee, did he die at home—in his father's house?"

"Alack, no! He died at Wat Tyler's rebellion. He was slain by a knight, in Smithfield. I grieve to say he was a traitor."

A long pause ensued, which neither seemed inclined to break.

"*Where* didst thou say he died?" inquired the monk, abruptly.

"Peace be with him! He followed the Duke o' Hereford to Lithuania, and was left dead on the field of battle. I had like to have gone beside myself with sorrow for him—for I was the only one of the family that loved him."

"I thought thou saidst he was a rebel, and died in Wat Tyler's insurrection, in Smithfield?" said the monk, slowly, fixing a keen and startling glance on Davie, who made no other reply than by gasping, "Heaven pity me—I grow distracted!"

"Hadst thou other brothers than he, Davie?"

"No, he was the elder and only one."

The monk drew his cowl closer over his face, and said, in a voice which seemed to rise from the depths of the grave, "Davie, thou didst *murder* thy brother!"

The reins fell from Davie's hands, and he fixed on the shrouded face of his companion a cold, unmeaning stare, while the monk continued, in the same sepulchral tone—

"Davie, dost thou remember the Elder Tower? Dost thou remember who sat in it at midnight, when stillness was upon the earth? Dost thou remember that thy brother received from thine hands a cup of sack—drank it—and presently fell asleep? Dost thou remember that thou didst take from thy tunic a knife? Dost thou remember baring the cloak from thy brother's bosom? Dost thou remember the hot blood that gushed over thy clasped hands? Dost thou remember the hooting of an owl, who settled opposite to thee, on a hazel tree, and sang thee a death song on thy deed? Dost thou remember the broad eye of the moon that wellnigh froze thee into stone, as thou lookedst on it? Dost thou remember hearing a wild shriek—that a maiden started from the bower, where she had been sleeping, close by, and was awaked by the owl—that thou wast following her, with thy red knife in thine hand, when thy feet failed thee on the ground slippery

with blood? Ha! dost thou remember that ghastly night? Thou didst not see the blue hell fire which flickered around the shrubs and bushes by thee! Davie! I tell thee thy soul is died with blood! Blood—blood—blood crieth out against thee for vengeance! It was licked up by the thirsty earth, into its dark womb, where it is preserved until now! *Cain!*—dost thou hear the curse which is denounced upon thee?" inquired the monk, through his closed teeth.

During the whole of this heart-freezing recapitulation, Davie had gazed fixedly on the gloomy speaker, with a lacklustre eye, and his features bedewed with a clammy sweat. His horse had for some time ceased to move, as if the withering words of the monk had operated as a spell on the horse as well as the rider. At length the monk shook him from his lethargy.

"Davie! dost thou hear thine accuser?"

"Oh, thou fiend, thou fiend! why dost thou fright me?" gasped Davie, striving to trace the figure of the cross.

"Away home, Davie! *I will meet thee again!* See thou be prepared for my coming!"

More dead than alive, Davie urged his horse gently forward. The monk watched him till the winding pathway had hid him from his view, and then darted through the trees, where he was heard rapidly urging his way among the crashing and creaking bushes, as he pushed them on each side.

Davie rode along for some time, at a very slow and mournful pace; but a sudden recollection of the last words of the terrible stranger—the fearful mystery in which he was shrouded—and the dreariness of his own situation, altogether, so awed his imagination, and overcame his feelings, that with sudden and desperate vehemence he struck his horse, till it bore him along at a rapid rate. He soon reached the borders of the forest, and rode up towards a pair of dim and lofty gates, on each side of which was placed a rudely sculptured boar, scowling with great fierceness. He

dismounted, and fastened his horse to the gate with a trembling hand. With hurried, unsteady steps, he passed through the courtyard, which was growing gloomy with the shadows of evening. He approached a large, irregularly built mansion, heavy with cumbrous, dingy-hued timberworks; and each angle was garnished with a small square turret; but for what earthly use is beyond conjecture. The door was beneath a ponderous stone porch. He raised his hand to the latch; but he could not move it. Again and again he shook the door, with what little strength he had left, but he heard only its faint echoes through the silent chambers. He called out faintly, "*Jeanet!*" but received no answer. As he turned round to examine the ground casement, his startled eye caught a glance of a tall dim figure, gliding swiftly and noiselessly by the gates through which he had entered; and his ear caught the low querulous neighing of his horse, as though it had been startled or disturbed by the being, whoever it was, that passed.

Once more he shook the oaken door, but in vain. He leaned disconsolately against the porch, and groaned. He was gazing on the door, when he saw it move: he pushed it and it fell back. After a moment's pause of apprehension, he crossed the threshold. Had he possessed sufficient recollection and presence of mind, he might have been surprised and alarmed at the sudden opening of the door—but it escaped his notice. As he paced the dim passage, his heart leaped within him at the echo of every footfall. He was surprised at the unusual, the dreary, the ominous silence which pervaded the house. Sickening with a vague apprehension of horror, he ascended the oaken stairs which led to his sleeping chamber. He opened the door. The last lingering sunlight, which shed a melancholy gleam around, revealed to him the figure of his wife, stretched in blood on the floor, which had issued from a wound in her breast, where the fatal instrument yet remained. He seemed petrified, as his reeling eyes encountered

the staring eyeballs of his murdered wife. While he gazed in silence on the frightful spectacle, he heard a wild unmeaning laugh behind him: he turned round with tottering steps, and beheld the *monk*.

"Ha, Davie! art thou at thy trade of blood again?" he inquired, with bitter derision.

Davie's limbs refused him any longer support; and he fell down by the side of his wife, his eyes still riveted on the fiendish figure of the monk.

The monk drew back his sleeves from his hands, and knelt down deliberately by his side. He slowly drew out the long knife, which stood in the gashed bosom of the wife.

"Dost thou remember, I said I would meet thee again? Art thou prepared?"

He wiped the wet blade upon his sleeve, and, with terrible calmness, unbuckled Davie's tunic. He laid his hand upon Davie's heart.

"Thou art still warm with life, Davie: it *is* warm!" he continued, and it seemed as though a pang of momentary remorse thrilled through his black heart; for he folded his arms on his breast, and gazed anxiously on the haggard countenance of his unresisting victim.

"Davie! dost thou remember me?" asked the monk, flinging wide his hood.

"My brother!" gasped the dying wretch.

The words had scarcely quivered from his lips, when the monk uplifted his knife, and plunged it thrice into his bosom, yelling, "Die, accursed!—die, die, die!

"It is done!" groaned the monk; "now for Italy." He sprang from the scene of fratricidal horror, and hurried through the courtyard.

Soon after the monk had left the cavern in Monkwynd Forest, Father Gootle contrived to rouse his sinking spirits, by an appeal to a sure and often-tried friend —a flask of Gascon wine, which he had concealed in a dark corner by way of *dernier resort*. Never had a similar application been so instantaneously successful. It infused new life and vigour into his system,

and recruited his mental energies. He commenced a soliloquy.

"An it please Heaven, this deed of blood shall either be prevented, or visited with due punishment. It will be a deed of excellent service to the church. But what an I should perish, in working this good? Could the holy mother church afford to lose me? Truly, I fear not. Marry, this is my consolation, *Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesiæ*, as one saith. My singular eloquence hath often, in times past, edified the church; and I have done many other excellent things, which it becometh not me to name. And—supposing I should die, at a sudden push, in defence of the church's purity —hem, hem," chuckled the friar—"methinks it would sound indifferent well in after ages, for folks to beseech the intercession of *Blessed St. Gootle!* But I must be doing: ay, i'faith; and what shall I do?" Here a short pause ensued. "I will hie me to Wrexham, (which lieth at little more that half a mile's distance,) to *Irongripe*, the bailiff, and bring him, with some few other stout fellows, to Davie's house; and our Lady grant I may be in time to prevent the shedding of blood!"

It is true, the fierce threats of the monk came to his remembrance; but then he easily consoled and fortified himself with mentioning the words, "*Blessed St. Gootle.*" So away went the good father, as fast as his limbs could carry him, puffing all the way to Wrexham. He was successful. Irongripe, a very valiant and noted thieftaker, instantly accompanied him with three other bloodhound followers. They met the monk riding rapidly along on the horse of Davie.

"See—see the blood on his cloak! Look, stout Irongripe!"

The monk heard the voice of the friar, and looked up: for he was riding along moodily, with his eyes bent towards the ground. He saw Father Gootle, who had considerably preceded Irongripe and his party. He sprang from his horse, exclaiming,

"*Thou* here, caitiff? Die!"

Before he had seized the trembling friar, the monk was locked in the strong arms of the bailiff and his constables.

"Die! thou caitiff friar! Die, caitiff!" thundered the monk, his eye still singling out Father Gootle—at the same time that he struggled to burst from those who held him.

"Haste thee! Haste thee, holy father! Mount that horse, and ride off for thy life!" roared out one of the men. Fear lent agility to the exhausted friar: he managed to clamber, with some little difficulty, into the saddle, and was out of sight presently.

The infuriated monk struggled like a giant with his resolute and powerful assailants. Twice he burst from their united grasp, and flung Irongripe and his head constable on the ground with stunning violence. But his opponents, besides being familiar with such encounters, were well-trained wrestlers, and rose unhurt from every fall.

"Unhand me, knaves! Bloodthirsty villains, away!" roared the monk, as he hurled them off on all sides. He perceived, however, that his strength began to fail, while that of his assailants seemed wholly exhausted. His eyes glared furiously around him; in the darkness he discovered his revenge.

"The cliff! the cliff! He drags us to the cliff's edge! Hold, away, or we are lost!" shouted the constables. The powerful monk swayed his devoted foes nearer and nearer to the fatal verge. Around three he wreathed his giant arms: he had devoted them to destruction.

"Help, as ye are men! Help!" roared Irongripe, as a body of horsemen appeared, bearing torches, headed by the indefatigable friar. Again, trusting to their instant arrival, he rushed to the rescue of his companions. But the monk also had seen the approaching reinforcement; and, with a last tremendous effort, whirled himself and his four assailants from the

precipice. Close clasped together in the embrace of death, they fell, crashing from crag to crag, into the river beneath.

When the horsemen, with their waving torches, galloped to the scene of this terrible catastrophe, it was overspread with the pall of silence and darkness.

Ever after this terrible transaction, superstition hung her portentous ensign over the ancient forest of Monkwynd and the house of the murdered Davie. The peasant who dared to linger within its dreary precincts an hour after sunset, was esteemed unusually stout hearted. But as for Davie's mansion, if report may be credited, none ever had the temerity to enter its blood-stained walls, which were suffered, year after year, to crumble in solitary gloom and desolation. Many legends of the spectre monk (first promulgated, perhaps, by Father Gootle) were current in the neighbourhood. Nay, one very valiant fellow went so far as to say he had several times seen, in the gloom of evening, a tall, gaunt, dim shape, sitting on the edge of Monkwynd Cliff, (as it was called,) which then sank down out of sight: which circumstance, as he very sagaciously predicted, evinced that his soul was doomed to suffer penance there, for nobody knows how many centuries.

As for Father Gootle, I have never been able to meet with any information respecting his history; and, as one never hears, in the Cornish calendar, of the name "*Blessed St. Gootle*," we may fairly infer that he was never thought worthy of canonization.

END OF MONKWYND.

THE BRACELETS.*

A SKETCH FROM THE GERMAN.

It was late on the evening of a gloomy and bitter day in December, about the middle of the seventeenth century, that Carl Koëcker, a student of Goettingen University, having sipped his last cup of coffee, was sitting thoughtfully in his room, with his feet crossed and resting on the fender of his little fireplace. His eyes were fixed on the fire, which crackled and blazed briskly, throwing a cheerful lustre over his snug study. All the tools of scholar craft lay about him. On a table by his side lay open various volumes of classic and metaphysic lore, which showed evident marks of service, being much thumbed and fingered; sundry note books, filled with memoranda of the day's studies, and a case of mathematical instruments. Two sides of the chamber were lined with well-filled book shelves; on one side was the window, and the corresponding one was occupied by a large dusky picture of Martin Luther. All was silent as the most studious German could desire; for the stillness was, so to speak, but

* The subtle schemes resorted to by the Inquisition for the detection and seizure of its victims, are too well known for an intelligent reader to charge any portions of the ensuing narrative with improbability or exaggeration. In a word—all that the wit and power of devils can devise and execute, may wellnigh be believed of the members of that execrable institution.

enhanced by the whispered tickings of an oldfashioned family watch, suspended over the mantelpiece. As for Carl himself, he was of "goodly look and stature." His shirt neck lay open, with the spotless collar turned down on each side; his right hand lay in his bosom, and his left, leaning on the table, supported his "learning-laden" head. His brow was furrowed with thoughtful anxiety, which, together with his sallow features and long black mustaches, gave him the appearance of a much older man than he really was. As for his thoughts, it were difficult to say whether, at the moment when he is presented to the reader, they were occupied by the mysterious pneumatological speculations of Doctor Von Dunder Profondant, which Carl had been attempting to comprehend in the morning's lecture; whether his fancy was revelling in recollections of the romantic splendours of last night's opera, or whether they were fixed, with painful interest, on the facts of a seizure made that day in Goettingen by the terrible myrmidons of the Inquisition, on the double charge of heresy and sorcery. The frightful tribunal alluded to was then in the plenitude of its power, and its mysterious and ferocious doings were exciting nearly as much indignation as they had long occasioned consternation. Carl was of a very speculative, abstract turn, and having been early initiated into the gloomy depths of transcendentalism, had begun latterly to turn his thoughts towards the occult sciences.

About the period when this narrative commences, it was generally understood that a professor of the art diabolic had visited the principal places of Germany, and was supposed to have made several converts among the learned, as well as to have founded secret schools for teaching the principles of his science. The lynx-eyed Inquisition soon searched him out, and the unfortunate professor of magic suddenly disappeared, without ever again being heard of. The present object of those holy censors of mankind, the principals of the Inquisition, was to discover the schools he had founded, and

the disciples attending them. Several of the leading students at Goettingen had fallen under suspicion, and Carl Koëcker, it was said, among the number. He was cunning enough, however, to avoid any possible pretext for offence, by saying little—and even that little in disparagement of the objectionable doctrines.

Carl had just set down his coffee pot on the hob, after an abortive effort to extract another cup from it, and was stirring together the glowing embers of his fire, when he was startled by a loud knocking at his door. It is not asserted that the sound caused him to change colour, but that he heard it with a little trepidation, is undeniable. Who, on earth, could be wanting *him?*

Rap, rap, rap! Rap, rap, rap!

Carl gently laid down the poker, but did not move from his seat. He listened—his heart beat quick and hard. I seemed evident that the obstreperous applicant for admission was resolved on effecting his purpose one way or another; for, in a few seconds, the door was shaken, and with some violence. Carl, almost fancying he had been dreaming, started from his seat, and cast an alarmed eye towards the scene of such unseemly interruptions. Ay—the door was really, visibly shaken, and that, too, very impetuously. Who could it be—and what the matter? Was it one of his creditors? He did not owe five pounds in the world. A fellow-student? The hour was too late, and Carl, besides, of such a reserved and unsocial turn as to have scarce one acquaintance at college on visiting terms. A thief? *He* would surely effect his entrance more quietly. Were some of his relatives come to Goettingen? was any member of his family ill? was it merely drunk Jans, the janitor? Who—WHO could it be? thought the startled student.

Rap, rap, rap, rap! Rap, rap, rap!

Carl almost overthrew the chair he was standing by, snatched up his little lamp, and stole to the door.

"Who the d—l is without, there?" he inquired, an

grily, but not very firmly, with one hand hesitatingly extended towards the door handle, and the other holding his lamp; the flame of which, by-the-way, he fancied flickered oddly.

"WHO is without there?" he asked again, for his first question had received no answer.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap! Rap, rap, rap—

"In the devil's name, who are you?"

"Who am I?" replied a husky and somewhat hollow voice from without. "Who am I, i'faith? Let me in! Let me in! Mercy—you could not be more uncivil, or perchance affrighted, if I were Jans Cutpurse, or the spirit of the Hartz mountains. Let me in, Carl Koëcker, I say—let me in!"

"Let you in! Der teufel!"

"Come, come—open the door!"

"Who are you? Who the d—l are you, I say?" continued Carl, pressing his right hand and knee against the door.

"Let me in at once, Carl Koëcker—let me in, I say, or it may fare fearfully with you!"

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the confounded student, looking askance at his lamp, as though he expected to find a confidential adviser in it. The knocker, however, recommenced operations with such astounding rapidity and violence, that Carl, in a momentary fit of fear and confusion, unguardedly opened the door. A tide of objurgatory expressions gushed up to his tongue, when some one suddenly slipped through the door past Carl, made his way to the fireplace, and sat down in the armchair which had been recently occupied by the student. This was done with the easy matter-of-fact air of the most intimate acquaintance. Carl Koëcker still held the handle of the door, staring open eyed and open mouthed at the stranger, with unutterable amazement.

"Good Carl, prithee, now, shut the door—for 'tis bitter cold," exclaimed the unbidden guest, in a familiar tone, dragging his seat close to the fire, and rub-

bing together his shrivelled fingers, to quicken the circulation.

"Come, Carl! shut the door, and sit down here," continued the stranger, entreatingly. Carl, completely bewildered, obeyed, and sat down in a chair opposite the stranger. The latter seemed not unlike a Jew pedler. He was small in stature, but of sinewy make. He wore a short, coarse, drab-coloured coat or tunic, with double rows of huge horn buttons. His vest was of the same material, and cut; and, as was usual in those days with itinerant venders of valuable articles, he had a broad leathern girdle about his waist, with a pouch on the inside. His short, shrunk, curved legs were enveloped in worsted overalls, soiled and spattered with walking in the mud. Removing a broad-brimmed hat, he disclosed a fine bald head fringed round the base with a few straggling gray hairs. His face was wrinkled and of a parchment hue; and his sparkling black eyes peered on the student with an expression of keen and searching inquisitiveness. Carl, in his excitement, almost fancied the stranger's eyes to glare on him with something like a swinish voracity. He shuddered; and was but little more reconciled to the strange figure before him, when a furtive glance had assured him that at least the feet were not cloven!

When he allowed himself to dwell for a few moments on the strange circumstances in which he was placed —alone—near midnight, with nobody knew whom—a thief, a murderer, a wizard—a disguised satellite of the infernal Inquisition—a devil, for aught he knew—when, in a word, he gazed at the strange intruder, sitting quietly and silently by the fire, with the air rather of host than guest, and reflected how far he was out of hearing or assistance, if aught of violence human or supernatural should be offered—it was no trifling effort that enabled him to preserve a tolerable show of calmness.

"Heighho!" grunted the old man, in a musing tone,

with his eyes fixed on the fire, and his skinny fingers clasped over each knee.

"H—e—m!" muttered Carl, his eyes, as it were, glued to those of his guest.

"Well, Carl," said the stranger, suddenly, as if starting from a revery; "it grows very late, and I must begone ere long, having far to travel, and on pressing errands. So shall we discourse a little touching philosophy, or proceed at once to business?"

"Proceed to business?"

"Yes, I say, proceed to business. Is there anything so *very* odd in that?" inquired the old man, slowly, with a surprised air.

"Business! *Business!*" exclaimed Carl, muttering to himself; and he added, in a louder tone, addressing himself to his visiter—"Why, what the dev—"

"Pho, pho, Carl! We have nothing whatever to do with the devil—at least *I* have not," replied the old man, with an odd leer. "But, with your good leave, Carl, we will settle our business first, and then proceed to discourse on a point of Doctor Von Dunder's lecture of this morning." So this extraordinary personage had been present at Doctor Von Dunder's that morning—and, further, knew that Carl had!

"Carl," continued the stranger, abruptly, "are you still anxious for the bracelets?"

The question suddenly blanched Carl's face, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, as he muttered, or rather gasped in faltering accents, "Devil! devil! devil!—what want you with me? Why are you come hither?" He shook in his seat; for a certain circumstance occasioned a suspicion of the stranger's being an emissary of the Inquisition to flash across the mind of the affrighted student.

"Who sent you hither?" he inquired, in faltering accents.

"Why, in Heaven's name, are you so disturbed, Carl? I am really neither the devil nor one of his minions—

having neither wit nor power enough for either," said the stranger, mildly.

"Then you are worse—you are from the INQUISITION—and are sent to ensnare my soul to hell, and my body to tortures horrible!" rejoined Carl, a cold sweat suddenly bedewing his whole frame.

"Why, if it were so, I must surely be bolder than wise, to venture on such odds as are here. I am old and somewhat shaken of strength; you young and lion-like. Which would have the better, think you, in a struggle?" continued the stranger, meekly.

"Why," replied Carl, still shivering with the fearful suspicion, "you speak fairly and reasonably; and let me then as fairly tell you, that whoever you be, if you be but mortal, and wrong me, or attempt me mischief, I will put you to death as calmly and surely as I show you *this*"—and he drew a small poniard from his vest, clasped it fiercely in his hand, and extended the keen, thirsty-looking blade to the stranger, who merely crossed his hands on his breast, and looked upward with an innocent air.

"Did I not say I was in your power, Carl? And is it probable I shall seek an offence with you? Would I, an old feeble man—"

"What brought you hither? What made you cause the uproar at my door just now?" inquired Carl, with some show of self-possession.

"Oh, faith—that is easily answered. Business—business! I have much to do with you, and but small time to do it in. Truly, your fears are all false! I am, I repeat it, but a man, even as you are—with the difference of an odd year or two—ugh! ugh! ugh!" continued the stranger, with a feeble asthmatic laugh. "But, to be short. If your heart is still set upon the bracelets—I may, perhaps, put you in the way of obtaining them."

Carl strove to look calm—but the thing was impossible. His colour faded, his heart seemed fluttering

about his throat as though it would choke him, and his eyes emitted coruscations of fire.

"Old man! whoever, whatever you are—I supplicate you to tell me how you know anything about the matter you speak of! How came you to know that I had any care about the—the—the bracelets?"—he could scarce get out the word—"for I have not breathed a syllable about them to any one human!"

"How did I know it? Pho! it might be a long, perchance a dull tale, were I to explain how I came by my knowledge in this matter. Enough that I know your soul gapes to get the bracelets. In a word, I came not here to tell you how I know what I do, but simply to put you in the way of obtaining your wishes."

A cold stream of suspicion flowed over Carl's mind while the stranger spoke—and when Carl reverted to the many subtle devices known to be adopted by the Inquisition for entrapping their prey. Still Carl's anxious curiosity prevailed over his fears. The old man, after fumbling a while about the inner part of his girdle, took out what seemed to Carl a large snuff or tobacco box. Opening it, he slowly removed two or three layers of fine wool; and then there glistened before the enchanted eyes of the student one of the most resplendent bracelets that had ever issued from the hands of cunning jeweller. He was lost, for a second or two, in speechless ecstasy.

"Oh, rare! oh, exquisite—exquisite bracelet!" he gasped at length, so absorbed with the splendid bawble that he did not notice the almost wolfish glare with which the old man's eyes were fixed on his. "And may this be MINE? Did you not say you could put it into my power?"

"Ay, Carl, it *may* be yours!" replied the stranger, in a low, earnest tone, still fixedly eying his companion's countenance.

"Ay, ay! it may? Name, then, the price! Name your price, old man!" exclaimed Carl, eagerly. Checking himself, however, he added suddenly, in a des-

ponding tone, "But why do I ask its price? Fool that I am, my whole fortune—ay, the fortunes of all our family, would not purchase *one* only of these jewels!"

The more Carl looked at the gorgeous toy, the more was he fascinated. It was studded with gems of such amazing brilliance, as to present the appearance of a circle of delicate violet and orange hued flame, as the stranger placed it in different points of view. Carl could not remove his eyes from the bracelet.

"Take it into your own hands—it will bear a close scrutiny," said the old man, proffering the box, with its costly contents, to the student, who received it with an eager but trembling hand. As he examined the gems, he discovered one of superior splendour and magnitude; and while his eyes were riveted upon it —was it merely his nervous agitation—or, gracious God! did it really assume the appearance of a human eye, of awful expression?

Carl's eyes grew dim, the blood retreated to his heart, and his hands shook violently as he pushed back the box and its mysterious contents to the stranger. Neither spoke for some seconds. The old man gazed at Carl with astonishment.

"What—what shall I call you?" murmured Carl, as soon as he had recovered the power of speech. "What means that—that—that damned eye that looks at me from the bracelet? Do your superiors, then, use even sorcery to inveigle their victims?" His teeth chattered. "Away with your damned magic! Out on you! Away—or I shall call for help from without!" And Carl drew half out his poniard.

"Tut, man," rejoined the stranger, calmly, after listening with patience to Carl's objurgations. "Now, to hear you rave in this wise! You—a man—a scholar! The days of sorcery, methinks, are gone for ever; and as for the Inquisition that you din into my ears, I myself fear, but more *hate*, that cruel and accursed institution." This was said slowly and deeply —the speaker's eyes searchingly fixed on those of him

he addressed. The student, however, answered not, and the old man resumed.

"'Tis but your own heated fancy, that has likened one of these jewels to an EYE—he, he, he!" said he, with a poor attempt at laughter. "What is it that has frightened you but a large diamond? A human eye, i'faith—he, he, he! But, to away with these womanish fancies, I would know, at once, Carl, whether you wish to call yourself the owner of this bracelet?"

Carl paused.

"Will you give me no answer, Carl?"

"Ay—Heaven knows I would fain be its master—for 'tis an enchanting, a dazzling—yet a fearful—"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the old man, impatiently.

"Well, then," continued Carl, doubtingly, "since temper fails you, I will to the point. Suppose, then, I were in a manner disposed—I mean—hem! What I would say, is—in short, if it were to come to pass that I were earnestly desirous (which I am not) of having this bracelet—not for myself, mark me, but for another—"

"To the point, man!—to the point!" interrupted the stranger, with anxious asperity.

"Well, I say, if I were disposed to purchase the bracelet, what would be your terms? What must I do? What give?"

"Oh, my terms are most easy and simple. You may perchance laugh at hearing them. Find but the fellow to this bracelet—and *both* shall be yours."

Carl suddenly became cold and pale. The stranger's peculiar words and manner had roused painful suspicions in the breast of the student—transiently, however—that certain doings of his must be intimately known in certain awful quarters; and the stranger's plan was but a subtle trap for making him develope them. This feeling, however, gradually yielded to one of sheer astonishment, as the stranger repeated his terms, in a significant tone, and with great earnestness of manner.

"I—*I*, Carl Koëcker—find you the fellow to this

bracelet!" exclaimed the student. "Surely you must be mad, or mocking me."

"Whether I be mad or not, concerns you little, so as I can make good my promise. You have my terms."

"Will you give me till to-morrow night to consider whether I will accept them?"

"No," replied the stranger, imperatively.

"Hem!" exclaimed Carl, suddenly, but with a puzzled air, wishing to put the stranger off his guard—"so you have but *one* bracelet. How came you by it! You know, old man, that if I buy it, I must be satisfied that I can keep it."

"Keep your questions to yourself. Enough for you that I *have* it," replied the stranger, sternly.

"Another question, nevertheless, I must put. Where is the other bracelet?"

"It must be sought for," replied the old man, gloomily, placing his broad-brimmed hat on his head, as if to overshadow his eyes; "and it is worthy the search, though a prince were the seeker. He who shall have this, has a clew infallible to the discovery of the other."

"Then why not search for it yourself?" inquired Carl, quickly. A flush overspread the stranger's face, and he seemed, for a moment, somewhat confused.

"You are sent hither by the Inquisition," said Carl, with a cold shudder—at the same time plunging his right hand into his bosom, in search of his poniard—half resolved to take summary vengeance on the daring and cruel spy. He controlled himself, however, and repeated his question in a calmer tone.

"Why do not *you* seek for the fellow-bracelet, old man?"

"I may not, Carl. That must be sufficient for you. *You* need not enter on the search—you need not take this bracelet; but if you *will* venture, and should succeed, 'twill be the greatest day's work you ever did. It will bring you riches and honour; and, above all,

you shall see both these beautiful trinkets glistening on the white arms of her—"

"Hold! I madden! Speak not!" gasped Carl, springing with sudden emotion from his chair—pressing his hands against his forehead, and gazing fixedly on the bracelet, which the stranger still held in his hands.

"'Tis an overwhelming thought, truly! It is!—but—but—*I* find the fellow to this bracelet?" he continued, with a bewildered air; "where, in Heaven's name, am I to search for it?"

"Where you can, and where you dare," replied the stranger, emphatically. Carl was struck with the tone and manner.

"And how long shall I have to try my fortune? Tut!—'tis an idle—a mad question truly, a foolish scheme; but supposing—in a word, how long will you give me?"

"Two days from this time; and on the third I will come and see you again."

Alone?" inquired Carl, with a searching glance.

"Yes—alone," replied the stranger, pointedly.

"And can you give me no clew whatever?—none?"

"No, assuredly. Else the merit of your search would fail. You will not be long in finding one, if you do but set about the search heartily. Ah, Carl, Carl," he added, suddenly, with as much gayety as his extraordinary features could assume, "you have a white hand, and a small wrist!" Carl glanced at them complacently. "I wonder, now, whether it were small enough for this bracelet? Try it on, man—try it on! Your wrist, I think, is but a trifle larger than hers—" The last words brought the blood into Carl's face, even to his temples—and a tempest to his soul. Scarce knowing what he did, he took the glittering bracelet, and with a little difficulty clasped it about his wrist.

"Aha!—how wondrous well it suits you! In truth, it might have been made for you! Your wrist might have been a lady's!" said the old man, laughing; and, rising from his seat, he scrutinized the bracelet

narrowly, and adjusted it more nicely. "And now, Carl Koëcker—see you part not with it, in your search! Farewell, Carl!" The stranger stepped towards the door.

"Stay—stay, old man!" exclaimed the student, with surprise. "Whither are you going? Ha—ha, der teufel!" he continued, almost leaping from the floor with sudden fright. "Why, thou fiend! I cannot remove the bracelet! It clings to my wrist like adamant! It will cut my hand off! Ah—ah—it is cutting to the bone," he groaned. He strove violently to wrench it off. "Take it off! Take it off—I cannot move it! Help, help!—dear, good old man, for mercy's sake—" But his visiter was opening the chamber door, anxious to be gone. Carl followed him, using frantic efforts to dislodge the bracelet from his wrist, which suffered a frightful sense of compression.

"Good sir! Kind old man—whoever you are, whatever you come from—whatever your errand, for God's love, help me to remove this bracelet! Oh!" he groaned, "will you not take it off?"

"Off?—never!" shouted the old man, with an unearthly laugh, and an eye of horrible derision. The student dropped his hands, fell back aghast a pace or two, and stared at the stranger, with eyes that seemed bursting from their sockets. The perspiration started from every pore.

"Never—oh, *never*—did you say?" gasped Carl, renewing his desperate efforts to remove the bracelet. He grew desperate. "Villain! fiend! You have played a hell trick against me! Will you yet say *never?*"

"Ay—*never*, till you find its fellow," replied the old man, shaking his shrivelled finger at the student.

"Accursed wretch! Deceiving devil! Then will we struggle for it. Ho! have at you!" aloud shrieked Carl, springing forward to grapple with his tormentor; who, however, at that moment slipped through the open door, shutting it in Carl's face; and as the old man

went rapidly down stairs, Carl heard him exclaiming in tones of wild and echoing laughter—fainter and fainter as the distance increased, "Never, Carl—never, never!"

Carl staggered stupified to a seat, and sat for some moments the image of despair. He would have rushed out after the old man, but that a deadly faintness seized him. He could not bring his scattered senses to bear for an instant on any one point of the preceding interview. He felt like a man suddenly roused at midnight from a frightful dream. Had he been asleep and dreaming? Alas, no! There was fearful evidence, palpable and visible, of waking reality. His eye happened to alight on the bracelet glistening with now abhorred splendour on his wrist. With frantic effort, he once more strove to disengage it, but in vain. He could not move it; it seemed to have *grown* into him! He rose from his chair, and paced his room in an ecstasy of alternate fear and fury. What had come to him? Was he under the spell of witchcraft? Was he the sport of diabolical agency? Or, worse than either—the sealed victim of the Inquisition? Had they sent their emissary to probe him, and leave this cunningly framed bracelet as an irremoveable evidence of their man—even as sheep are marked for the slaughter? As this latter suspicion flashed across his mind with increasing probability, he sunk in his chair, overwhelmed with anguish and horror; and from his chair to the floor. What was to become of him? What could he do? Whither was he to fly? How ascertain the criminatory extent of the information on which they acted? He knew not! He closed his eyes, for everything about him seemed turning round, and assuming grotesque images and positions. After lying for some minutes on the floor, he suddenly sprang to his feet, convinced that the extraordinary occurrences of the evening could have no other foundation than fancy—that he must have been suffering from the nightmare. He stepped into his sleeping

room, and plunged his head and face into a bowl of cold spring water. The shock for a few moments revived and recollected his wandering faculties ; but in wiping his face, the accursed bracelet scratched his cheek—the delusions of hope vanished in an instant, and flinging aside his towel, he rushed from the room in despair. The silence and solitude of his apartment were horrible. Whither should he go, that the Inquisition's hounds could not follow, find, and seize him ? He began to imagine that they had pressed the arts of sorcery into their assistance. He felt, in a word, that his fears were maddening him. He could bear his rooms no longer : so putting his cap on his head, and throwing a cloak over his shoulders, he went out hoping to see, or at least hear tidings of, his dreadful visiter.

The night, far advanced, was cold and gloomy—the winds blew chilly, and the snows were fluttering fast. He spoke to one or two of the drowsy shivering watch, and asked whether they had seen any one answering to the description of his visiter. One of them told him, with a yawn, that only a quarter of an hour before, he had seen an old man pass by, that stooped, and wore, he thought, a broad hat and drab coat ; that he walked at a great rate down the main street, *followed by two men in dark dresses!* Carl fell into the arms of the watchman, deprived of sense and motion. The last clause of the man's intelligence had confirmed his worst fears—THE INQUISITION WERE AFTER HIM !

After a while, the attentions of the humane night guardian, backed by a little hot ale which he carried in a leathern bottle, sufficed to revive Carl, who was able, soon after, to proceed, after giving the watchman some small coin. What was Carl now to do? To return to his rooms was impossible. He hurried on through the street, why, or whither, he know not. He felt a sort of drowsiness or stupor creeping over him. Suddenly he nearly overthrew what proved to be a female figure muffled in a long dark dress. His hair stood on end—for at the first moment, he mistook her

figure for that of one of the "men in dark dresses," spoken of by the watchman—of the familiars of the Inquisition. While recoiling shudderingly from her, he fancied he heard himself addressed. "Follow!" said the low hurried voice of a woman—"follow me, and be silent. You have been expected this half hour. 'Tis foolish—'tis cruel thus to delay!"

"I—I *expected?*" gasped the staggering student—"why, do you know me?"

"Know you?—why, Carl Koëcker, of course," replied the female; adding, in a low imploring tone, "Oh, follow—for Heaven's sake, follow instantly, or all will be lost!"

"Lost!—why, am not *I*, rather, lost? In God's name, whither would you lead me? Are *you* in league with that old—" Carl was interrupted by his companion's whispering hurriedly, "Hush! the good folks of Goettingen will hear you!"

She had scarce uttered the last words, before Carl thought he heard the faint echo of many voices at some distance, from behind—and which seemed, as they grew nearer, to be loud and tumultuous. He suddenly turned towards the quarter from which the sounds of distant uproar came, when he beheld several torches gleaming dimly far off, and held by persons hurrying to and fro in all directions. The sounds approached, and became more distinct. They were those of alarm.

"What in God's name is stirring now?" inquired Carl of the female he was accompanying. "Can you tell me wherefore is all that uproar?" The spectral stare almost froze Carl's blood, as she answered in a low quick tone, "Ah—do not you know, Carl Koëcker? A deed of blood and horror—" She was interrupted by the startling clangour of the alarm bell, pealing with prodigious rapidity and violence. Carl shuddered—and well he might. What is capable of inspiring more thrilling terror than the gloomy toll of a church bell, heard with sudden loudness at midnight?

The whole town of Goettingen was roused. Carl listened—his hair stood on end—his knees tottered—his brain reeled—for the cries were those of murder and revenge: and amid all the tumult of the voices, and the sullen tolling of the bell, Carl distinctly heard—his own name! Half stunned with the thought, he listened—he strained his ear to take in every sound that sent it. "Carl Koëcker" was the name uttered by a hundred tongues; and Carl Koëcker was sought after as a murderer. He would have shouted in answer—he would have discovered himself, conscious of his innocence—but he felt a suffocating pressure about his throat, and his heart seemed fit to burst through his side. Strange lights flashed before his éyes, and his tottering knees seemed about to refuse him any longer their support, when his unknown companion suddenly grasped his hand between her cold fingers, whispering, "Carl, Carl—you must hasten! Fly!—fly! You will fall into their hands! They are yelling for you! They are as tigers drunk with blood!"

"I care not! I am innocent! I have done no crime! Why, then, should I fly? No, I will stay, with God's help, till they come up," murmured the fainting student. Meanwhile the clamour of voices grew nearer and louder. Innumerable torches flitted to and fro, casting a discoloured glare over the dusky atmosphere.

"Haste, Carl! Haste, murderer—haste! haste!" muttered the woman by his side; "Justice flieth quickly after her victims!"

"Wretch! what are you saying?" stammered Carl, beginning to suspect himself the victim of diabolical villany. He tried to grasp his companion by the arm—but his hand was powerless. A sudden recollection of the stranger who had given him the bracelet, and of the mysterious circumstances attending the transaction, flashed with fearful vividness before his mind.

"Woman, woman!" he faltered, "*who* is murdered? Is it—is it—"

"Fly, fool! Fly, fly, fly! The familiars are near at hand! The blighting brand of the Inquisition will discover—"

"The *what*—what!" groaned Carl, his eyes darkening for an instant, and his voice choked.

"Only thou fly, fly!" continued the woman, hurrying him forward. The crowd of torch-bearers seemed now at but a very little distance; and Carl, overwhelmed and bewildered—his consciousness of innocence drowned in the apprehension of pressing danger—needed but little urging to step into a vehicle standing at the corner of a street they had just entered. He scarce knew what he was doing. Immediately on his sitting down, the door was closed, and away shot the vehicle, rolling as rapidly as four fleet horses could carry it.

Carl found himself alone in the coach—if such it was—for his conductor had suddenly and most unexpectedly disappeared. The utter extremity of fright, amazement, and perplexity, is too feeble a term to convey anything like an adequate idea of the state of Carl Koëcker's feelings, when thus, after such an astounding series of events, hurried away no one knew how, why, or whither.

Visions of inquisitorial horrors flitted before his perturbed mind's eye. To what scenes of ghastly—of hopeless misery was he now, perchance, conveying? He sunk back on the seat, and swooned. How long he continued insensible, he knew not. When he recovered, he found himself rattling onward at a prodigious rate, and amid profound darkness: he stretched his hand out of the window of the vehicle, and the snow fell fast and thick upon it. He listened, but heard no sound, except the rapid and regular tramp of horses' hoofs, and the rustling of the branches, against which the roof of the vehicle brushed in passing. He could not hear the voices either of driver or attendants. In a sudden fit of phrensy, he threw down one of the windows, pushed out his head, and roared for rescue—but

his cries were unattended to. He then strove to force open the door, that he might leap out, though at the hazard of his life; but his utmost efforts were useless! He tried if the window spaces were large enough to admit of escape—but they were too small to admit of a child's exit! What was to become of him? After again and again trying to force open the doors, he wearied himself, and fell at full length on the seat, sullenly resigned to his fate, under the conviction that he was either in the toils of the Inquisition, or the hands of thieves and murderers. But what could the latter want with a poor student? For the former suspicion his quaking heart could readily assign grounds!

He lay in a state of stupor, till the sudden stoppage of the vehicle almost jerked him from his seat, and sufficiently roused him to perceive that the carriage was standing before the gates of a magnificent building. Where he was, or how long his journey had lasted, he knew not; and unutterable, therefore, was his astonishment to behold the altered aspect of nature. The time appeared about two or three o'clock in the morning. The gloom and inclemency of the former part of the night had entirely disappeared. The scenery, at which he glanced hastily, seemed of a totally different class from that which he had been accustomed to behold. The glorious gilding of the full moon lay on every object—alike on the snowy shroud glistening over endless plains and hills—as on the quarried clouds lying piled irregularly, one above the other, in snowy strata along the sky. Their edges seemed all melting into golden light.

The building before which the carriage had drawn up, seemed a vast gray mass of irregular structure, the prevailing character of which was Gothic. Whether, however, it were a castle, a palace, a prison, a nunnery, or a monastery, Carl's hurried glance could not distinguish. He had scarce time to scan its outline, before the carriage door was opened, by removing *a large bar* from across the outside, Carl noticed—and a string of at-

tendants, habited somewhat in military costume, stood ready to conduct the solitary visiter to the interior of the building. After a moment's pause of stupified irresolution—uncertain whether or not to make a desperate attempt at escape—he alighted and followed the chief of the attendants towards the interior of the building. Every step he took within the splendid, though antique structure, convinced him that he had entered a regal residence. He paced along seemingly endless galleries and corridors, with the passive, or rather submissive air of a man led along guarded prison passages to execution. He was at length ushered into a large tapestried apartment, in the centre of which was spread a supper table, sinking beneath a costly service of gold and silver. Scarce knowing whether or not—in the vulgar phrase—his head or heels were uppermost, Carl sat himself down mechanically at the table; and the obsequious attendants instantly removed the covers of several dishes. When Carl saw the expensive dainties spread before him, and the magnificent plate which contained them, and marked the solemn and anxious deference paid him by the servants, he felt convinced that through some inexplicable blunder, he had been mistaken for an expected visiter of distinction. The tumultuous and terrifying scenes which had ushered in his journey, were for a while obscured from his recollection. Carl found it impossible to partake of the exquisite fare before him. He contrived, however, to quaff an ample cup of rich wine, which soon revived his torpid faculties. He turned towards the silent servants, stationed at due distance from him, and inquired, in a stern tone, what they were going to do with him; "whether they know who he was?" A respectful obeisance was the only answer. "Carl Koëcker—a student of Goettingen University." A second and lower bow. A third time he repeated his question, but the only answer he could obtain, was a brief intimation, couched in the most deferential terms, that "her highness" was waiting his appearance in the

audience room. Carl clasped his hands over his forehead, lost in wonder and despair.

"Who—who, in God's name, is 'her highness?'" he inquired.

"She has been long expecting your arrival with anxiety," replied one of the servants, apparently in nowise surprised at the disorder of their youthful guest.

"Waiting—and for my arrival? Impossible! You are all wrong, fellows! I am not he whom you suppose me! I am mistaken for some one else—and *he* must be nothing particular, seeing I, through being mistaken for *him*, was kidnapped away! Harkee, sirrahs—do you understand?" The servants looked at one another in silence, and without a smile. "Do you know who I am?" continued Carl, in a louder key—but in vain; he received no answer. The servants seemed to have been tutored.

"Alas!" resumed Carl, in a low tone, "I ask you who I am, when I verily know not myself! Ah! —who am I?—where?—why here? Answer!—tell me!—speak there!" continued Carl, resolutely, relying on the wine he had taken, and which he felt supplying him with confidence.

"Once more, I say—who am I?" repeated Carl.

"*That*, we suppose, your highness best knows—but our duty is to wait and conduct you into her highness's presence," was the only answer he received, delivered in the same steadfast respectfulness of tone and manner.

"Where will all this mummery end?" thought Carl, pouring out, mechanically, another cup of wine. The thought suddenly struck him, and the more he entertained it, the more probable it appeared—that, after all, the whole evening's adventures might be the contrivance of one of those celebrated and systematic hoaxers, of whom, in Italy, the illustrious Lorenzo was chief. Every occurrence of the evening seemed easily explicable upon this hypothesis but one—the general uproar in the streets of Goettingen at the period of his leaving. *That* savoured too strongly of serious reality

to be part of a *hoax!* While he was turning about these thoughts in his mind, one of the servants opened a door, and stood by it, as if hinting that Carl should rise from table and follow. Resolved patiently to await the issue, he rose, and walked towards the door. He was conducted up an ample staircase leading to a lofty hall, supported by marble pillars. After traversing it in silence, his conductors opened a pair of large folding doors, and ushered Carl through them—gently closed the high doors upon him, and retired. Carl now found himself in an apartment equally magnificent with the one he had left. Still, however, there was not—as in the other—artificial light; but the room was, so to speak, flooded with a radiant tide of moonlight. Everything about him, to Carl's disturbed apprehensions, wore an air of mystery and romance. The silence of the sepulchre was there, and it oppressed him. He dared hardly draw his breath, fearful of its being audible. He was reluctant to move from the spot where he had first stood, lest he should dissipate the nameless charm of the chamber, or encounter some unwelcome and startling spectacle. Whichever way he looked, there was a dim and dreary splendour which transcended the creatures of poety. Almost the whole extent of the farther extremity of the chamber consisted of a large Gothic-fashioned window, with a door in the centre of it, opening upon a narrow slip of shrubbery or terrace. The prospect through this window was glorious. The moon was still

"Riding at her highest noon,"

like a bright bark over a sea of sapphire, scattering her splendour over streams glittering like veins of silver amid a noble extent of champaign country; and rendering visible, in the distance, hoary structures of prodigious extent, relieved against a background of profound forest shade. A little to the right lay a lake of liquid silver! But the most marvellous circumstance

of the whole, was the disappearance of the snow he had so lately seen. Was it possible—thought Carl, pressing his hands to his forehead—that he had slept through an interval of twenty-four hours since he saw the snow? Had he taken drugged draughts at supper, and but now awoke, unconscious of the interval that had elapsed? This extraordinary absence of snow was, as already said, the first thing observed by Carl, hurried as was his glance; but ere long a very different object, within the chamber, arrested his attention, absorbing every faculty in mute astonishment and admiration. At the upper extremity of the chamber the resplendent moonbeam fell on the figure of a lady, white as snow, reclining on a couch, with her head supported by her arm. Never before had Carl beheld, even in dreams, a vision of such dazzling beauty. So perfectly symmetrical her features, so delicately moulded her figure, so gracefully negligent her attitude, and so motionless withal, that Carl, as he glided slowly towards her, his eyes and hands elevated with rapturous astonishment, began to suspect he was mocked by some surpassing specimen of the statuary's art. As he drew nearer, he perceived that the lady was asleep—at least her head drooped a little, and her eyes were closed. He stood within a few paces of her. He had never before seen features so perfectly beautiful. Her brow wore the pure hue of alabaster; her eyebrows were most delicately pencilled and shaded off; her nose, of soft Grecian outline, was exquisitely chiselled; and her small closed lips seemed like a bursting rose bud. The lilied fingers of the little hand supporting her head, peeped out in rich contrast from among her black tresses; while her right hand lay concealed beneath the folds of a long rich veil. What with gazing on this lovely recumbent, and the generous potency of the wine he had been drinking, Carl felt himself, as it were, under a new influence. Fear and doubt had passed away. He fell softly on his knees before the beautiful incognita. Her features moved not.

Now, thought Carl, was she inanimate—a cunning piece of waxwork, and were the contrivers of the hoax, if such it were, watching him from secret parts of the room, to enjoy his doings?

He thought, however, after steadfastly eying her, that he perceived a slow heaving of the bosom, as though she strove to conceal the breath she drew. Intoxicated with his feelings, Carl could continue silent no longer.

"Oh, lady, if mortal you be—oh, lady, I die at your feet!" stammered Carl, with a fluttering heart.

"Carl, where have you been? You cannot—no, you cannot love me, or you would not have delayed so long!" replied the lady, in a gentle tone, and with a glance "fuller of speech unto the heart than aught utterable by man." What dazzling eyes were fixed upon the sinking student!

"I would to Heaven," he stammered, "I might believe you—loved me; but—but—lady—"

"*But* what? Ah, Carl! Do you doubt me?" inquired the lady, gazing at him with an eye of anxious tenderness. Carl's tongue refused him utterance for some moments, and he trembled from head to feet.

"How, fair one, can you say you love one you know not? *Me* you know not—"

"*Not know me!* Oh, Carl, Carl!" and she looked at him with a reproachful smile. The student stared at her in silence.

"Lady, I am bewildered! I know not where I am, nor how I came hither! Yes, blessed be Heaven, that I have thus seen you. I could die with your image in my eye! It would pass me to heaven! Oh, forgive me, lady, knowing that I rave! Your beauty maddens me! I sink—I die beneath it! I know not, nor can control, what my tongue utters! The only thing I know is, that I am unworthy of you—" gasped Carl, dropping his head upon his bosom.

"Then, Carl, is my love for you the greater, seeing it can overlook all unworthiness! But, dear Carl,

why speak I thus? You are not unworthy—no, no! You are of great wit—graceful, noble—in a word, I—"

"Speak, lady! speak, speak! Delay not! I faint—I die!" murmured the impassioned student.

"Well, I love you, Carl! I have long loved you, since first my eye fell on you. Pardon the scheme—" Here the lady became inarticulate with agitation. A long pause of mutual trepidation and embarrassment ensued. Each cast but furtive glances at the other; the conscious colour went and came alternately, in the cheeks of either.

Carl, still bending on his knee, gently strove to disentangle the hand which lay concealed beneath the folds of her veil. He succeeded, feeble as was the force he used; but the hand was still enveloped in the folds of a long white glove.

"May I not kiss these fair fingers but through a glove?" inquired Carl, fondly, and with returning self-possession.

"Why, you are truly of a sudden grown chivalrous as an old knight," replied the lady, in a tone of subdued gayety; "but since such is your ambitious fancy, why should I refuse you so small a favour, who can refuse you nothing? So, here is my *right* hand, sir knight. What wouldst thou?"

She disengaged the hand on which her head had been leaning, and gave it to Carl, who smothered the taper fingers with kisses. Infatuated with sudden unaccountable passion, Carl, in a sort of phrensy, started from his knee, threw his arm around the sylphlike figure of the lady, and imprinted a long, clinging, half-returned kiss upon her soft lips!

He had neither time nor inclination to reflect on what he was doing—on the unaccountable freedom of his behaviour to a lady evidently of the highest consideration, with whom he had had—and that in the most unsatisfactory and mysterious manner—only a few minutes' acquaintance. In vain did he strive to calm and settle his unsteady faculties, or sober himself into

a consciousness of his real situation—of how he came thither—and how had come to pass the astounding events of the evening. He forgot all his harrowing suspicions of inquisitorial *diablerie;* he thought no more of the possibility that his frantic feats were the subject of suppressed laughter to invisible powers! Everything merged into his intense consciousness of present pleasure. He yielded to the irresistible impulse of his feelings, blind and indifferent to consequences.

"'Tis all owing to the wine I drank in the supper room!" thought Carl; but, alas, how little did he know of the important events with which he had got extraordinarily implicated; of the principle and subtle influence which was at work preparing for him scenes of future change and suffering!

A few minutes' time beheld Carl pacing slowly up and down the spacious chamber, supporting his beautiful and mysterious companion, watching with ecstasy her graceful motions, and pouring into her ear the impassioned accents of love; not, however, without an occasional flightiness of manner, which he could neither check nor disguise. When he listened to the dulcet melody of her voice, which fell on his ear like the breathings of an Æolian harp; when he observed her dovelike eyes fixed fondly upon him; and felt the faint throbbings of her heart against the hand that supported her, he almost lost all consciousness of treading among the lower realities of life.

While Carl was thus delightfully occupied, his companion suddenly turned aside her head, and to Carl's amazement and alarm, burst into a flood of tears. Burying her face in the folds of her veil, she began to weep bitterly. "For mercy's sake, dear lady, tell me what ails you?" inquired the startled student, He repeated his question; but in vain. His reiterated questions called forth no other answer than sobs and tears.

"Lady! dear, beloved lady, why are you bent on breaking my heart? Have I then so soon grown un-

worthy in your eyes?" again inquired Carl, a little relaxing the arm that supported her, as though grieved and mortified at her reserve.

"Oh, Carl, Carl! Indeed you are most worthy of my love, of all my confidence; but you cannot help me! No, no, I am undone! Lost, lost, lost for ever!" replied the lady, in heart-breaking accents.

Carl begged, entreated, implored, to be made acquainted with the cause of her agitation, but in vain. His thoughts (alas, what is man?) began to travel rapidly from "beauty in tears" to "beauty in sullens;" and commiseration was freezing fast into something like anger, or rather contempt.

"Lady, if you think me thus unworthy to share your grief, to be apprized of its source, that so I may acquit *myself*, I—I—I cannot stay to see you in sufferings I may not alleviate! I must—yes, I must leave you, lady, if it even break my heart!" said Carl, with as much firmness as he could muster. She turned towards him an eye that instantly melted away all his displeasure—a soft blue eye glistening through the dews of sorrow, and swooned in his arms.

Was ever mortal so situated as Carl, at that agitating moment? Inexpressibly shocked, he bore his lovely but insensible burden to the window; and thinking fresh air might revive her, he carried her through the door, which opened on the narrow terrace as before mentioned. While supporting her in his arms, and against his shaking knees, and parting her luxuriant hair from her damp forehead, he unconsciously dropped a tear upon her pallid features. She revived. She smiled with sad sweetness on her agitated supporter, with slowly returning consciousness, and passed her soft fingers gently over his forehead. As soon as her strength returned, Carl led her gently a few paces to and fro on the terrace, thinking the exercise might fully restore her. The terrace overlooked, at a height of about sixty feet, an extensive and beautifully disposed garden; and both Carl and his mysterious com-

panion paused a few moments to view a fountain underneath, which threw out its clear waters in the moonlight, like sparkling showers of crystal. How tranquil and beautiful was all before them! While Carl's eye was passing rapidly over the various objects before him, he perceived his companion suddenly start. Concern and agitation were again visible in her features. She seemed on the point of bursting a second time into tears, when Carl, once more, with affectionate earnestness, besought her to keep him no longer in torturing suspense, but acquaint him with the source of her sorrow.

"Lady, once more I implore you to tell me whence all this agony?" She eyed him steadfastly and mournfully, and replied, "A loss, dear Carl—a fearful—an irreparable loss."

"In the name of mercy, lady, what loss can merit such dreadful names?" inquired the student, shocked at the solemnity of her manner, and the ashy hue her countenance had assumed. She trembled, and continued silent. Carl's eyes were more eloquent than his lips. Seeing them fixed on her with intense curiosity and excitement, she proceeded:—

"It is a loss, Carl, the effects of which scarce befits mortal lips to tell. It were little to say, that unless it be recovered, a crowned head must be brought low!" She shuddered from head to foot. Carl's blood began to trickle coldly through his veins, and he stood gazing at his companion with terrified anxiety.

"Carl!" continued the lady, in a scarcely audible murmur, "I have been told to-day—how shall I breathe it!—by one from the grave, that you were destined to restore to me what I have lost—that you were Heaven's chosen instrument—*that you alone, of other men, had rightly studied the laws of spiritual being*—could command the services of EVIL SPIRITS," she continued, fixing a startling glance on Carl, who quailed under it.

"Lady, pardon me for saying it is false, if it has been so slanderously reported to you of me; ay, false

as the lips of Satan! I know naught of spirits—naught of hereafter, but through the blessed Bible," replied Carl, in hurried accents, a cold perspiration suddenly bedewing him from head to foot. His feelings began to revolt—to recoil from his companion—whom he could not help suddenly likening to the beautiful serpent that beguiled Eve; but she twined her arms closely around him, and almost groaned in heart-moving accents, "Oh, Carl, Carl! that I might but tell you what I have heard of you, or rather what I KNOW of you!"

There had been something very terrible in her demeanour, latterly. She seemed speaking as if of set purpose, and her eye was ever alive, probing Carl's soul to see the effect of what she uttered. At least so Carl thought. All his apprehensions about the hideous Inquisition revived, and with tenfold force. Was this subtle and beautiful being one of THEIR creatures? A fiend, cunningly tutored to extract his soul's secret, and then betray him into the fiery grasp of torture and death?

It was long before he could speak to her. At length he exclaimed, "For mercy's sake, lady, tell me what frightful meaning lurks beneath what you say? What is your loss? What do you know, or have heard of ME? Tell me, though I should expire with terror!"

"Can you then bear a secret to the grave, unspoken?" she inquired, gazing at him with an expression of melancholy and mysterious awe.

"*Did Thurialma appear again?*"

The student turned ghastly pale, and almost dropped her from his arms.

"I know not what your words mean," stammered Carl, almost swooning. His companion's eye was fixed on him with wellnigh petrifying effect.

"Carl," said she, in a low tone, "I am about to tell you the source of my sorrows—that is, my loss. There is none near to overhear us?" she inquired, faintly, without removing her eyes from Carl's.

"None! none!" murmured the student, a mist clouding his eyes; for, at the moment of his companion's uttering the words last mentioned, he had distinctly seen a human face peering over the edge of the terrace.

He shook like an aspen leaf, shivering under the midnight wind.

"What have you lost?" he inquired.

"The fellow to THIS," replied the lady, drawing off the glove from her left hand, and disclosing a bracelet the very counterpart of that in Carl's possession. His brain reeled; he felt choked.

"What—what of him—that—hath its fellow?" he faltered, sinking on one knee, unable to sustain the burden of his companion.

"He is either a sorcerer, a prince, or a murderer!" replied the lady, in a hollow broken tone.

Carl slowly bared his shaking arm, and disclosed the bracelet gleaming on his wrist. He felt that in another moment he must sink senseless to the earth; but the lady, after glaring at the bracelet, with a half-suppressed shriek, and an expanding eye of glassy horror, suddenly sprung from him, and fell headlong over the terrace, at the very edge of which they had been standing.

"Ha—accursed, damned traitor!" yelled a voice close behind him, followed by a peal of hideous laughter. He turned staggeringly towards the quarter from which the sounds came, and beheld the old man who had given him the bracelet, and now stood close at his elbow, glaring at him with the eye of a demon, his hands stretched out, his fingers curved like the cruel claws of a tiger, and his feet planted in the earth as if with convulsive effort.

"Thrice accursed wretch!" repeated the old man, in a voice of thunder; "what have you done? Did not her highness tell you who you were?"

"Tell me!—what?"

The old man suddenly clasped Carl by the wrist covered with the bracelet; his features dilated with

fiendish fury ; his eyes, full of horrible lustre, glanced from Carl to the precipice, and from the precipice to Carl.

"Tell me!—what?" again gasped the student, half dead with fright, striving in vain to recede from the edge of the terrace. The hand with which the old man clasped Carl's wrist quivered with fierce emotion.

"Tell me," once more murmured Carl—"what did she say?"

"BAA!" roared his tormentor, at the same time letting go Carl's wrist, and, slipping over the edge of the terrace, he was out of sight in an instant—leaving Carl Koëcker BROAD AWAKE, and in darkness, for he had broken his lamp, and overthrown both chair and table. His fire had gone out to the last cinder, and a ray or two of misty twilight, struggling through the crevices of the window shutters, served to show him how long he had been DREAMING.

He groped his way to bed, shivering with cold, and execrating the opera he had recently witnessed, whose ill-assorted recollections, with other passing fancies, had been moulded into so singular and distressing a dream.

END OF THE BRACELETS.

BLUCHER;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES

OF

A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,
f dogs write histories, or no.

It so happened, that, once upon a time, a Newfoundland dog was pleased to take it into his head to run away from his master, where he had ever been kept like a gentleman, (according to his own confession,) and come up to London, to seek after adventures. I saw him in his glory. He was a noble fellow: there was something imperial in the wagging of his bushy tail; and his eyes, on particular occasions, assumed the fire of a lion's. He was well combed and washed twice a week; and, on the whole, behaved as well as could be expected under the operations. In fact, he was the best-bred dog that ever I saw; and, by a particular habit he had got, (which, by-the-way, I would heartily recommend to all his canine relations,) of jumping and frisking about the mat, so as to clean his feet well before he entered a room, he won the especial favour of my lady, who christened him by the name of "Blucher." He had a large and airy kennel, (built against the snug side of the yellow-walled stable,) painted of a decent slate colour, which was carefully replenished

with straw twice a day. Nay, on one side there was a kind of trough to hold his water, and on the other a platter to contain his victuals.

Now, although he lived in such a handsome manner, he was not satisfied. The fact is, that a gentleman, (Sir Leonard Bullwhistle,) on a visit to his master, brought a fat, pursy, wheezing animal in his carriage, which was eventually the ruin of Blucher. Our friend eyed the stranger askance at first, and drew himself up with great dignity, wagging his tail in a most lofty manner. But "familiarity begets contempt." Prowzer, (the stranger's name,) by sundry humble acts, such as fetching Blucher a bone—leaving the trough when he came to drink—sleeping next the outside, (for they boarded and lodged together,) and various other unspeakable attentions, quite won upon the generous heart of the noble animal. I am very much inclined to think, from all accounts I have been able to obtain, that Blucher's knight-errantry was first engendered in sundry conversations with his new friend; for they were frequently remarked to run away together to a wood at some distance, and there, under the shadow of a beech tree, doubtless were arranged all the plans of Blucher's elopement. The innovations arising from his intercourse with his town-bred friend, first manifested themselves in a certain angry impatience on washing and combing day; and then he turned up his nose at the wholesome food brought him one morning by the butler. The magnificent description of Prowzer had clean turned his head. His ambition was fired. "It's no use—I must see *life;* I was never born to be cooped up in this narrow box all my days," were the reflections with which he suddenly started from his kennel, one bright, crisp, cold, frosty March morning, ran swiftly down the park, bounded nimbly over the gate, and took the high road to London. His journal must tell his adventures.

CHAPTER I.

Showing that Dogs have got Souls as well as Men, and that they know what is best for themselves.

March the 13th, 1824. This morning I escaped from Ashburd Park. I don't regret it, not I. I'll show myself a dog of spirit. I ran very quickly several miles, when the thought struck me that I should have first eaten my breakfast. But it cannot be helped now. I'm not going to sneak back, and be laughed at and ridiculed by my dear friend Prowzer. I'll show him that country dogs have resolution as well as your sleek town ones. But that is no reason why I should not get my bellyful of victuals as soon as convenient. Ha! there's a public house! will they take pity on me? I'll tell them I've got a soul, and a body too, as well as they, and that I need support for both; but will only trouble them for the latter at present.

I have been to the Pig and Whistle Inn, as it is called. There was an Irish labourer there, sitting in the taproom, eating bread and cheese and onions, and drinking porter. So I walked in, and stood opposite to him, and looked pathetically at what he held in his right hand; I wagged my tail; I whined. He understood me. "Arrah, my honey! but the dare cratur seems hungry!—my jewel! and won't I give you some praties! to be sure I will!" With that the kind-hearted fellow gave me a plateful, which he emptied from a coarse canvass bag. I ate a bellyful, though it was nothing to be compared with what I got at home. But what of that? as my friend Prowzer says, I am an independent dog now; I am free to buffet with the world as I best may. I moistened my breakfast with some—(I am sorry to say it)—with some *ditch water!* Faugh! As I heard the landlord say that the London coach went by at twelve o'clock,

and it was now ten, I resolved to go leisurely on my way till it caught me. However, when I saw the flaring sun, the bright though barren country, and the merry passengers, I could not keep on in such a heartless pace; so I trotted briskly along, forming vast schemes of future aggrandizement. At length I heard the heavy rumbling of the Shamrock coach; it soon caught me, and we kept companions for many a long mile. At length night came on, cold, dark, and cheerless. The coach and I stopped at Thatcham, a snug, pretty, comfortable inn. I went into the kitchen: a famous dish of ham and veal, and gravy, and bread, was set by in a corner for the hostler, by his sweetheart the cook. She was as red as could well be, fuming and fretting over a sirloin of beef, roasting richly before a huge roaring fire. I ate up the convenient victuals as quietly and expeditiously as possible. I had then no further occasion to be in the kitchen; so, thanking the kind servant in my heart, and licking my chops in testimony of my appreciation of my good cheer, I walked leisurely into the yard, while they were getting ready the second coach. I stood by, and no one saw me, for I kept away from the little red twinkling lanterns. At length the man had occasion to go into the stable, and left the coach door open. Was ever happiness like mine! I had found a capital supper; and here a bed offered itself for my convenience. I was always a dog of decisive character; so I bolted into the coach and crept under the seat. I had soon the unbarkable satisfaction of hearing the drowsy coachman come, slam the door, (they had no inside passenger except myself,) call out "All's right," and away we rattled, in such a delightful fashion, as sure never dog rattled before. The place in which I slept seemed made for my convenience; it was half full of nice, clean, sweet hay, and as warm as my heart could wish. I slept soundly.

CHAPTER II.

A singular Adventure; and the Termination of my Journey.

I CONJECTURED it to be five o'clock, when I was awaked by the sudden halting of the coach. What could this mean? Sure we had not yet arrived at London! I *almost* began to tremble lest some ugly accident—a dreamy and unconscious barking in my sleep, to wit, to which habit, Prowzer informed me, I was often subject at Ashburd—had betrayed me. So, with a bold heart I issued from beneath the seat, and stood fronting what I conjectured to be the door, for I could not see in the darkness; when I heard this dialogue: "Huoya, coachee! hast thee ever a place inside o' thee? Lud-a-mercy, let's in, for 'tis bitter cold." "Ay, the coach is empty. Jack," (to the guard,) "open the coach door for this gentleman." Open the coach door! my heart leaped up to my throat. I heard the guard jump heavily from the wheel on to the ground, open the coach door, and as the bumpkin had got one foot on the step, I leaped clean over his head, carrying, however, his hat in my course, and alighted exactly in a prickly hedge, (for it seems the coach had turned to one side for the passenger's convenience.) I could not stir from my situation, lest the coachman's whip, an instrument to which I ever had an insuperable aversion, should find its way to me; so I remained on the tenter *branches* of expectation. It was a ludicrous scene. "Lud, lud, lud!" exclaimed the affrighted countryman, in a voice fainter and fainter, till I heard him fall heavily along the road, in a fit, as I conjectured. The guard, notwithstanding he was reckoned a very valiant fellow, tried to whistle it off; but it was of no use. He had felt the sulphur of his Satanic majesty, (as I was told he informed his wife,) and seen his red goggling eyes, and his tail a yard and a half long, having a sting

in its end. Now, for mine honour I must here be allowed to say, that mine own tail is not above two feet in length, and never had, or will have, a sting. But this is a digression. The coachman, who was looking another way, had seen or heard nothing of these supernatural horrors. So he called loudly, "Ho! guard, where art gone? Is the jontleman got inside?" "Oh, coachee," was the faint reply, "I've seen a thing—oh! I don't care to name it;" and he sat down by the prostrate and insensible form of the countryman. "H—h—how!—why—why—what sayst thou?" inquired coachee, faltering from his usual bluff voice, while I heard the reins fall slapping on the backs of the horses. "Ho! oh! hoom!—how the d—l did the old enemy get inside?" quivered forth the affrighted guard. But the morning was getting gradually lighter, so that I could not remain longer in the hedge with any hope of concealment. Determined, therefore, to escape as became a ghost, or something worse, I gave a long, melancholy, tremendous howl, and bounded at once into the high road, scampering off as swiftly as my feet could carry me, and with as much secrecy as my *quadrupetante sonitu* allowed me. I never heard to this day how my coach friends recovered from their fright.

CHAPTER III.

Containing my Reflections on entering London.

March the 14th, 1824. I had now, as I once heard a beggarly Irishman tell my master, to "pad the hoof" for the rest of my journey to the metropolis. But my night's rest and an excellent supper (my lips water now when I think of it) had wonderfully recruited my health and spirits. Although the morning was not precisely such as I could have wished, being chill and foggy, yet I remembered my high resolve; and, moreover, that I had bargained to gratify my curiosity at

the expense of much personal convenience. So I held on my journey joyfully, and put as good a face on matters as possible. It is true I felt inclined at divers times to be snappish; but I reined in dogfully my natural impetuosity of temper. I often thought of my sage friend and adviser Prowzer; I once caught myself so far tripping as heartily to wish myself snug and warm by his side in my kennel. But doubtless he has cleared up my character, and explained my motives for my present course to the *powers that be* at Ashburd; for I abhor anything savouring of ingratitude.

But now, to return to my journey, the increase of the passengers, the noise, bustle, and frequent passing and repassing of London coaches, announced my arrival at that great emporium of men and dogs. My heart beat fast when at length I saw the outline of the turnpike gate at Hyde Park Corner, indistinctly defined through the foggy air. When I arrived at the toll bar, and looked on the fat, red, bottle-nosed tollman, and saw him leering at me in particular, (I must here digress to state that the Londoners have an impertinent talent of staring in the face everybody whom they meet,) I could not help laughing inwardly, though I took care to hide it from him by assuming as demure and Quakerian a countenance as was in my power. His eye was following me, when a postboy brought him a glass of brandy. Oh, the liquorish rapture with which he transferred his optic gaze from me to the brown spirituous liquor before him.

I was now in London; yet I don't exactly know how to analyze my feelings; for I sneaked slowly along, my tail pressed humbly between my legs and my head inclined downward. Albeit, I fancied that everybody I met knew me, and that they would take me severely to task for my scurvy trick; which would doubtless lead to a result which I could never stomach: that is, I should be sent back haltered to Ashburd. Therefore whenever I saw a man inclined particularly to scrutinize me, I ran off as swiftly as I could; which is

"giving him the *go-by*," as I once heard a man in London, one Pierce Egan, call it.

My mind was filled with sublime reflections on entering London. Would it be a scene of happiness or misery—of degradation or exhaltation—of shame or glory to me? Might it not prove to me "the deathbed of hope and the young spirit's grave?" (as my friend Thomas K. Hervey, an intelligent young man, and whom I initiated into the art of writing rural sonnets, during a few days' stay he made at Ashburd, says.) Perhaps it might; but was that any reason why I should not put forth all my energies? None whatever. "The town was all before me, where to choose." I was determined not to submit to the drudgery of trade, for I had been bred a gentleman dog; and resolved to turn my attention to literature and politics, having no doubt that I should be able to procure a handsome maintenance; and that was all I wanted. Nor let me be accused of narrow selfish feelings here. Bless my heart! are not dogs to get their living as well as the biped variation of their species? and am I, for instance, if I turn my attention to the law, to be hammering away fine epithets, and tinkling alliterations, and resounding antitheses, to drowsy judges and obtuse juries in Westminister Hall, for no other purpose than to lose my wind, for the pleasure of going home to starve? I would not even put on my wig under one guinea, and a *refreshing fee*. Doubtless these were all very fine reflections; but what I wanted at present, was to find animal subsistence.

CHAPTER IV.

Showing that a hearty Meal is a most desirable Thing; but how to get it is the Question; with my Adventures in search of one.

After a long perambulation up and down Piccadilly, I struck into Pall Mall, in order to feast my eyes with a sight of Carlton Palace; for I had always cherished

a love of architectural magnificence; and had my ci-devant master but formed as high an opinion of my abilities that way as I had myself, I would have made my kennel a model of elegance and stability. But to return. From Waterloo Place, Carlton Palace looked like a long spelling book, supported, as a roof, by a number of old tobacco pipes, like I have often seen my master's children do. There were four men with red jackets, standing bolt upright in little boxes, with guns by their sides. I apprehend they were merely stationed there to shoot any stray crows which might presume to nestle on the imperial roof. Having quite satiated my eyes, at the expense of my belly, (which gave frequent and manifest tokens of deplorable emptiness,) I jogged slowly along Pall Mall, and commenced a walk up the Strand. My heart ached within me, to see how insignificant a figure I cut, while "wearily wending my way" up this vast thoroughfare. It is true, I strove to put a good face on the matter, and walked as slowly and deliberately, and silent and stately, as I could; but when I saw, every now and then, an open carriage go by, with a sleek, fat, goggling mongrel, with an embroidered collar round his stumpy neck, and reclining daintily on beautiful women's laps, then burst my dogly heart; and 'tween my hind legs curling up my tail, great Blucher sneaked indignantly along. But my ireful feelings did not form an oblivious antidote to my hunger.

At length, when I had twice gone up and down between Charing Cross and St. Paul s churchyard, on anxious lookout for food of any kind, I came to a decent "ham shop and eating house." I stood some moments looking wistfully at the window, wherein were displayed long rows of polonies, black puddings, sausages, roast, cold, boiled, hot meat, &c., in such a tempting manner, that my mouth began to water, and the mere contemplation of such dainties made me lick my hungry chops. I edged nearer and nearer to the window; there was nobody there that I could see.

Why need I make many words about it? I dashed through the window pane—plunged my nose into a quartetto of black puddings—and scampered off with them as fast as possible. I soon found a blind alley; there I ate my delicious fare at my leisure; nor did I once think of my comfortable trough and platter at home. But these were soon *demonstrated;* and I thought I would retrogade a little, for the purpose of seeing what else might be got from the eating house. Alas! I had no sooner shown my head, than I was wheedled into the shop, a rope thrown round my neck, and I was led to the door. There the angry owner of the shop opened out such a clamour as was quite wonderful; but that did not prevent my feasting on some ready cut ham, while the man was earnestly haranguing the mob. When I had done, I wiped my mouth on his apron, and listened to him. "Well, is there ne'er a jontleman owns this 'ere woracious, thievish dog? It's werry strange, I must say; for though he's a bad, yet he's a good-looking fellow: so I shall keep him in this 'ere shop, an' adwertise him, an' give him his bellyful of wittals." With that the crowd dispersed, and I was taken behind the counter, and fed with all manner of choice things, ready to bursting. Mr. Bubblesqueak (my hospitable entertainer's name) was just patting my back, when a tall, swaggering, jockey-looking fellow came into the shop, and, to my utter amazement, said he had come to claim HIS DOG. I was near fainting; for I suspected that my master had sent up a man who had tracked my course. "What may his name be?" inquired my shrewd host. With ready and unblushing effrontery he replied, "Lion." Hereat I gave a loud and sudden bark of anger and vexation. "You see he knows me," answered the wily fellow, "but the fact is, he's ashamed to look me in the face, 'pon honour. We had a *brush* this morning, and he ran away." The purveyor of sausages was quite confounded. "What am I to pay you?" "Ho! ahem—four puddings, one shilling; window, two and sixpence;

breakfast, one shilling; keeping, two shillings—six and sixpence, sir." "Egad! 'tis a deuced extortion; however, I'll pay you seven shillings, and you must give me the rope. He may run away again." The money was given—the cord put into his hand—but I barked and struggled dogfully, for he was evidently a scoundrel. However, I was compelled to follow, chiefly out of respect to a large whip which he often brandished over my back, *in terrorem*. We went at an orderly pace down the street, when a slight mischance happened to my master. "At it again, Master Hop-the-twig? How long is't since you left Newgate? Stealing dogs again, by ——!" were the words with which a burly officer, who had been watching him, clapped him on the shoulder, thrust a pair of handcuffs over his wrists, and we were both led away in state to —— street office.

CHAPTER V.

I am dragged along the Streets as a Malefactor: I am examined before a Magistrate in Bow-street; of which an account is given.

Accompanied by my soi-disant owner, who paddled along in a very sheepish tristful mood, hardly daring to cast a side glance on me, who ambled ruefully on my way, attached to the officer's huge fist by a halter, I soon found myself walking down St. Martin's lane. The unlucky dog-fancier (for that is the name I perceive they go by) several times endeavoured to coax his Cerberus guide into conversation; but in vain. His sour visage was screwed up into the pleasing resemblance of a pair of nutcrackers.

"I say, Mister Officer, vhere are vee going to—to the vachhouse?"

"You'e going where you'll be well watched, master, I'll warrant you."

"My hands are *werry* tight, sir; could you loosen

these handcuffs a little ?"—and he cast his longing eye on a blind alley a little forward on the opposite side of the way.

"None of your *gammon*, ye thief, ye! Loosen your handcuffs! Gemini! I'd sooner see ye hang'd first—as I hope, please God, to see ye, after the next Old Bailey sessions."

"Dear! oh, Mister Officer! how *can* you be so hard hearted?" "All's one for that, old boy, you're safe now; and it's not my fault if you arn't so as long as you're in my care. On—quicker, or I'll tighten your handcuffs."

"Gemini! they're tight enough already, in all conscience."

"On, ye blackguard—on! *You* talk of conscience! —ha, ha, ha!" and he hurried quicker, for a considerable mob had congregated around us, trotting all our way. My nose felt quite hot with shame and vexation. What a precious commencement of my London adventures! I shrunk involuntarily from sundry kind pats and caresses bestowed by the mob; I felt they esteemed me a criminal! In the bitterness of my heart I once leaped to the full extent of the halter; the sudden jerk I occasioned to the hand of the officer, produced such a kick on my posteriors as I remember to this day; so I was fain to bear my "durance vile" with as good an air of submission as possible. I still, however, attempted to bite off the rope, and comforted myself with the fable of the mouse nibbling away a large cable: I might as well have tried to leap through a stone wall.

At length we arrived at the police office. A few ill-looking people were loitering near the door, as if waiting for the trial of some of their comrades. Our conductor and his train soon made their way through a long, dark, narrow passage, and on knocking at a door, entered the room where the trials were going on. After a considerable time spent in trembling anxiety, (I heard my heart go pit-a-pat,) our turn came. "Well,"

said his worship, putting on his spectacles, which he had been wiping on the corner of an Indian handkerchief—"well, Mr. V——, and what have we here?" "An it like your worship," answered he, stroking back his hair, hemming, and chucking me right full into the awful presence of the magistrate, "this here man, (pointing to the shivering culprit,) who is a well-known thief—one of your dog-fanciers, your worship—seeing Mr. Bubblesqueak, the cook, in the Strand, come to his door, holding a dog by this here halter, and hearing him inquire whose it might be, stops very quietly till the people was all gone, your worship—"

"Ay, ay, I suppose so. Go on—that is not material," said the magistrate, hastily.

"Well, your worship, what does my gentleman do—I was watching him all the time—but take himself into the shop, and say the dog was his, your worship! So I waited outside, and saw him come out presently, holding this here dog by this here halter, your worship; so I makes me no more to do, but claps my gentleman on the handcuffs—"

"In fact, *here he is*, that's very plain; no matter *how*. Now, what have you to answer to all this?" addressing the prisoner, who was quite chopfallen.

"Please your vorship, there's ne'er a man in this 'varsal world that's more honester than myself, so please your vorship"—here the officer turned round to the strangers, and leered—"and—and—but it's no use," he added, suddenly, "to say anything here, as it's werry likely your vorship will send me off to Newgate; so I shall keep what I have to say till then, please your vorship." Among experienced thieves, this avowal is looked on as a tacit confession of guilt. The magistrate fully committed him to Newgate, and he was taken from the room.

"D'ye not know whom this dog belongs to, Mr. Officer?" inquired the magistrate, wreathing his hand in his whiskers.

"No, your worship, I never seed the dog before No

one knew whose he was—for he came and broke open the shop window, your worship, and (here I bowed my head between my fore legs) stole four black puddings, your worship!"

"Ha, ha, ha!—a *cunning* felon!—ha, ha, ha! This is beyond all I ever saw! What in the name of wonder shall we do with him? And what became of the black puddings, eh?"

"Eat 'em, your worship," replied the officer, licking his lips.

"Why, ecod! I never heard anything like this before. Did you *see* all this, sir?"

"No, your worship; but I heard Mr. Bubblesqueak tell the people as much."

"And no one came forward to own the dog?"

"None but he your worship has just committed."

"*Sure* it wasn't his *own?*" inquired the magistrate, winking sagaciously.

"Please your worship, he's the greatest dogstealer on the town! His own?—it's his own by theft, if it is at all."

"Then, shoot me, if I know what to do."

"No more do I, i'fackins," replied a fat brother on the bench.

"Would your worship advertise him?" inquired the officer.

"Ay, ay, that will be the thing. Mr. McScribble, (the office clerk,) draw up an advertisement of this dog, and give a description of it." Then addressing a turnkey, "In the mean while, Tom, you keep him here, seed him well, and show him to all comers, till you hear again from me. Now, what comes next?" In the mean time, I was made to leap on a bench before the clerk, and show myself, that he might take accurate note. This was the advertisement he drew up:

"Whereas, on March 15, 1825, a Newfoundland dog was brought by an officer of the establishment to Bow-street, unowned; this is to give notice, that the owner, if any such there be, may again obtain posses-

sion of the same, by applying before the 22d of this month, and paying all expenses of keep and advertisement." Then followed a long and flourishing description of my person.

CHAPTER VI.

I find myself in very curious Quarters.—My Spirits are very low.—A Description of my Companions.

After Mr. McScribble had done, he nodded to a Bow-street minion, who, understanding the signal, moved off with me. I walked after him in mortified silence. He led the way to some backward rooms; and after opening a broad iron-bound door, we entered a large chamber, in the farther end of which, in a huge grate, was crackling and blazing an enormous fire. There were two windows on the sides of the room; one looked on a high dead wall, and the other on a yard where three old women were washing. Opposite, and on each side of the fireplace, were placed three forms; I crept under these, and stretched my wearied frame in the centre. I was here surrounded by a motley group. Several tall stout men sat around, evidently police officers, intermingled with many country-looking people —withered old crones and giggling young maidens— substantial farmers and cozy London citizens. A few, from time to time, engaged in conversation.

"Mayhap you are here on the same errand as we is?" said a fat, pursy, jolly Londoner, half choked with fat, with little, gray, twinkling eyes, seeming buried in their sockets—his two fists thrust, John-Bull-like, into his waistcoat pockets—addressing a tall, lank, spectre-looking man, enwrapped in a slender, well-darned, olive-coloured top coat, his cheeks sucked in as though with famine, and his hungry eyes fixed ravenously on a piece of mutton pasty which a woman opposite was eating *con amore*.

"Mayhap you be here of the same errand as we is —to be *witnesses?*"

"*I* come, sir, from that noble Parnassian summit, a —a—in common words, sir, I come from an attic in G—g—rub-street, where, next the aerial sky, I imbibe ethereal inspirations, and run riot in the wild and fanciful exuberance of a rich and cultivated imagination."

"Eh—ha—hum! learned *lingo*, all that! Pray, what may it all mean, sir?" winking hard at those next him.

"I, sir, am an author—a poet—a philologist!" replied he of the threadbare coat, drawing up his lean person with great dignity.

"Lack-a-day, sir!" wheezed a fat matron, "*filly-olodgy!* Rimini! what may that mean? In this 'varsal world I never heerd o' such a thing."

"I'm laith to say, mem," replied a sharp, gray-eyed Scotchman, who had been peering in silence around him, "that ye ken naethin' at all aboot it, mem. *Pheelology*, mem—ahem!"

"Marry come up, sir! and who may *you* be as dares to contradict *me?*"

"I daur to contradeect *any one*, mem; I'se na mair afraid o' ye than o' the dog i' the centre, mem—(meaning myself)—an' it's amaist true an' parteeclar fac', that ye still ken naethin' aboot *pheelology*, whilk is a deveene science *I* ha' spent twal' years in learning, mem."

"I'fackins, an' ye might ha' spent your time much better, I'm thinking."

"And dootless mickle waur, mem. It's na' just geeven to siccan folk like *ye*, mem, to *comprehen'* sic things. It's clean past ye're mark, mem. The common folk in Englan', mem, are aye an unlearned people, unlike to the canny Scotch."

"And who may *you* be, sir, that dares to libel we English?" inquired the first speaker—the fat Londoner —bristling with anger.

"Ma certie, man! ye're far owerhet, and I'm boun'

to tell ye, sir, it's naethin' at all to you, *who* I am." A stout farmer, next the *spectral poet*, was seen fumbling about his *oaken plant*, and was heard muttering something about "beggarly Scotchmen," when the Caledonian mildly inquired of his friend the philologist—a term, whose assumption had provoked all this dispute, "May I take the liberty, my especial friend, to inquire what has brought ye here?" "Ah, my dear friend—a loss!—a deep, woful, unutterably dreadful loss!" The company stared with wide-opened eyes on the speaker, amazed at this appalling exordium. Then hurried whispers ran round—dating the sum at *one—two—four—six—ten* thousand pounds; and they commiserated the unfortunate gentleman, who broke a dead silence, by explaining—

"The labour of ten years, my dear sir! It was wrought amid pain, sickness, and sorrow. It was my solace in all my vexations. It was my jewel, my priceless jewel, in all my p—p—overty! It was my fair bright star, beaming through all the murkiness of want and affliction! It was my beacon to fame, honour, and emolument. It would have made me reparation for all my sufferings!"

"I canna, for the life o' me, conceeve what it ma' ha' been," said the Scotchman, quite puzzled, as I thought, at this piteous enumeration. "Dootless it was a maist sair misfortune, but *what* can it ha' been? —a feelosopheecal treatise, perhaps—an erudite work on the mathematics—a key to algebraic—"

"Good and wise things in their way, I question not," said the disconsolate spectre, "but all nothing—*nothing* in comparison of the great work I have lost!"

"Ma certie!" ejaculated the astounded Scotchman, turning his eyes and hands upward, "what *can* it ha' been?"

"Oh, kind sir, hear what it was—*The Battle of Bunker Hill*, a poem of forty-nine cantos."

"Whew—whew!" whistled the Scotchman, "I can-

na but think ye need not ha' valued *it* at siccan a fearfu' rate. A wee bit o' poetry!—whew and whoo!"

"Fhat may pe ta name o her poem? will ta shentleman say fhat is her name again?" inquired a little gorbellied Welshman, with both hands crossed on a parcel wrapped up in a dingy yellow cotton handkerchief, resting on his lap.

"*The Battle of Bunker Hill*, sir; and I am come here to solicit the advice of the magistrate how to recover it."

"Heugh! heugh!" answered the Welshman, quickly untying the parcel. It proved to be a thick, quarto-paged, closely written volume, with stiff blue paper backs. He pushed aside the fly leaf, and peering on the title page, read aloud, "The Battle of Bunker Hill; an Heroic Poem, in 49 Cantos, by Pigwhistle Dronepipe, Esquire."

The instant that the spectre heard the annunciation uttered, in a strong Welsh accent, he leaped over to where the possessor of his treasure sat, almost screaming with rapture.

"Glory! glory! thanks!—oh, *how* can I thank ye? Honour and distinction are now open!—sweet, precious, inestimable treasure!" and he hugged it in ecstasy, "how often has my brain reeled while tracing thy scenes by the dull flickering rushlight at midnight! Star of my recovered hope!—jewel of my brightening fortunes!—I kiss thee! Oh for words!—words!—I cannot speak my thanks! And what shall I pay thee, honest sir?" and he put his hand into an—empty pocket.

"She fhil tak nothing fhatefer!—no, tat she won't! She found it only yesterday, as she was falking along Barbican, about dusk."

"Well done, *Taffy!* Well done, *Taffy!* A true Welshman!" echoed gladly round the room, with many other shouts of approbation and expressions of sympathy; in the deafening din of which I fell fast asleep, as warm and snug as my heart could wish.

CHAPTER VII.

I am retained in ignominious Bondage, and exposed to the rude Examination of Strangers.

March 16th, 1824. When I awoke I was surprised to find myself alone, and in comparative darkness. I lay easily stretched before a few ruddy cinders, in place of the huge roaring coal fire at which I fell asleep. The room was untenanted, except by mine own self. A few lumbering forms were around me; and from two diamond-shaped holes in the high window shutters against the yard, could be seen the misty streaming rays of incipient daybreak. I rose on the coarse rug, and shook myself well—only to lie down again, and watch the gristling cinders—for I did not know what else to do with myself.

I consumed several hours in a kind of dreamy dozing, in which I was perpetually recurring to Ashburd Park. I could not help feeling a thrill of remorse, on considering the anxiety and vexation I must have occasioned. Then I imaged the fat pursy Prowzer, lolling at ease in my warm kennel—the butler bringing him his victuals—following his own imperial will and pleasure; and contrasted it with myself—stretched, half shivering, before the skeleton of a fire—obliged to steal my dinner—for which I am locked up in the police office, and advertised as a worthless vagabond! In the middle of these "thick-coming, bitter fancies," I felt a heavy thwack on my shoulders; and starting up with half a howl and half a bark, saw foggy daylight coming through the wide window shutters, which were thrown aside. A cold draught crept shuddering over me; and on looking up I beheld a tall strapping servant wench, leaning on her brush, and looking, I fancied with pitying eye, upon me. I started from the place I occupied, and she went on with her sweeping. When the chamber was set to rights—the forms were ad-

justed—and the fire was comfortably lighted—I again lay down in my former posture, and soon had a most excellent and substantial breakfast brought me.

During the course of the day, a vast number of applicants came to view me, and if possible to claim me as their property; but the police took prudent care to bid each describe minutely my person. Many funny disputes occurred outside the door. "I vhant to see this here dog," said the voice of a cockney, as I judged from his accent and pronunciation.

"How so? Is't yours, sir?"

"Ay, it is, I varrant you! He ran off from our shop two days ago."

"What colour may he be, master?"

"What colour! Why—a—a—in fact—what colour? Why—d'ye think I don't know my own dog? He's mine, I tell you, and I'll have him. So, open the door."

"Not in such a hurry, master. Surely your honour must know your own dog. At least say; is he white or black?"

"He—he—in fact he's neither, but *brown!*" replied the bestial, ignorant cockney.

"Then spare yourself further trouble, master," replied the man, opening the door, and disclosing a dog, streaked with broad patches of white and black. He slunk away heartily ashamed.

After a great number of such applicants, for a week's time, the magistrate determined that I should be sold at once; for, as he said, I ate enormously. A pretty independent life was this! Sold, and bartered, and thieved, and imprisoned every moment since I came to London. Oh, for Ashburd—tut—I merely wrote this in a qualm of sickness.

CHAPTER VIII.

I am sold.—Description of my new Master.

March 23d, 1824. It fell to my lot to be bought by an apothecary, for three pounds, three shillings, and three pence three farthings; for the sable creature higgled and haggled for an odd farthing. He was soon furnished with a rope; and I was led grumbling and growling to the door, whereat stood a crazy, dingy, nondescript vehicle, which he dignified by the name of a *one-horse chay*, but which *I* humbly beg leave to translate into a "pill box, drawn by an old leech." Into this machine was I presently hoisted; the flap was buttoned down—Mr. McDrenchem whistled, the whip descended, and away we rumbled; my unhappy body jolting about hither and thither, according to every rut we encountered. At last the *one-horse chay* stopped, opposite to a house in Holborn. As the flap was unbuttoned to let out Mr. McDrenchem, while he descended to rap at the little dingy green door, I stood ruefully observing my future domicile. It was a slim house of four stories; the windows, two abreast, were level with the walls; they were high, narrow, and short paned. The bottom was a broad bow, with a green blind let down; and in each corner was a piece of fine linen, whereon was painted these letters:

"*Gideon McDrenchem,*
"*Surgeon, Apothecary, and Accoucheur.*
"N.B. *At home till* 10 *in the morning, and after* 6 *in the evening. Advice gratis to the poor.*"

I was soon summoned. I entered the shop, where a pale listless apprentice sat at a desk, kicking his heels against his stool. My heart sickened at the long rows of bottles, white and green, slim and gorbellied;

I cast a shuddering glance at the ranks of ointment jars and pill pots, and hurried into the surgery. There sat an old wheezing man with one eye, awaiting the doctor; a dirty vial was balancing on his shrivelled fingers.

"Eh, gratis patient! Past the hour, freen'—past the hour, freen'—"

"Please, sir, it's just seven minutes past ten, and I'se so bad with the rhewmatise."

"Come to-morrow, come to-morrow. It's mair 'an ten minutes syn St. Andrew's chappit ten. Glad to see ye to-morrow, freen'—be sure ye're here afore ten." So the gratis patient was fain to hobble out at double quick time, and my new master dragged me up stairs. He was a little, thin, wrinkled, money-getting fellow, with a huge pair of spectacles on his nose. His wife was a tall, gaunt, ghastly-hued woman, who nevertheless affected somewhat of the fine lady.

"Ye ken, Maggie, a said a would bring ye something guid! Look ye!" and he pushed me on before him.

"Eh! lauk! Why, how much did ye give for him?"

"Three pounds, three shillings, and three pence three farthings."

"Wouldn't take no lower, I suppose?"

"Ha, na, Maggie! The chaps are aye unco hard at aught o' a bargain. There's na coming ower near them; there's na coming ower near them, I'se assure ye, Maggie."

"Indeed, so I think, lovy; it's a most gashly sum to give for a dog—and such a dog!" At hearing such shameful depreciation, I could not refrain from growling deeply.

"See'd ye ever such a vicious creature!"

"I'fackins! I think I might ha' dun better wi' three pounds, three shillings, and three pence, Maggie," replied the apothecary, thoughtfully.

"Hout! it can't be help'd now, you know, Gideon; only add *sixpence* to each draught that Alderman *Cop-*

pernose and Deputy *Tunbelly* have, and I'll vouch for it you'll soon pull it up."

"Hech! hear till her! It's aye easy to talk, Maggie. If I were to do siccan a thing as set down 'draught aperient 2*s.*' in loco, (as we say in Latin,) 'Haustus aperientis, 1*s.* 6*d.*,' Guid guide us, I should ha' them raving here in a fearfu' awsome manner! Hegh, Maggie! I wad ye had seen how Mister O'Firkin (that's the butterman at the corner, ye ken) gaed on, just 'cause I set him down 'a glyster, 2*s.* 6*d.*!'"

"Tut, Gideon! Ye will make it up, some way, I don't at all doubt."

"Why, ay, wify, there's naethin' left for't but that, I'm thinking. But he'll do to follow the chay, and sleep in the shop, an' mind it while Mr. *Topknot* is at meals, ye ken. Sae, I'se call the lad, and bid him feed him. There's some grits an' stale braith, I'se thinking, wi' a few wee bits o' odds an' ends." My heart sank within me at this pitiful enumeration. I had a great mind to bolt through the drawing room windows in reckless despair. But the errand boy now knocked with his knuckles at the parlour door. He was commanded to enter. He was a neat, tidy, humble boy, with coarse yellowish hair, combed lankily on one side.

"Jacob, tak' ye this dog down stairs, and gie him for his victuals, what odds an' ends there may be in the kitchen; and then get yourself ready to gae out wi' some pheesic to Mister Squelch."

CHAPTER IX.

I am sorely dissatisfied with my Situation.—A Description of Mr. Topknot, the Apprentice, and of the Shop.

I TROTTED down stairs into the kitchen, and was compelled by hunger to devour such execrable riff-raff as —patience help me!—makes my stomach heave even now! To what a despicable situation was I reduced! My brain was ready to be turned upside down, when I

compared my present situation with what I had left, and felt that I deserved it. Here was I obliged to gulp down all manner of nauseous filthiness -- or starve—and be cooped up in a narrow house, half suffocated with the stink of drugs—at the mercy of Mr. McDrenchem—the old asthmatic servant—the apprentice—and the errand boy! But the latter, I must do him the justice to say, was a simple, kind-hearted fellow, and took a great liking to me. He always gave me a small portion of his own scanty meals; and combed and washed me with particular attention. I often licked his hand in return.

As soon as I had finished what Mr. McDrenchem was pleased to miscall my *meal*, I was led into the shop. This, to be sure, though rather oldfashioned, was a clean, tidy, comfortable place. The floor was covered with mosaic-pavement oilcloth; and Mr. Topknot's desk, at the window, had railings, and nice green silk. The bottles, jars, pots, &c., &c., were regularly disposed, and the counter was clean and well rubbed. Mr. Topknot might be about nineteen; he was a good-looking young man, but had a head like a footman, with his stiff grayish hair twisted forcefully into a cone. There was a certain haughtiness, too, in his manner, and an affectation of dignity, which were mightily disagreeable.

"Well, I'm sure!" quoth he, listlessly, wriggling from off his stool, on seeing the errand boy lead me into the shop—"and pray, my good fellow, what and whose may that be?—eh? A good-looking spiritish fellow, by ——!"

"Please, sir, 'tis master's; he bought him to-day."

"Ay, indeed! Pray, my little fellow, what may he have cost?"

"Master hasn't told me, sir. He gave me him to feed (here methought his features were stealthily modelled into a grin) and take care of."

"Hem! hem!—a pretty decentish piece of goods, I must say, Jacob."

"Glad you think so, sir. He's to be left here till I come in from Mister Squelch's, sir," taking a bottle of physic and a plaster from the counter—"will you please to take care of him, sir?"

"Ay! ay! ay! to be sure. Come you here, sir! Eh, Jacob—I say!—what's the name of this fellow?"

"Master says he'll have him called *Bolus*, sir."

"Ho!—Bolus? Well—he's certainly a right to call his own property by any name he likes—eh, Jacob?"

"Yes, sir," for the prudent lad always took care to coincide in the opinion of his superiors. As soon as he went out, I was summoned to leap on the counter.

"So, so, Mr. Bolus! Heigh! You are a lad of metal, are you? Upon my word, you've been well kept! We"—and he spoke in a low cautious tone of voice—"we shall see how long you will look sleek and fat at Mr. McDrenchem's, or I'm monstrously mistaken."

As his master was gone out on his rounds, we were very happy together, in frisking and leaping after each other, in as much as the small space of the shop and surgery admitted. At last, when he was in momentary expectation of the arrival of Mr. McDrenchem, he sat down very demurely at his desk, affecting a profound study of "*Dr. Cullen's Nosology;*" while I crouched down on the rug in the surgery, by a small but cheerful fire, immersed in bitter reflection.

CHAPTER X.

Detailing the Progress of my Initiation into the Art and Mystery of an Apothecary.

My situation at Mr. McDrenchem's was not so excessively laborious as I at first feared. I had little regular occupation; for of what service could a dog be (even such a dog as myself!) in the profession of physic? for I am free to confess, that neither of my

paws is at all calculated for feeling pulses; and that I cannot contrive, like my master, to stalk along with a silver-headed walking-stick in my hand. Yet, during the first week I remained at Mr. McDrenchem's, I obtained a very respectable knowledge of practical physic. For example: Suppose a man—a woman—a child—or a puppy—come to me, and say, "Mr. Blucher, I've got a bellyache—I want some *stuff;*" I should *hem* and *haw* a good deal, to collect my wits about me, and then tell the patient to put out his or her tongue.

Whatever be the appearance at present, I immediately say, "Sir, your stomach is out of order."

"Well, sir, and what would you recommend?"

"Why, you see, sir, that the precepts of Hippocrates recommend bleeding in all cases of intestinal inflammation—especially in the region of the stomach, behind which, my dear sir, is situated the grand sympathetic nerve."

"Grand sympathetic nerve!" exclaimed the patient in horror—"sure, doctor, that is not out of order!" Here I shrug my shoulders, nod my head, wink my left eye, and glance ambiguously. Having thus tortured the wretched patient according to the most approved method, and worked up his *malaide imaginaire* almost into a paroxysm of real illness, I recapitulate the most usual antiphlogistic remedies—and sum up the whole with advising the patient—to take a dose of *sulphatis magnesiæ*, or, *vulgo vocato*, Epsom salts. If ever a patient chanced to ask me a puzzling question, I shook my head; and after a long silence, uttered, "*Hic, hæc, hoc—infinitement obligé, mounseer—tempus est ludendi, quod erat demonstrandum.*" This jargon seldom fails to satisfy the patient, who goes off with the profoundest reverence for my consummate wisdom. I made considerable progress in the study of pharmacy. I am naturally enterprising; but there was one thing with which I could have easily dispensed—Mr. Topknot was in the habit of trying all his experiments on

me. For instance—if he wished to see how small a quantity of submuriate of mercury would produce a salivation, he had nothing to do but enclose the requisite quantity in a lump of conserve of roses, (a drug for which he discovered I had a great partiality,) put it in my way, and it was sure to be gulped down, *sans ceremonie*, the instant it was discovered. Three experiments out of ten played the mischief with me.

But I now began to think it my turn for trying experiments. Be it known unto the reader, then, that there was a noble tom cat, who lived next door, and with whom I was on very good terms. The way in which I first conciliated his esteem was thus: Master Tom, one morning, had been lying in wait near the lair of a huge monster of a rat; he chanced to pop out his head; and its enormous magnitude clean frightened Tom. I chanced to be near the spot, and saw him spitting and shivering; I knew by his manner there was something in the wind, so I took my station opposite. By-and-by the rat leaped out—the cat absolutely yelled—for I never heard a cat utter such a sound before—and jumped on my back. I bounded after the object of his horror—half suffocated, the mean time, by the tight grasp of his claws round my neck—and succeeded in snapping the vermin almost in halves, with exceeding fierceness. Tom loved me sincerely ever after this exploit.

This was the animal on which I had resolved to commence the practice of my experimental chymistry. So, one morning, just after the boy had done sweeping out the shop, and before Mr. Topknot had come down, (for he was an infamously late riser,) I coaxed Tom into the surgery. I then went into the shop, leaped on the counter, and stood eying some small powder bottles with intense earnestness. It was an awful moment. All was profound stillness around, save and except when the dustman tinkled his bell, or the shrill cresswoman published the contents of her rural basket. The cat was basking cosily on the hearth before the

fire in the surgery. My heart fluttered. How did I know but that in mistake I might hurry him off to his long home, with a dose of arsenic, or oxymuriate of mercury? The thought startled me—my nose grew stone cold, and I jumped off the counter. I soon revived, and grew ashamed of my pusillanimity. Up I leaped again, I opened my mouth, and grasped a bottle, which, as I conceived, contained the calomel. I soon contrived to pour out about a scruple's weight into a piece of paper; the powder was of a damp dingy white. It seemed, as I fancied, rather grittier than calomel—but what of that? I had never before seen it so closely. I directly enveloped it in a tempting piece of conserve; and then, with the piece in my mouth, trotted into the surgery. Poor Tom little imagined the horrors brewing for him! How innocently he lay, blinking at the ruddy flames! For a moment I felt ashamed of the scurvy trick I was about to play: but my curiosity burned fiercely—it overcame all obstacles. I feigned to romp, as I had often done with Tom. At last, I contrived to open his mouth—I held asunder the jaws, and then dropped in the nauseous compound. The cat turned up the whites of his eyes—and then swallowed it!—

* * * * * * *

I lay down by his side, earnestly regarding his countenance. For a while he lay very quiet, with his mouth resting on his soft velvet paws. I beheld all was going on well, and blessed myself on my success. All on a sudden the cat jumped on his feet—his teeth chattered—his eyes turned round in all manner of directions—he grinned in a ghastly manner—his flanks heaved like a pair of bellows.

* * * * * * *

My head seemed turning round! At length he was seized with a fit of horrible sickness, and all the nauseous consequences regularly followed in such a loathsome manner, as I hope never again to witness! This latter circumstance would never do; so I grasped him

by his neck, and carried him into the yard. I shivered all over like a leaf rudely shaken by the wind. The cat, in fact, was evidently enduring mortal agonies. I was his murderer!—for in half an hour he expired in a frightful fit of convulsions.

I disposed of the corpse with secrecy and despatch —down a place which need not be mentioned. His fate, to all but myself, was enveloped in the profoundest mystery. The crime, however, was principally laid at the door of poor Mr. Topknot.

"*Ey, ey, sair! Am werry sairtain you've been physicking the cat—poor dear creature!—an' he such werry excellent mouser! Ey!—an't ye ashamed o' yourself?*" said the owner to him one morning, after his master was gone his first rounds. In vain poor Topknot swore and protested he knew nothing of the creature; it wouldn't do; the good woman seemed to bring home to him the charge, and to establish its certainty in her own mind by the following most regular and correct syllogism:—

"Mr. Topknot is fond of trying experiments on *wermin;* my tom cat is missing; *thereforc*, Mr. Topknot has physicked him to death!!!"

Several sage discussions on the subject were held in the parlour by Mr. and Mrs. McDrenchem for want of something better to talk about, while I, the murderer, lay shivering under the table, or before the fire. But the most terrific tragedy must have a *finis*. In a few weeks poor Tom and his hard fate were consigned over to oblivion. Not but that my conscience often experienced some sharp twinges of remorse; but an apothecary, especially an enterprising one, soon forgets and despises such *trifles*.

CHAPTER XI.

Showing that

"Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds."

I CANNOT help thinking that I am a great fool for heading chapter the eleventh with this motto; it ought rather to be—in my case, at least—

"For *curses* ever wait on *barbarous* deeds,
And," &c.

I would substitute for it this latter version; but the fact is, I have not time to scratch out, and my penknife is very blunt.

There is a certain luxury attending the recollection of great achievements, and even of the pains, vexations, and anxieties attending their performance. The mind delights, when, as it were, safe arrived on a fine flowery island, to turn round, and cast her eyes on the turbulent ocean, and to deride its angry foaming billows: but I cannot help thinking that the excitement and terror it endured thereon begetteth an inclination for a repetition of the same; because pleasure is sweet after pain, rest after trouble, and happiness after misery—the contrast in everything. Now, in my own case—the cat and the emetic tartar (as I have since learned was the name of the drug, which I unfortunately mistook for calomel) occasioned me a little world of trouble and excitement. I called forth the energy of mind which before I knew not that I possessed. The bold enterprise—the delicious agony of uncertainty—the *finale*—the result—are very pleasant subjects for calm retrospection. When I retired for the night to my bed of straw beneath Mr. Topknot's desk—when all was quiet around me, in dreary inspissated darkness, I often meditated on my rash experiment and its fatal consequences.

Yet, I seemed bewitched, for though the latter would stand in grim array before me, I longed—yea, even longed for another opportunity. But, alas, there were no more cats to be had in the neighbourhood. I did not know how to account for it; but whenever I chanced to meet a neighbouring cat after this circumstance, they all avoided me, hawking and spitting furiously at me. I seemed to be branded on the forehead with cruelty. But, as I was saying, my desire for experiments was now stronger than ever, and I cast about daily in my mind for a fresh subject for them. Will any one believe it? I at length fixed—on *the errand boy!!*

I must have been drunk when such an unlucky fancy entered my head. I fancied poor Jacob could read my determination in my guilty countenance. I was always casting a sheep's eye on him; I was always *casting* about for a fit and proper opportunity to put in practice my resolution; but when I recollected all his innocent kindness towards me—I blushed for shame, even on the inside of my mouth!

At one time, I own, a substitute for him entered my head, in the person of Mr. Topknot; but I relinquished that idea in despair. What opportunity had I for physicking the apprentice, who took his meals up stairs? How could I get the drug, when he who had charge of them was in the shop? And suppose I should be—*detected!* Now you must know that Jacob, the errand boy, had his meals in the shop during the times which were employed for that purpose by Mr. Topknot up stairs. His dinner generally consisted of three thick pieces of bread and butter, folded up in a dingy white handkerchief. He frequently left this open on the lid of an oilskin-covered basket, while he was for a moment summoned on an errand. One day at his dinner, just as he had saved a very choice *morceau*—a titbit, as it was very nicely cut and squared, well covered with salt butter—the shrill voice of the housekeeper suddenly summoned him down stairs, and he

left it on the farther corner of his basket. I sat on the mat before him, leering upon him out of the corner of my eye, although I feigned sleep. As he closed the shop door, I had an opportunity of putting in practice my scheme immediately. So, I—in fine, I accomplished my purpose!—no matter how for the present!

Now, it so happened, that when Jacob was summoned down stairs, it was for the purpose of supping up some soup, of three days' standing, which the beneficence of Mr. McDrenchem, when himself found it undrinkable, had ordered to be inflicted upon his errand boy. As soon as he had finished the nauseous liquid, with sundry ejaculations and contortions, which happily passed unobserved by the blinking eyes of the housekeeper—he was suddenly summoned forth on some errand, and I was commanded to attend Mr. McDrenchem, on a visit to Sir Diggory Drysalt. On my return I was handed my supper, such as it was--being a collection of all the vile morceaus to be found on the premises. As soon as I had done—for what can a dog do, when his only alternative is to eat such stuff, or starve?—as I was clearing out my throat, I once or twice noticed something of exceeding grittiness, though entirely tasteless; I supposed some sand, as usual, had fallen into my victuals. Presently the errand boy came down stairs.

"Please ye, mem, where's my piece o' bread and butter?"

"Preat and putter, ye farment! Tif ye think *I* know ought o't?"

"But it was such a nice square piece, mem."

"Oh!—fhat—ye mean tat piece left on your pasket?"

"Yes, yes, I thank'ee, mem; that's it."

"Oh—fhell!—master comes town a little time since, and seeing it there, 'It's an unco shame,' quo' he, 'to waste guid brede an' butter in siccan a sinfu' manner! Hout o' the dainty callant! Maggie, lovy! tak tent it's taken down stairs, an' given to Bolus'—(myname,

as you recollect)—an' so it fhas, inteet, and ta tog has just eaten it ! ! !"

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I felt every single hair on every single limb start upright, as if it intended to take its departure ! What a judgment ! At last I had fallen into the snare designed for others !

Faugh !—in a few moments after the dame's annunciation, I felt such an astounding sensation all over me --such an uproarious commotion inside—such rumbling--swelling—tweezing—and then—I fell flat on the floor, and thought there was an end of the world. I have some faint recollection of a burst of laughter among the spectators—and then they joined together, and pitched me—where, gentle reader?--on some clean hay or straw—and then sending for a farrier?--they pitched me--into the coal hole, barred the door, and left me ! Oh ! the ghastly, unutterable horrors, mental and corporeal, of that dismal night !

Tom flitted across my fancy—his ghost I mean, (*pax illocum !*) and grinned, and chattered, and spit at me ! He came close to me—he brushed up his hairs—he rolled his eyes ; my brain reels with the recollection !

CHAPTER XII.

I am somewhat refractory.—Horrible wretchedness of an Apothecary's Domicile.—An Incident.

On Sunday afternoons, Mr. Topknot was generally visited by a few lanky young men—embryo linendrapers, grocers, small clerks, &c.—who knocked on the shutters thrice with their thumbs—whistled as often—(to ascertain if "the gowernor" wasn't in)—before whom he wished to appear to great advantage. As soon as he heard the signal outside, he pulled up his collars, adjusted his "topknot," and then rapped with his knuckles on his desk. He once, on a similar occasion, took a fancy to exhibit my docile obedience to

him. He whistled, and whistled ; and bawled "Bolus ! —Bolus !"—but I was resolved not to hear. He rattled the plastic line—I growled !

"It's werry wonderful !—werry imper'dent o' the animal !" simpered Bodkin Draper.

"Bolus !—Bolus !—Bolus !" roared poor Mr. Topknot. None are so deaf as those who *will not* hear ; at last, provoked at my obstinacy, and the giggling of his smirking companions, he uttered a vast number of unmannerly scurrilities, summing up with such a smart thwack on my rump, as made me spring forth—my eyes flashing fire, and growling gruff defiance ! They all turned white ; two (Pickle Varnish and Bodkin Draper) laid their hands on the shop door, to ensure a ready retreat ; and poor Topknot asked me pardon, with his eyes. But I don't know how to account for one circumstance. In our contests with man, though adventitious circumstances may conspire to give us a temporary advantage, we are always sure to come off the worse for it in the long run : at least, I always found it so. Yet there was something in the form and look of the human eye which quite undogged me. I could never stand it. It seemed the organ of some unfathomable intelligence, which quite conquered me. At times it had a certain lurking depth of expression—a fiery glare of anger, which made my blood run cold. But the thing is, that when we get refractory, few people have sufficient presence of mind to try the experiment. My conscience pricks me for disclosing this canine secret.

Ever after this shop incident, Mr. Topknot bore me a grudge. He once or twice mingled a quarter of a pound of Epsom salts in my dinner ; but the first mouthful generally sufficed. He would place fragments of broken vials, &c., at the bottom of victuals ; whereby my tongue and mouth were frequently severely lacerated. He applied *cowhage*—or, in the language of the Pharmacopœia, *dolichos pruriens*, to my back, head, tail, &c., whereby the most excruciating

fit of itching ensued. He gave me an ill name to Mr. McDrenchem. He called me a thief, &c. He would sometimes drop on my back, or nose, or into my ears, as it were by chance, hot and stinking ointment. But, at last, when I had been so far provoked out of my proper reason as to give him a sharp snap on the calf of his leg, he planned one of the most diabolical plots I ever heard of. He suddenly seemed to lay by all his anger, and never spoke to me but with the most soft and smiling cordiality. He patted my back; he combed me; he played with me; he bought me presents. We were, once more, excellent friends; I did all he bid me.

One Sunday evening, he thus accosted his master:—

"Please, sir, I've done all the physic. May I go out this evening, sir, for an airing?"

"Guid guide us!—an' fhat for o' *Sunthay* evening?"

"I vant to *exhale*," replied Topknot, simpering, "the sweet wernal breezes. 'Pon my soul, master, 'tis too great confinement."

"Hout awa wi' ye! Too great confinement? Is't na just your duty?"

"Sir," replied the apprentice, bristling, "I'se make bold to answer, 'tis not my duty to go into a consumption for vant of fresh air!"

"Eigh! eigh! Maister Topknot, gang intil a consumption! Gang intil a consumption of victuals, ye'll be meaning, man! Why, ecod! its costs me na' mair nor less 'an sevenpence farthing a day to keep ya!"

"And what if it does, sir?" replied Topknot, reddening with anger; "don't ye think, sir, I am worth more than sevenpence farthing per diem to ye? Didn't I pay ye a premium of one hundred and thirty-nine pounds seventeen shillings and eightpence halfpenny? Once more, sir, may I go out this evening?"

"Ye must be back by a quarter past eight o'clock, Master Topknot," replied my master, who began to see he had the worst of the previous argument.

"I will, dear sir. Now may I presume—bold warmint that I am, (he was very fond of this phrase,) to

ask ye a favour?" he continued, in a winning, whining tone—"may Bolus go with me, sir?"

"Yes, yes, I'm thinking, Maister Topknot, I'm just thinking an out will do him, poor fellow, na mickle harm."

Mr. McDrenchem walked up stairs; Mr. Topknot straightway bustled about tight in readiness for his excursion. I could not help noticing, with considerable surprise, that he curled up a thin rope, and put it in his hat, beneath an imitation-silk pocket handkerchief. He walked up the City Road. It swarmed with strutting apprentices, pale-faced tailors, giggling milliners' girls, servants, &c.—all stiff and bedizened in their Sunday finery. We walked up to the Shepherd and Shepherdess Fields, and then turned off into the new road. This conducted us to the New River. Just about opposite Canonbury House, Topknot cast about for a stone. He found one of considerable magnitude. "This will do," said he, and forthwith sat himself down, tied one end of the rope round it, and brought it to the margin of the deepest part of the river. He sat down, with the stone on his right, and me on his left side; the string, or rope I should say, went behind him. This he easily fastened round my neck, for I knew nothing of his intention, and then gave me a sudden jerk. The impetus was too great for him; he suddenly lost his balance—fell into the water, and instantly disappeared. As for myself, the rope, fortunately, was much longer than he expected, and allowed me to regain my footing, without drawing in after me the fatal stone. Poor Topknot soon rose, at about a yard and a half distance, and the look he cast on me I shall never forget. He could not swim a single stroke, and went down instantly a second time. I was constrained to remain an inactive spectator of this terrible tragedy; how could I save him, attached as I was to the stone, which he had designed for the instrument of my destruction? My heart seemed bursting within me. He was my deadly foe—my intended murderer; but his

snares had entrapped himself! I yelled, and howled, and barked—alas, uselessly! The shadows of the evening were falling around—the busy hum of the retiring visiters sounded faintly and afar off; there was one old gentleman at about twenty yards' distance, apparently reading a book, and walking slowly towards me.

As the unfortunate Topknot appeared at the surface for the last time, I yelled with the fierceness, the agony of despair. I attracted the notice of the gentleman—he ran towards me with hurried steps, and looked petrified with amazement! Well he might! Floating on the water was a man's hat; on the margin sat a large Newfoundland dog, fastened by a rope to a large stone, earnestly looking on the water. Several bubbles rising sullenly to the surface, caught his eye—he turned of an ashy palenesss. The dreariness of the scenery—my low, querulous whining—my astounding situation—the bubbles of water—the hat—all all were overpowering. He sunk down, and fainted. I don't think, however, that dogs have the *fainting gift!* but I went very near it, My eyes swam in their sockets—they grew dim—they smarted—I tottered—I shivered all over!

I have a faint recollection, at this distance of time, of a group of dark figures near the river's edge—of glaring torches—of low hurried mutterings—of dragnets splashing and agitating the water—and a dim remembrance of their at last raising to the surface—a bloated, stiff, unseemly, discoloured form.

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CHAPTER XIII.

An Advertisement, and Change of Situation.

"LATE on Sunday evening, as the Rev. Jacob Writhetext was walking near the New River, opposite Canon-

bury House, he was attracted to the water's edge by hearing the strange howling of a large Newfoundland dog, which, on approaching, he found, to his great amazement, sat on the margin of the river with his neck attached to a large stone by a rope. It was looking fixedly on the water; on which Mr. Writhetext discovered, with horror, a hat floating near, and observed, about the centre of the water, air bubbling up, as from the bottom. With that firmness and decision which always distinguish his character, Mr. Writhetext instantly summoned some men to the water's edge with dragnets, &c., and about four in the morning, after indefatigable toil and perseverance, succeeded in raising the body of a young gentleman of respectable appearance, bloated and swelled with the water. His face was much discoloured. He appeared to have been in the water many hours. On opening his coat, a pocket-book was discovered, inside of which were several memoranda, almost effaced by the water; but here and there Mr. W. deciphered these words: 'Treac--e —nd laud--num makes S—rup of p—pp—es. Burnt Sp--ng—e a deobstruent. Sir—p of Viol—ts made w—th common Sug—r —nd Ind—go.' Then followed this triplet more distinctly:—

"James Topknot —s my n--me,
Holb—n —s my dwelling place,
Ch—t —s my salv—tion."

"Diligent crying having been made in Holborn, —— McDrenchem, Esq., a medical gentleman recognised the body as that of his apprentice. No clew, as yet, has been found to this mysterious affair. The dog in question has been detained at Mr. Writhetext's and purchased by him of Mr. McDrenchem, who refused any longer to receive it into his house."

Such was the paragraph which was inserted in all the metropolitan Monday evening papers. I was taken to Mr. Writhetext's, a clergyman, living in Parson Terrace, Islington. His household consisted of himself,

nine squalling children, a lazy trolloping wife, with a young servant girl, ditto. He was an afternoon lecturer at —— church, and occasionally preached at Bumblebone Square chapel of ease. His annual income amounted to seventy-five pounds.

I had a wretched time of it here: what with eating most abominable trash—being beaten and otherwise maltreated by the servant girl—being cuffed, ridden, and provoked by the children—I longed for my "cold, cold grave!" My only intervals of comparative comfort, and even those were few and far between, were when I was allowed to enter my master's study. This, be it known, was a nutshell of a place—a back attic, where the window rattled in its frame, at the instigation of every passing gust; assigned to the poor henpecked parson, as a particular favour, by his termagant spouse. It was the only place in the house which he could call his own! Round the walls (the room was about ten feet square) was a scanty assortment of books; and on a three-legged table (the leg wanting was supplied, when requisite, by a broken mopstick) lay a small, second-hand, well-worn writing desk. I generally lay between his legs while he was writing his sermons. He was a quiet, amiable, inoffensive, man. I was in great danger of being starved here; and if I had had the heart, I should certainly have eloped from my new master. At length one fine Sunday afternoon, when he went to preach at —— church, I accompanied him, and lay down by the chancel, in front of the seat of a rich man, whose eye I frequently observed fixed eagerly on me; in fact, I had struck his fancy, and on the Monday following he purchased me of Mr. Writhetext, who, poor man, little suspected that I had filled the mind of one of his richest hearers, while he in the pulpit was humming away his finest, though his doughtiest arguments, garnished with all manner of fine tropes, figures, metaphors, and tinkling with alliterative antitheses! But it is now time that I introduce the reader to the person of my new purchaser.

CHAPTER XIV.

Giving an Abstract of the History of Sir Diggory Drysalt.

The first thing that is remembered of Diggory Drysalt, was his being found, filthy and half naked, upon a dunghill, in the parish of St. Giles—that receptacle of all that is great, good, and dignified in human nature. He had eloped from a country work house, carrying with him about two shillings and threepence in farthings. The next was his being whipped at the cart's tail for a petty larceny, with unexampled severity. The next week after this salutary chastisement, he was found walking down the Edgeware road, in a most sorrowful and contemplative mood. Suddenly he struck his fist on his forehead, and with vehemence exclaimed—"*It's done—I'll be a rich man—I'll be a second Whittington!*" He turned round, and went in quest of employment; never mind how mean and disgraceful. He turned into an oilman's shop and begged hard for a score or two of bundles of matches; it would save him from starvation. There was something in the lad's earnestness that pleased the merchant of oils and pickles. He gave him what he requested. As soon as he had got them beneath his arm, he threw aside his wonted air of insolent sauciness, and appeared humble, obliging, and industrious. He courteously sought customers for his sulphurous wares; he sold them all, and at night found himself possessed of eighteen pence. How to turn this to the greatest advantage now employed his thoughts. He bought matches, and in two days' time reckoned three shillings and ninepence. Very good. He had more than doubled his money. It was encouraging.

By slow and laborious stages, he at length accumulated two pounds; by shovelling up coals, brushing

shoes, occasionally holding gentlemen's gigs, &c. With this he prudently equipped himself with a strong and durable suit of clothes; they consisted of two parts—jacket and breeches, made of coarse yellow leather. Enormous-soled shoes, and a thick fur cap, completed his dress. He found himself, notwithstanding this outlay, in possession of twelve shillings. He hired himself as errand man (he was now eighteen) to a wholesale tea warehouse, in the most humble capacity. He wheeled drags, carried burdens, waited on the men, &c. At length, his steadiness and propriety of behaviour struck the head clerk, and he was employed in a more trustworthy place. He earned now seventeen shillings a week; and, with almost starving economy, (bread and cheese and pump water his only food, and slept in the warehouse on a few sacks,) he was enabled to lay by, out of seventeen shillings a week, fifteen. In twelve months' time, what with divers other small perquisites from the workmen, clerks, &c., he reckoned 40*l.* of clear money, in guineas, silver, and copper. This he put in a savings bank, redoubled his assiduity, and was promoted to the station of regular workman, worth two pounds a week. He lived as frugally as ever, and could never be persuaded to sleep elsewhere than on the sacks he first used, nor to enter a public house. This year he earned 97*l.*, which he carried to the savings' bank. He now possessed 137*l.* of sterling money.

One evening, as he was walking home past the bank, his foot kicked against something in the street. He took it up, examined it with a lynx eye, discovered a clerk's pocketbook, with bills in it to an immense amount His brain reeled, he staggered home, and kept it nearest his heart. Next day his fellow-labourers began to talk about a vast reward being advertised on the walls and in the papers, for the recovery of a lost pocketbook. He trembled with excess of joy. He determined to restore it. How could he

keep 90,000*l.* without detection? He issued forth, and read the following advertisement, in large capitals and flaring red paper:—

"£500 reward!!! Whereas, on the evening of ——, on July 9th, 17—, a pocketbook was dropped, as it is conjectured, in the region of the Bank of England, or the Stock Exchange, containing bills and bank notes, upward of 90,000*l.*; of all of which, payment has been stopped this morning. This is to give notice, that *five hundred pounds*" (in letters two inches long) "reward will be paid to the person who shall bring the same to Omnium, Bullion, and Co., bankers, Lombard-street."

Thither he carried his prize. The whole house was in commotion. Business was stopped. The unfortunate clerk sat in the centre, on a chair, with his neck handkerchief unbuttoned, pale as death.

"Where's the 500*l.*?" inquired Diggory, advancing to the clerk. The sound electrified all before him. The clerk's eye gleamed wildly with hope. He unbuttoned his coat, tore open his waistcoat, and handed to him the identical pocketbook. The young man sank back and fainted. He was paid the sum in five 100*l.* Bank of England notes, on the spot. They engaged him as a kind of porter. Here he learned, with immense labour and unyielding application, to read and write. He was scribbling every moment of his vacant hours. In a year's time he wrote a good running hand, and was tolerable expert at accounts. Through the influence of the clerk whom he had so greatly advantaged, he obtained a kind of inferior clerkship in the same wealthy concern, with a salary of fifty pounds a year. As usual, he was diligent and frugal, even to excess. He at length ventured to speculate; he bought the sixteenth of a lottery ticket, it came up a prize of 50*l.* His share was trifling; what of that? It was a prize. Try again. He bought an eighth—came up a blank. He seemed infatuated. Bought a half—came up a twenty pound prize; con-

sequently gained nearly his purchase money. In a fit of excitement he purchased the whole of No. 17,335, and paid twenty six pounds for it.

At length the drawing day drew near: he could scarcely attend to his business; ten times he dreamed he got the golden prize; oftener, that he got a blank. He began to look pale. His eyes lost their vivacity. He was always moping in corners. He had not a strong mind. He had weak nerves. The suspense was too great for him. At length the 19th of October dawned. Four o'clock in the evening was the time. The morning was cold, bleak, and rainy. As the day advanced, the weather grew more lowering; at three o'clock a violent storm arose, it thundered with appalling loudness, and the fierce flickering lightning gleamed like fiery serpents across the murky atmosphere. He left his house. He directed his steps to the lottery office. Vast crowds thronged the street; he had scarcely strength sufficient to push his way through them. However, he did; he elbowed up to the door of Ironmongers' Hall, in Basinghall-street; the doors were opened; he rushed up stairs, got to the front seat of the gallery. Below, at the farther end, sat a number of gentleman. On each side were laid large and ponderous wheels; at each side a little blue-coated boy sat on a stool. A signal was given; the holes of each wheel were opened; each boy thrust in his hand; he drew out a thin, crisp little roll of paper; handed them to two men, who opened them; one bellowed forth the number—the other the fate of that ticket. Then they were overlooked by an old gentleman, who sat there for that purpose, to see that they called them over correctly; lastly, they were written down, docketed, and filed. Half an hour elapsed; about a hundred numbers had been called over; two rolls were severally taken out—unfolded—an astounding clap of thunder burst over them—the lightning flashed ruddily over the men in whose hands were the rolls—one, sonorously and in a peculiar tone, read, "Seventeen—

thou-sand—three hun-dred—thir-ti-five;" a dead silence for an instant ensued; the other man opened his fold, and, with a thundering voice, shouted, "Thirty thousand pounds!! God prosper the possessor or possessors!" His sight failed him, he sank back amid the deafening cheers which usually follow the annunciation of any of the grand prizes.

He was now worth thirty-two thousand pounds. He married the widow of a ci-devant lord mayor. He speculated in the funds with success. He engaged in co-partnership as a drysalter. He prospered enormously. He took a house in Bloomsbury Square, kept his carriage, footmen, with all the paraphernalia of opulence. He is now niggardly and close fisted; he grudges a shilling; but his wife has stunned him out of attending any longer to his business. He is now a fat pursy alderman, his eyes almost squeezed out of his head, has the gout fashionably twice a year, in humble imitation of my Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning, and expects to be elected lord mayor in two years' time. Such is an abstract, no matter how obtained, of the life of my new master, Sir Diggory Drysalt.

CHAPTER XV.

Being a dramatic Exhibition of opulent Noble-mindedness

"How d'ye do, Parson Writhetext?"

"Most profoundly obedient, Sir Diggory, how is your worship?"

"Pretty tolerable, pretty tolerable. Rather subject to the gout, sir; much the same, sir, as my Lord Liverpool."

"Eh! eh! Great men have sympathies in common with each other, I perceive, Sir Diggory!"

"Why, I suppose you are right, then, my good sir. It's been often thought I'm a good deal like the earl in mind and body."

"Happy to hear it, sir—happy—" and poor Writhetext's innate honesty would not let him get any further with a palpable, a gross deception.

"But, parson, I'm come about that 'ere dog of your's, that you brought to church yesterday afternoon. Whip me, if it wasn't in my head all the afternoon. Fine animal, my dear sir?"

"Noble fellow, Sir Diggory! Glad you like him."

"Why right, you're very right. Always coincide with those above you. What do you ask for him?"

"What do I ask for him, your worship? Didn't say I'd part with him, Sir Diggory."

"Ay, ay, all's one for that. I want him. He's hit my fancy wonderfully, that's enough for you. What's your price?"

"Indeed, your worship—" simpering.

"Out with it, out with it, my dear sir! What d'ye ask for it?"

"Why, Sir Diggory, 'pon my word, haven't given it a moment's consideration."

"Fal-lal, sir! I want the dog, and, thank Providence, can afford to pay for it indifferently well. Name your sum, sir!" and he took out a handful of gold, silver, and copper. Poor Writhetext's eyes watered, he pulled me to him, and began unconsciously to fondle me.

"D—— ye, parson! D'ye think I want to *steal* your dog?"

"God forbid, your worship! Only—only—I cannot part with him, your worship."

"Not part with him, when I! Sir Diggory Drysalt!! alderman!!! worth ten thousand a year!!!! want him!!!!!"

"Yes, sir; but--but—" and he was going to say, I was his only comfort at home, as I conjectured.

"Come, come, parson--won't ye part with him? He's half starved! Tut!—have such a huge animal, rawboned, lean!"

"Misfortune, Sir Diggory, ought to increase our love for those who are helpless and dependant upon us."

"Look ye here, then," and he thrust the money up into his face, till a golden guinea touched the nose of poor Mr. Writhetext. The effect was magical. They thawed away the ice of his reluctance instantly.

"How much would ye mention, Sir Diggory?"

"How much? 'Drat it! What d'ye ask?"

"Four guineas, Sir Diggory."

"Four guineas!!!"

"Yes, your worship!"

"Four guineas!!!!"

"'Pon my word, sir, can take nothing less! My salary is not eighty pounds a year; have a large family—wife and nine children to support."

"Mr. Writhetext—what the d—— is all this to me?"

"Nothing, sir, only—only you seemed amazed at my mentioning the small sum of four guineas, when I gave three pounds for him."

"Monster of extortion! Would you gain 1*l.*, 4*s.* on *three* pounds! and you a parson? Scollop me!"

"I did not *ask* you to buy him, Sir Diggory."

"You did not ask me, sir! Would you presume to insult me, sir!!!"

"Heaven forbid, that I, a clergyman, should insult any one. Good-day, Sir Diggory!"

"Good-day, d'ye say? Come here; I've not done with you yet. Four pounds, ye asked, eh?"

"No, Sir Diggory, I asked four guineas."

"The d—— you did! It's ghastly exorbitant!"

"Cannot help that, sir."

"Well," fumbling about, "what do you say to four pounds two shillings?"

"Sorry I can't take it, your worship."

"Sure of that? Why, d'ye know that it takes twelve large pieces of new copper to make a shilling?"

"Therefore I shall lose twenty-four of them if I accede to your proposal, Sir Diggory."

"'Sblood, sir!" replied the knight, confusedly, caught

in his own trap. "Will you let him be mine for four pounds, two shillings, and sixpence?"

"No, your worship."

'What the d—e! A parson so exorbitant! so covetous!! so mean!!!"

"Were it not that my cloth will not allow me to revenge an insult, you should not go on thus, Sir Diggory," replied Writhetext, spiritedly.

"Here, then!—take ye four pounds three shillings."

"Once more, your worship, *I will take four guineas and nothing less.*"

"Take this then," chucking the money in his lap, "and go, get ready a sermon against covetousness." I was handed to the knight, (feeling heartily inclined to snap off the calf of his leg,) and led into the carriage. Away we bowled to Bloomsbury Square.

CHAPTER XVI.

Description.—A taciturn Footman.—A Dialogue.—Discussion of my Worth, &c.

At length the carriage stopped opposite a large dingy-hued mansion in Bloomsbury Square. A long shining brass plate, running half across the door, displayed in Roman capitals, "SIR DIGGORY DRYSALT, KNT."

The footman stepped down from his standing board, and dealt such an astounding number of blows with the knocker, as half stunned my plebeian ears. The door was presently opened by a fat bullet-headed porter, with green-fringed livery. Johnny (the cant name for a man servant) then opened the door, let down the steps, and put out his arm, to support his master, while he achieved a descent from his carriage. He then summoned me to follow him; I obeyed him reluctantly, and jumped sullenly on the pavement. As soon as we had got inside, the door closed, and Sir Diggory remained standing on the mat, inquiring of the porter, who sat in his little box, where lived the most cheap

carpenter—for he wanted a kennel made for me: then for the tory warehouse; and commissioned him to purchase, as cheaply as possible, a good-sized collar, and to get his name put on it, with that of the dog, which he named to be "*Fackins.*" When he had made an end of speaking, he walked up stairs, commanding me to follow him. The footman was at the parlour door, answering some questions of his mistress.

"You know the street, Charles?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Not that on the left-hand side, you know."

"No, my lady."

"Be very particular about the price."

"Yes, my lady."

"Don't give too much, Charles."

"No, my lady."

"You'll be sure to remember all I've told you, eh?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Remember you do not forget it, Charles."

"No, my lady."

"Now you may go, Charles."

"Yes, my lady."

Then the steps of his lord were heard.

"Stay, Charles—there is some one on the stairs—is there not?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Is't Sir Diggory?"

He looked down. "Yes, my lady."

"By himself, Charles?"

"No, my lady."

He was then met by the lord of the mansion.

"How now, fellow, where ar't going?"

"To Lollypop-street, Sir Diggory."

"Where's that, Charles?"

"On the left-hand side, Sir Diggory."

"Who are you going to?"

"To Mr. Swillgin, Sir Diggory."

"Eh—the spirit merchant?"

"Yes, Sir Diggory."

"What're ye going for?"

"Bottle of *Hudson's convenient*, Sir Diggory?"

"Ay, indeed! Pray, fellow, what's that?"

"Cherry brandy, Sir Dig—"

"Who for?—who for? *Cherry* brandy!—who for?"

"My lady, your worship."

"Well—I suppose—I suppose you must go Charles"—and he grabbled in his breeches pocket.

"Yes, Sir Diggory."

He then went back, and opened the dining room door—"Sir Diggory, my lady." The knight and myself walked in—the servant went away, and closed the door. There was a vast deal of heavy clumsy finery in this dining room. On the lofty ceiling were huge caricatures of angels, cherubs, &c., tumbling a crown on the head of a fat little man, who held in his hand a sword bigger than himself. Probably it was in anticipation of his election to the office of chief magistrate. My lady—a tall, corpulent, red-faced, good-natured-looking woman, lay stretched on a Grecian sofa, reading the playbill. "Heighho, ma dare!—Meddim Rowze De Begnis don't sing to-night!"

"Can't help that, my love. What's madam—what d'ye call her—to me?"

"A remarkable fine woman, ma dare—and a most diwine singer? Oh! 'tis werry delicious to hear her sing! What shall I do with myself all the evening?"

"Drink cherry brandy, ma'am."

"Ehe!" rising swiftly—"ehe—Sir Diggory!—what diw you mean, Sir Diggory?"

"Oh! why, mayhap I'm wrong, and ought to have said, *Hudson's convenient*, my lady."

"It's a very great piece o' assurance, my love, for you to stop my servant!—cannot send him for a bottle of medicinal cordial for the rheumatiz."

"Heigh, ma'am!—rheumatiz!—why, how long is't since you've been bless'd with that, my love?"

"For this month past, my dear."

"Then you have told a most abominable bouncer, my sweet love! For last night, when you axed me to take you to the opera house—you said you was never better in your whole life, my love!"

My lady looked wondrously confused, but said nothing. "Never mind it, dear Jennie! Look ye!—I've bought a fine Newfoundland dog this afternoon."

"What did ye give for him?"

"Would you believe it?—I shall be ruined by my extravagance some of these days—I gave 4*l.* 4*s.*"

"Ruined, my dear! Ye've gotten him cheap enow, in all conscience."

"But then ye forget there's the expense of keeping him—wictuals—kennel—collar."

"Don't look blue about it, my love! Ye should have thought of all that before."

"Ha, but, Jennie, if ye had but known what a world o' trouble and labour it cost me to earn four guineas twenty-one years since."

"Whatever it did then, Sir Diggory, you're rolling in gold now!—and that's enough. But I'll ring the bell, and order the dog to be well fed below. Stay—what's his name, my dear?"

"'Fackins,' my love, which was the name of your uncle."

CHAPTER XVII.

Description of Sir Diggory's Family, and a Visit from my old Master, Dr. McDrenchem.

There were four men servants, including the butler, coachman, porter, and footman; and four women, including the cook, chambermaid, housemaid, and servant of all-work—in Sir Diggory's establishment. All but the latter of each sex led a most easy and luxurious life: there, also, I lived, in a very plentiful manner, my occupation being only to run after the car-

riage on fine days. The kitchen, with its jovial inmates, was always merry. And I heard many curious discussions on the affairs of my master. "I zay, Tom," asked the fat porter, "canzt thee tell a man whuoy a mistress' feaz be always so red? I'fegs, her noaz would light a body in the dark, I'm a thinking."

"I'fackins," replied the cook, briskly, for she was a favourite with Lady Drysalt, "you're very imperdent, Mister Porter, to medel with the consarns of *us* ladies! Face always so red! Quotha!—why art thou so fat and blowsy?" "Caz you zee, cooky," replied the good-natured fellow, "ye make zo many good things zweet and zweeter, that a gentleman cannot help fattening on them. If I was one o' your long, lean, lanky pantalooners—with a sunkun face, with zkin like zolid parchment, and bonezes poking thro' my cloathz, as 'twere—I ax ya pardon, but it would be all laid to your door, mem."

"Ye are a good-nater'd fellow, ay, that ye are, Mister Porter, and shall never want anything 'at 'ere way as long as Nancy Bastewell rules over the kitchen."

"Ye were asking, Maister Porter," said the Scotch butler, "what for the lady's face and nose were so very reed? Hem! hem! Na, na—noo a thing on't, I'll no say a word o' what I meant!"

"Is not Sir Diggory a main rich man?" inquired the porter.

"I'll na be dooting it at all, sair, an' what's mair than that, he's wise and carefu' as though he had na sax pounds i' the warld!"

"I'm wery happy to tell ye something, gents," said the footman. "I was a little while since going past Mr. McSneezer's the tobacconist; he called me in, and said to me—said he, 'I say, Charles, what a most abominable old blackberry fellow is your master!'

"'Ay, indeed,' said I; 'and pray why so?' says I.

"'Because,' said he, 'this morning he called in, and asked for some o' the best rappee snuff. And, though

he only bought two ounces an' a quarter, he higgled and haggled, and sniggled and snaggled for the odd halfpenny!'"

"I'll na be dooting but Sir Diggory had some soun' pheelosophical reason at the bottom o't."

"'Of course he had. There's a most excellent philosophy in the saving of a halfpenny!—ha, ha, ha!'"

The conversation was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of some one at the street door, and I, for a change of scene, trotted up stairs into the dining room, where sat Sir Diggory and Lady Drysalt. Presently the door was opened—I turned my head from contemplating the glowing and brilliant fire, to see, whom?—Gideon McDrenchem, Esquire, my *ci-devant* master! My teeth chattered in my head. I attempted to sneak behind the sofa—but, alas, he soon discovered me.

"Heigh, Sir Diggory!—Is na that a maist wicked animal?"

"No, no, sir, I cannot say so. He has always behaved himself to me and my family in a most dogly manner."

"But, did na ye fin' him ower nice about his victuals?"

"We never make a practice of watching the victuals of our domestics, even of a dog, Mr. McDrenchem," replied Lady Drysalt, proudly. The apothecary changed his topics.

"How's a' wi' ye the day, Sir Diggory?"

"Not so well as I could wish, sir. Not so well as I could wish, sir."

"Might I make bold to ask the peticlar ailing?"

"A twinge of the gout, my dear sir! I still take after my Lord Liverpool, my good sir. Our sedentary occupation favours the inroads of this malady."

"Dootless, dootless, sair. It's an unco pest to great men."

"Nay, I take it to be a *test* o' great and shining abilities."

"Doctor, ye are a most discerning man. I have

always found huge benefit from your professional advice."

"I greatly thank ye, sair. My poor services—ahem—hem! You look pale, Sir Diggory!"—and he felt his pulse in a most knowing manner.

"You had better take a saline draught or two, Sir Diggory."

"I really—really cannot afford it, my dear doctor! Bankrupt, bankrupt, I assure you!"

"Sair, ye canna be thinking I only visit you for what I can get! Impossible, Sir Diggory!! It's clear out o' my nature!!! I would attend ye tenderly, an ye were the poorest beggar i' the workhouse!"

This was too much. I ran howling out of the room. What monstrous hypocrisy!

However, I soon grew tired of my life at Sir Diggory's. It was dull and monotonous. He and his lady would sit opposite each other for hours, nodding in the most polite manner. If I happened to disturb the former, I was sure to be saluted with a growling curse; if the latter, with a querulous malediction, though couched in gentler terms. But the day was speedily to dawn of brilliant brightness. Little did I know of the magnificent exaltation preparing for me.

Here let me moralize.

* * * * * * *

I cannot presume to intrude my dry reflections on the reader. To whom, for the present, I bid adieu!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Containing a diurnal Sample of High Life.—And a Note of Preparation.

The routine of the daily life of such a man as Sir Diggory Drysalt must, I conceive, be rather interesting. I shall therefore trace him through one day, as a sample of all the rest, except Sundays. He rose generally about half past nine o'clock, though my lady did

not leave her chamber till eleven. When he entered the parlour, breakfast was ready; consisting of coffee, hot rolls, and slices of ham, &c.; of which latter he sometimes gave me a fraction of an inch, when in a *particularly* good humour. He then perused the *Old Times* paper. When the edible paraphernalia were removed, he ordered his carriage or chariott, and drove to the Stock Exchange, the Royal Exchange, Lloyd's Coffee House, &c., &c.; buzzing and strutting about at all the public commercial places to which he had access, although, in fact, he never transacted any business, or made a purchase of stock to the amount of one shilling. His chief occupation would be to listen to the small talk of Mr. Rothschild, and other great moneyed men, with his hands thrust into his hind coat pockets, sucking in the precious words with extreme avidity. Then he would bowl away to Lloyd's, and retail, to such of the merchants that thought it worth their while to listen to hm, for the want of something better to do, what scraps he had collected at 'change. For example: "Security stocks—made a vast purchase—at least 95,000 three per cents—Snappem Schemer sunk eleven thousand pounds in Spanish bonds—Biteno Brokerage kicked out of the 'change—Fleece Greenhorn broke—cleared out—flat as a flounder—laid up on the shelf," &c., &c., &c.

When all these topics were exhausted, Sir Diggory would go up into the auction mart, bid some trifle on a small country estate, or cheapen a caricature of the ministers. It would be by this time nearly four o'clock. What of it? Drive home, because everybody else is going thitherward—but look in first to invite Mr. Deputy Donkey to dinner; loiter over dinner, dessert, &c., till my lady is pleased to let him come up to tea; chatter over that till eight or nine o'clock; then supper; then give orders about his horses, coach, &c., and rate everybody for any extra disbursements of cash, &c.; then retire to bed. On sundays, he tumbled about in bed till church time; then, for an *airing*,

drove to church about sermon time; came home to dinner; slept all the afternoon; then tea; read the papers in the evening; and went to bed about nine o'clock. One morning, my lady planned a grand supper party and ball. They were both employed a full morning in hammering out the following invitation to an illustrious guest:—

"Sir Diggory and Lady Drysalt beg most humbly to present their obsequious compliments and profound respects to their graces the Duke and Duchess of Dunderwhistle, and to solicit the extreme honour of being favoured with the privilege of their company to supper and a ball on any day their graces may deem most convenient themselves.

"P.S. Have the honour to inform your graces, that her Grace of Grizzlepate has obligingly promised her company.

"N.B. Their graces may depend upon the absence of Sir Slimpurse Shufflecard.

"The privilege of an answer is requested."

The following was the answer returned to this curious epistle; it was dictated by his duchess, (for he himself was a simple, good-natured, eccentric, henpecked husband,) since, had the duke been allowed to follow the bent of his own inclination, he would have written in a very different strain.

"The Duke and Duchess of Dunderwhistle will do themselves the honour of waiting upon Sir Diggory and Lady Drysalt."

A vast number of other fashionables were invited. Why, it is next to impossible to particularize the Lady Dowager Gawky, and her eleven lean, thin-portioned daughters, which "one couldn't be off of inviting," as my lady said; Mr. Counsellor Graybeard, wife, and two sons; Lord Merrytune; Lord Squander; the Honourable Hotbrain Cockspur; (of whom particular mention was made in the Monitor, as an unquestionable authority of Theodore Hook;) Lady Smirk;

Lady Show; Lady Trail; Lord Toper; Lord Guzzle, &c., &c., &c.

The awful day at length arrived. The house seemed about to be turned upside down. The cook, red hot and impetuous; (can my pate ever forget the blow she gave it with the silver ladle, because I ventured to snap up a new potato?) the footmen hurrying—flurrying—running hither—jumping thither; the butler making more haste than good speed, smashing a bottle of Burgundy, cursing his own clumsiness, and instantly sending another, by way of corollary, to bear it company. Sir Diggory hopping in and out of every chamber in his house; fanning, fretting, fidgeting, my lady screaming for her turban from the milliner's; my unlucky self sneaking about, hissed, kicked, and browbeaten, plunged into a huge bucket of freezing cold water; then into a tub of scalding hot water; then wiped, and rubbed, and combed; merciful power! *how* did I survive it all? To me it was a perfect pugatory, worse than ever was experienced by a shivery Roman Catholic; a very Pandemonium.

CHAPTER XIX.

Containing a Sketch of High Life and Manners.

Let me conduct my readers to the grand sitting room. It was lighted up with superb glittering chandeliers, adorned with pictures; a grand piano standing here, a harpsichord there; Sir Diggory on the right side of the mirrored fireplace, rubbing and twisting his thumbs and fingers together; my lady opposite, fluttering, fanning, and sighing with fatigue; mine ownself, in capital trim, with a scarlet collar round my neck, and combed regularly from top to toe, squatting in the centre of the rug.

The door was suddenly swung open wide enough to admit a troop of cavalry. The footman with astounding loudness announced—

"Their graces, the Duke and Duchess of Dunderwhistle."

Up leaped Sir Diggory, almost overbalancing himself; up started my lady; both bowing and courtesying —jumping and smiling. Her grace walks up stairs with my lady; his grace squats down with my master.

"Eh, Drysalt!—how is't? first here! Ecod, I don't think I ever sinned in this manner before."

"Sir, your grace has come punctually! Mean no offence, your grace—hem, ahem!"

"Don't think you do, Drysalt," replied his grace, wiping his forehead with his perfumed muslin handkerchief. "Horrid hot, isn't!"

"Horrid, horrid, horrid hot, your grace. Was your grace at the house last night?"

"I slept there, I believe, about a couple of hours. Faith! the very sight of my lord chancellor is enough to close one's eyes to sleep."

"Learned man that, your grace; a very clever man, your grace; a vastly learned man, your grace, isn't he?"

"Never said he wasn't, Drysalt; but no man can be learned without being a great proser, to my thinking —eh?"

"Your grace is perfectly correct. Latin, Greek, mathematics—pugh! what are they, and all that sort of things, your grace?"

"*Et hoc genus omne*—as we used to say at Eton. But beg pardon—do, i'faith, Drysalt! a thousand pardons. Haven't learned that sort o' thing, I suppose, Drysalt, eh?"

"No, your grace, I never heeded all that lingo—no, not I, your grace. Wasting time to no purpose, your grace."

"In the right on't, I assure ye. Have you seen my Rattlesnort?"

"*Rattlesnort*, your grace—"

"Rattlesnort, Sir Diggory. All the world knows my horse Ratt—"

"Oh, ay—Rattlesnort! A thousand pardons, your grace—saw ye ride him beautifully last month, over Hounslow—"

His grace burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Eh, eh, eh! Ye must be drunk, Drysalt! saw me ride Rattlesnort?—ha, ha, ha!—why, he's only been mine three days—he hasn't, 'pon my life! Bought him at Tattersall's for a trifle—some three thousand guineas."

"Indeed, your grace!" replied Sir Diggory, blushing and stammering in unutterable confusion; "then I suppose I mistook ye, your grace."

"Don't doubt it at all, man. Who comes here? a thundering rat-tat!"

A dead silence ensued. Presently the door opened—the footman appeared—a voice was heard—

"Mr. Counsellor and Madam Graybeard, and the Masters Graybeard!"

The duke nodded slightly, and walked to the pier-glasses, where he stood adjusting his cravat and diamond brooch. Madam Graybeard retired to change her dress. Mr. Counsellor Graybeard was a tall, thin, pale-faced, acute-featured man, with keen dark eyes, like those of a lynx. As soon as he sat down, he pulled out a small packet of paper, took out a double reading glass, and was soon deeply engaged, conning over a brief for aught I know. The young gentlemen thrust their hands into their breeches pockets, and wandered about the room, looking on the costly furniture and superb embellishments, lost in admiration. At length the youngest took a fancy to me, and we began romping together very good-naturedly.

"Be quiet, sir!" thundered his father, sternly. The duke turned round, and a sneering smile passed over his countenance. He then entered into conversation with his host, in a low tone.

"What, in the name of all that's good, did ye ask that bore Graybeard here?"

"My wife would have him," replied Sir Diggory,

whispering in the ear of the noble duke; "couldn't persuade her not, your grace."

"Did you hear how he foamed at the mouth in the lower house, last night? I don't like to be near that man, Drysalt—shoot me if I do."

"Prodigously sorry, my lord duke! If I had thought so, i'fackins I would not have—"

"It can't be help'd now, you know, but mind you don't introduce him particularly to me—you understand me, Drysalt?"

"Perfectly, your grace."

The company now began to throng in. Mr. Graybeard removed into the farthest corner, and seemed lost in intense thought. I don't know how it was; but there was something in him that struck me exceedingly. It was not a love, but a fear of him. He seemed above every one. He seemed to look at rank and riches as bubbles and trifles. I crept by his side. By-and-by he took out a silver pencil case, and commenced writing rapidly. He became furious as he proceeded. His hand went over the paper so swiftly, that he would hardly allow himself time to form the letters. He drew together the muscles of his mouth, his eyes flashed with fury; his teeth were clenched; he muttered fiercely, "Oh, they shall repent it bitterly!" I grew frightened, and crept away. The duke, in another part of the room, had collected round him an admiring circle, to whom he was discussing the merits of Madam Catalini.

"'Pon my honour, she's a divine creature—next to my Maria Amaryllis, shoot me if I don't love her dearest of anybody in the world—not excepting her grace," he added, whispering cautiously.

"Hang it, there's a compass in her voice," quoth my Lord Toper.

"A volume, you mean, my lord," interrupted the duke; "and a richness, a ripeness, a mellowness."

"She's an angel, as I'm a sinner," replied Cockspur.

"She's like a nightingale piping among the trees on a fine moonlight night," said his grace.

"Or a thrush," quoth Cockspur.

"Or rather a blackbird," replied Lord Toper.

"She's all—she's all," interrupted Sir Diggory.

"Your grace—my lords, we are summoned to dinner." Down went all but Counsellor Graybeard. I stopped behind to watch him. He seemed not to notice the departure of the company, but continued writing as quickly as ever.

Presently a footman came.

"Please you, sir, dinner is waiting, sir, if you please, sir."

"Is it?—tell them I will be there in two seconds." Away went the footman; Graybeard went deeper and deeper into abstraction. I heard him mutter, almost gasping at intervals, "Sacrilege!—blood!—thunder!—knell of despair!—ruin!"

The footman came again, and repeated his errand.

"I cannot come!" replied Graybeard, fiercely. Down went the man; but the counsellor did go, and that instantly. I followed in his course, hoping to slip unobserved into the dining room, and come in for a few choice morceaux; but I was whipped up stairs by a man servant with a towel, before I had reached the door. I went up to the door I had quitted, laid myself sullenly down on the mat, and, as I suppose, went to sleep, so that I cannot give any account of the dinner.

CHAPTER XX.

Showing the usual Style of Women's Gossip, when deserted by the Men.

When I awoke, I found myself surrounded by elegantly dressed ladies. Her grace the Duchess of Dunderwhistle sat at the top, and next to her, as hostess, wa splaced Lady Drysalt.

"Permit me to inquire, my dear Lady Drysalt," whispered one of the Misses Gawky, "where you purchased that charming turban?"

"Much obleeged t'ye, mem, for inquiring; I purcheesed it at Meddim de la Fanfarmade's, meddim."

"That woman seems getting into notice, I believe," said her grace.

"I have aided her a trifle with my peetronege, my lady duchess," replied Lady Drysalt.

"Have you ever heard of Urling's lace, my Lady Trail?" inquired my Lady Smirke.

"Yes, ey believe ey have. It is a most neat and elegant article—very much worn among the fashionables. Ey believe from all that ey have been able to hear, that is of a very sound and excellent texture, my lady," replied my Lady Trail.

"Lawk, mamma," commenced one of the Misses Gawky.

"Hold your tongue, Miss Emmeline Emmeraldina Joanna! Do I not often tell you, my love, that it is rude to be always calling me mamma in company?" interrupted the Lady Dowager Gawky, a stout buckramed-up lady, who abhorred nothing more than being publicly exposed as the mother of eleven tall elderly-looking young women. Her age was some threescore years; but she softened it down gently to forty-seven, and would fain appear a fine, ripe, matronly woman; but surrounded by eleven daughters!

"Madam Catalini seemed horribly out of voice last night," said Lady Show; "don't you think so, my lady duchess?"

"Ey think, indeed, that she is an odious singer, and the duke is very absurd to praise her among his friends, (although Heaven knows he dare not do it in my presence!)" said the duchess, with great stateliness, "as a paragon of all that is excellent and noble. For my part, ey see nothing at all worth praise in her."

"Indeed, I cawnt but coincide with your grace," answered Lady Drysalt; although she had but two days

ago, flattered and extolled the very same singer to the skies; "for her voice seems to have no vollem, my lady duchess," she continued, regardless of the smirking and tittering around her. "For my part, I vow and declare, your grace, I would as soon hear a gashly scritch owl, or a hodious urdy-gurdy. She skreeks—I cawnt for the life o' me conceive where the taste of the men is gone, not I."

"Very eloquently spoken, my lady," replied bantering Lady Show, winking at the company.

"You seem to have made music your study; as an amateur, I mean."

"I'fackins, of course, my leedy! D'ye think that a woman o' my condeetion would condesceen to get my living by studding moosic?—as an amatoor, of course—an amatoor, my leedy."

"Ey much wonder where these gentlemen can be?" inquired her Grace of Dunderwhistle.

"It's an odious custom among the men to stop there sotting over their wine, for all rational discourse is banished when we are gone," replied Lady Trail.

"A most sinful quantity of wine is drunk, when by themselves; why, the duke himself piques himself on being a four-bottle man, and never leaves till he can hardly reel up to the ladies," replied Lady Smirke, unmindful of the indignant frown of the duchess; who, whatever sway she might arbitrarily exercise at home, still had too much respect for the public character of the duke to expose his follies and frailties in public. Conversation was now run dry. They were quite at a standstill; when, at last, one of the Misses Gawky, Miss Sapphira, was prevailed upon to sit down to the music. And there was she strumming and humming, till the drums of mine own ears ached again.

CHAPTER XXI.

A tedious and desultory Conversation.—My sudden Change of Masters.

Presently the door was thrown open, and the gentlemen made their appearance, all rather flushed and unsteady. The poor duke was led in between Sir Diggory and Lord Squander, and laid along on a settle in the farther part of the room. As soon as he was asleep, an animated conversation ensued. Counsellor Graybeard, who seemed under unnatural excitement, was at once bold, brilliant, and energetic; and I listened with great attention to a discussion of the question of Catholic Emancipation. I however, although I have by me copious notes of it, will not obtrude it upon my readers. At length, when the topic was exhausted, their conversation turned into a different channel.

"Have any of the gentlemen ever read any of Mr. Maturin's romances?" inquired Lady Trail.

"D'ye mean, my Lady Trail, the curate of St. John's in Dublin?"

"Yes, my Lord Squander, that is the man."

"Well, my lady, though I be not much of a Christian myself—hang it, and I'm sorry to say so much—I don't at all approve of a minister's spending his time in romance writing."

"But he says that necessity urges him."

"Tut—beg pardon, my lady—a mere farce—a *ruse de guerre*, as it were. It was the success of *Bertram* that first turned his head," replied Graybeard, "and though he has doubtless a strong and vivid fancy, considerable energy of style, and a creditable command of language, yet there is something in his imaginative writing with which I cannot be satisfied. He must always bring in a fiend. He must endeavour to ter-

rify the mind. I will not deny that there are many most powerful scenes in his work—that the language is often beautiful, and that the descriptions are exceedingly brilliant. But I have detected in his chief work, *Melmoth*, a most glaring and impudent plagiarism. Would any lady or gentleman present suppose that the whole of the second volume—I mean that part which describes the horrible sufferings of a young nobleman in a Catholic monastery in Spain—is, merely substituting a woman for a man, copied *verbatim et literatim* from the French of *Monsieur Diderot's Nun*."

"You amaze me, Mr. Graybeard," replied Lady Trail; "do you *know* that to be a fact?"

"My lady, I have read Diderot's novel myself, before I even saw or heard of Mr. Maturin's. The circumstance of the bishop's coming to examine well the circumstance—his own personal character—the abominable expedient resorted to to impress upon the bishop's mind a belief that the young person was actually under the influence of demoniacal agency—all is verbatim copied from *Monsieur Diderot!*"

"Yet, notwithstanding that circumstance, which I am heartily grieved to hear, sanctioned as it is by such unquestionable authority as your's, Mr. Graybeard—"

"You do me honour, my lady."

"Yes, sir, I think he has many original—redeeming beauties."

"Yes, madam. The awful state of—indeed, madam, the name has slipped my memory, but I mean the usurper of the castle; the uncle of *Sir Paladour de la Langland*—when he is enclosed in the burning chamber, having himself thrown away the only means of deliverance, the key, is indescribably appalling. I could specify many other beauties if necessary."

"By Jupiter, but 'tis time I should be gone," suddenly said my Lord Squander. Now, I ought previously to have mentioned, that I had somehow attracted the favourable notice of this gay and jolly young nobleman. I had sat several times between his legs, and

he had been amusing himself by patting my head, scratching my shoulders, tweaking my ears, &c., in a very gay and gentle mood. Before he left the room, he called Sir Diggory aside—offered him three guineas more than I had cost him—the bargain was accepted—the money paid on the spot by a check—the young nobleman went to the door—whistled to me—I understood his signal—leaped after him, and followed him down stairs.

CHAPTER XXII.

Character of Squander.

When we arrived at the hall door, Lord Squander's groom was awaiting his lordship with two horses.

"Well, Billy—my man o' ten thousand!—tell me how it goes with the *Grand Vizier?*"

"By ——! my lord, he's sore galled in the back; but I rubbed the sore with the wash your lordship and I bought t'other day."

"Didn't he wince under it—eh, Billy?"

"Deusedly, my lord! If I did not expect to leave the stable with a broken leg, may our next spree get us into trouble, my lord," answered the groom, with impudent familiarity.

His lordship then mounted, whistled me to his side, and followed by his groom, we all went down Brook-street.

Lord Squander was a clever, wild, thoughtless, dissipated, good-natured young man, just fresh from college—and possessed of an estate of eleven thousand per annum, which it was his hourly study to squander with as much *eclat* as possible. His Bible was his "Treatise of Farriery"—his church, the stable—his horse, his God—the race course, his Elysium. He had got imperceptibly connected with a band of swindlers, who were draining out every farthing of his noble

property—introducing him to every man of fashionable extravagance, and tempting him to venture the most enormous sums at the gaming table. These infernal scoundrels had a certain exquisite eloquence of manners, a specious plausibility of language, and an apparent enchanting openness, a bluff English frankness of disposition, which completely blinded Lord Squander. They were leading him up, with his eyes open—surrounded with merriment, and excited with vice, amid music, and dancing, and revelry—to the terrific verge of ruin—and then they would leave him!

His was by no means a singular character. He was not wanting in decision, in promptness, in energy. Let violent opposition front him for the purpose of thwarting and conquering him, and he would brave and defy it, as doth Mount Skiddaw the howling of the northern wind; but let it come in soft, languid, perfumed breezes, and he would open his whole inmost heart to its influence, as by listening to the bewitching flattery and wiles of Delilah, Samson was shorn of his strength—quenching for ever the star of his mightiness. His great error lay in a false perception of kindly feeling. The way he answered his doubts and misgivings was thus: "These fellows flatter me—I know they are insincere in their hyperbolical phrases; but whatever be their *latent* motive, they evidently *think me worthy* of using their utmost endeavour of pleasing. It would be shockingly brutal to answer them with frowning sternness." Thus he lulled his better sense to a state of unnatural repose, by false and dangerous opiates. The delicious agony of incertitude in gaming, charmed his soul to ecstasy. He experienced alarming losses; his pride was cunningly aroused—he was bewildered—infatuated, and doubled, trebled, quadrupled his stake with half-maddened vehemence. He was now twenty-three years old—alone in the world. His parents had died while he was in a state of infancy—his guardian was a bustling political character, who led him through the usual routine of a

nobleman's education, and on his twenty-first birthday tendered up to him the accounts and investments of his property, blessing himself that he had now got rid of the anxiety they had occasioned. His groom, Billy, was a most subtle scoundrel, in the high pay of the swindling sharpers, who had plotted the ruin of the thoughtless nobleman he served, and veiled his consummate villany beneath an air of simplicity, openness, and vulgarity. It forcibly presented to my fancy—for even dogs have fancies—a huge snake stealthily coiling himself round the noble, powerful, but unsuspecting lion.

CHAPTER XXIII.

An Adventure, leading to a bloody Conflict; in which I had the Happiness to render my noble Master a trifling Piece of Service.

It was a moonlight night. Lord Squander rode along in the direction of Stamford Hill. He occasionally hummed snatches of an opera tune.

"Tom!" said his lordship. His groom rode up to his side.

"Tom!—how far are we from the old oak?"

"What oak, my lord?"

"Why, that which was blasted with lightning, you know, in the year 1800."

"Can't say, indeed, sir. Believe it to be about a quarter of a mile off."

"Very well—fall behind, Tom," said his lordship. At length the oak appeared distantly in sight—its toothed trunk reflected the cold rays of the moon, glistening like a hoary sentinel of the night. All was quiet, except the clattering of their horses' hoofs. Lord Squander seemed growing melancholy, for he ceased his opera tune, and rode on slowly, guiding his horse negligently. Suddenly he heard his groom give a loud and shrill whistle through his fingers.

"Holla!" said my lord, "Tom—what the deuse is the meaning of that, you impudent rascal?"

"Only a bit of amusement, my lord," replied the fellow, with insolent assurance. He had said he did it for amusement; but the event turned out differently. They were just riding past the oak before alluded to, when three men started from behind it, disguised as clowns in smock frocks, and with hideous masks on their faces. They walked up to his lordship's horse, arm in arm; they stopped it.

"Why—how now? What—what—what's the matter?" inquired Lord Squander, amazedly.

"Why," replied the tallest of the three, "we are gentlemen of the king's highway; patrols o' the night, as it were: but then we are paid, not by the king, but by passengers."

"Highwaymen, by ——!" muttered his lordship, in consternation.

"Now," continued the first speaker, "look you here, my lord."

"Why, how i' the name of Goodness do you know that I am a nobleman?"

"Thou fool, Will!" whispered the second highwayman, "it's all up now—so, to him like a man."

"My lord," resumed the tallest again, "we are three honest patrols; we have been waiting here in the cold more than two hours, and, by ——! we will be paid for it. So, out with your purse."

"Away, villain, away!" said his lordship; and touching a spring of his cane stick, the case fell off, and a long, thin, sharp sword appeared. The tallest robber put his hand into his bosom—and, simultaneously with his companions, drew out a large horse pistol.

"This tidy little gentleman, my lord," said the fellow, pointing his murderous weapon at the breast of Lord Squander, "wants a little work—flush work, as it were. Out with your money—or your money shall get out of you, and you out of this wicked world." His lordship, with his left hand, calmly buttoned up his

coat; he then called to his servant to stand by him. The scoundrel laughed, and stirred not. The robbers, seeing his lordship making such resolutep reparations, seemed bent on desperate measures.

"Shoot the dog," said the tallest, as he levelled his pistol at the nobleman, and fired! But my lord happening to make a sudden and unexpected turn, he escaped injury, and his treacherous servant was shot dead on his horse. The villain who had received orders to shoot at me cocked his pistol, and fired under my body; for apprehending his intent, I instantly sprung forward, seized the caitiff by the neck, bore him to the earth, and pinned him there, mounting guard on his breast. As for the fellow who fired, his pistol was no sooner discharged, than his lordship's dirk had pierced his eye, penetrated the orbit, and entered deep into the brain; before the dirk could be (although the motion of Lord Squander was very quick) snatched back, the villain had fallen a dead man on the earth. There was now one robber to contend with, who, on seeing the fate of his comrades, levelled at Lord Squander, but his pistol missed fire. He instantly sprang back, and picked up a thick oaken stick, which he had had the precaution to drop by his side, in the event of any sudden emergency. While he was in the act of getting it into his hand, his lordship leaped from his horse. They were now at desperate issue. He was an excellent swordsman. His motions were as quick as thought: but he had to contend with a brawny Herculean fellow, who now wielded over his head a tremendous oaken staff. He avoided the fierce strokes of Lord Squander with considerable agility, springing from side to side with great nimbleness, at the same time that his nervous arm plied his cudgel with fearful velocity about the head and shoulders of the gallant nobleman. At length, he made a desperate effort; but just as his cudgel descended on Lord Squander's left arm with fearful force, his lordship's dirk had pierced

his heart, and he fell over his companion without a groan.

Notwithstanding the dreadful struggles of my powerful prisoner, I held him fast.

"Now, thou villain!" panted his lordship, approaching him, "what hast thou to say for thyself?"

"That I would rejoice to blow out your brains," replied the man, sullenly. His lordship patted me kindly on the back, and then went to examine the countenances of the two men he had slain. He pulled off at once both their masks. Their countenances were pale, and spotted with blood; that of the tallest, whose eye and brain had been pierced by the keen blade of Lord Squander, presented a shocking disfigured appearance. As soon as he saw their countenances, he exclaimed in great agitation, "Is it possible that such blackness should sully the pure front of human nature!" Ay, indeed it was possible; for according to the depth and rottenness of its internal corruption, is too frequently the alluring brightness of its outward aspect. It is the deadly assassin, clothed in raiment of white. The night patrols came galloping up, for Lord Squander (though his left arm had received a dreadful injury, and hung powerless by his side) had mounted his horse, and ridden to this beat, which happily was not far off.

"My lord, you have seen indifferent good service here, I observe," said the chief, as he looked on the three gory corpses, and their three large horse pistols, thrown about.

"Why, yes, it was a deadly—a desperate struggle. That dog has proved himself capable of performing the arduous duty of a police officer; so steadily, so determinately, has he secured his prisoner—hey, gentlemen?"

"Ha—ha—ha!" was the reply, as they bound my charge hand and foot, and threw him before one of their mounted companions. With the most perfect indifference they bound the two corpses back to back,

and placed them before a tall patrol on horseback. A third took charge of the corpse of the treacherous valet; and so they made for London. My lord mounted his horse, and rode on to his country house. When arrived, the family physician was instantly summoned; and after a minute inspection of the injured parts, he declared that no bones were broken, and that, with the use of a little aperient physic, and cold applications to the tumefied part of the arm, after eighteen leeches had been applied, no permanent evil would ensue. I never quitted his side for an instant. Many a fine morning has he sat in his magnificently furnished drawing room, with me lying by his side, and Sir Walter Scott's noble romance of "Ivanhoe" stretched before him. Our affection was mutual, calm, and deep. Nothing could have induced him to change his dog; nor me my noble-hearted master.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A short Specimen of Newspaper Composition.

Two days after, Lord Squander read the following paragraph from the *Morning Chronicle*:—

"It has seldom been our lot to record a more dreadful circumstance than the present. Late on Tuesday evening, —— 25th, 1824, as the Right Honourable Lord Squander and his valet were riding towards his lordship's superb villa at ——, they were suddenly attacked by three highwaymen, who insolently demanded his lordship's purse. With that decisive resolution and unconquerable bravery which seems inherent in his lordship's family," &c., &c., &c., "his lordship refused their demand, and drew his dirk, (we are given to understand it was made by that ingenious mechanic, Mr. Geo. Bilberry, No. 111 Tottenham courtyard,*)

* Such puffs as these in our diurnal literature are not by any

calling to his servant to second his endeavours. The villain laughed, and remained aloof; from which circumstance it is inferred that he was in league with the highwaymen. After a desperate struggle, in which no man ever showed equal bravery, resolution, and self-possession, Lord S., with the aid of, as we understand, a most superb Newfoundland dog," [on hearing this very handsome compliment, I positively knew not how to give utterance to my thanks. If the writer of that paragraph, however, should happen to read No. 13 of the Diorama, he will observe this tribute of my gratitude,] "succeeded in obtaining the mastery, and stretched two of the villains dead at his feet; while his faithful Newfoundland dog, with admirable and intuitive sagacity," [how distressing it is to lie under an obligation one cannot return!] "held the third in '*durance vile*.' We forgot, however, to mention an extraordinary instance of retributive justice; the first shot aimed at Lord S., owing to his sudden change of position, dreadful to relate, blew out the brains of his treacherous servant! Although this gallant young nobleman was severely injured in his left arm, he instantly mounted his horse, and rode after the night patrol. They immediately bound the living malefactor, and carried him away, together with the three corpses. The miserable wretch yesterday underwent a long examination in private, before Botherem Baytail, Esq., at —— street office; after which he was committed to Newgate, and Lord S. is bound over to prosecute. We understand, that on hearing of this dreadful affair, Lord S.'s intended bride, the beauteous Lady Phillipina Claronville, was taken suddenly ill; and continues in the utmost peril. Dr. Liniment is in constant attendance upon her ladyship."

"Ha, ha, ha!—did ever mortal hear the like of that?" said my master, as he read the latter adjunct.

means uncommon; but when they are introduced with such exquisite adroitness as in the present, they are handsomely paid for.
BLUCHER.

But towards the end of the paper he found this sentence: "We stop the press to state, that the information contained in the last sentence of the paragraph recording the affair of the Right Honourable Lord Squander by the highwaymen, is totally without foundation. It may be attributed to the agitation of our mind on receiving the alarming intelligence.—[EDITOR.]"

As the Old Bailey sessions commenced in a fortnight, the trial of the highwayman was then to take place; and as it was expected to be among the earliest called for, I awaited, as also did Lord Squander, with very great anxiety.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Specimen of Old Bailey Legislature.

At length the day of trial arrived. About nine in the morning, Lord Squander left his residence in —— Square, taking me with him in his carriage. We arrived presently at the Old Bailey. The path by the Sessions House was straw-strewn. It was a very gloomy day; for the rain descended in torrents. Every avenue was crowded to excess, for the affair, owing to the diurnal stimulants of curiosity contained in every paper, had made a great stir. When Lord Squander's rank was announced, as soon as the steps of his carriage were let down, the Governor of Newgate, accompanied by an officer bearing an umbrella, came and conducted us to the Justice Hall. We entered by the door behind the judges' seat. Most of my readers must be familiar with the place; an elaborate description thereof is consequently unnecessary. Suffice it thus much: Before us was a circular table, where sat the gentlemen of the long robe; and on the present occasion there was a very full attendance of them. On the outside

of that was the witness box, with a small sounding board. Beyond this was the dock. A mirror is there so suspended, as to reflect everything. The sides are fringed with large iron spikes. Still farther on is the entrance whereby the prisoners are conducted from Newgate prison. On the right-hand side was the public gallery; on the other—I forget whether it was official or no—many respectable persons appeared. Beneath it, parallel with the grand was the jury box. Those arrangements being made, the trial commenced.

Judge. "Let the prisoner be called into court."

Governor of Newgate. "He shall, my lord." Presently an officer entered, bringing in the prisoner. He was a dark, short, stout man, with a very sullen and malignant expression of countenance. The indictment was read, charging him, "David Dreddon, with assaulting the Right Honourable Lord Squander on his majesty's highway," &c.

When the clerk of arraigns had concluded, the trial proceeded.

Justice. Prisoner, how will you be tried?

D. Dredd. I don't care. If I had my will, I would not be tried at all.

Governor, [*whispering to the prisoner.*] Impertinence to his lordship will but make your case worse; as a friend, I advise you to be submissive: answer the judge properly.

D. Dredd., [*sullenly.*] Well, and what must I say?

Governor. "By God, and my country," to be sure.

D. Dredd., [*muttering.*] Well, if I must, I must. [*Aloud.*]—By God and my country, my lord.

Judge. Very well, prisoner.

Mr. Sergeant Silverfee opened the case, speaking in this fashion:—

"My l'a'd, and gentlemen of the jury. You have heard the endictment read, charging the prisoner with highway robbery. In stating the very aggravating circumstances attending this desperate assault, I will be as brief as possible." He then gave a lucid ac-

count of the transaction; which, however, I don't think it necessary to relate a second time; and he then, amid dead silence, thus proceeded:—

"Now, my l'a'd, having briefly stated the circumstances of the case, I will presently, with your lordship's permission, unravel one of the most diabolical plots ever laid, for the ruin of this young nobleman. My Lord Squander, my l'a'd, and gentleman of the jury, has just come of age, and into the possession of a princely fortune. He immediately repaired to London; and as happens to most young men of rank, was instantly surrounded by hosts of those who live upon the frailties and follies of mankind. They led him to every scene of fashionable extravagance. They initiated him into the abhorred mysteries of the gaming tables. They led him into temporary embarrassments in his pecuniary affairs, and then introduced him to a member of their gang, disguised as a money lender; from whom he borrowed money at enormously exorbitant interest. My l'a'd I am credibly informed that these miscreants frequently lent him money at seventy per cent.!" (a murmur of anger ran through all present.) "Still his money poured not fast enough into their rapacious hands; his eyes gradually were opened to discern their monstrous, their iniquitous devices. As soon as they were sensible of it, they resolved, by a bold stroke, to obtain—but I will explain the rest of my case by witnesses. The Right Honourable Lord Squander—please to inform us, my lord, of the specific sum of money on your person, on —— evening, the —— of ——?"

Lord S. I had three bills of 11,000 each in my pocketbook.

Counsellor Silverfee. Very good, my lord. Pray, had your lordship any reason to suppose that others among your former associates knew that you had received so large a sum?

Lord S. Not the slightest whatever.

Counsellor Silv. Allow me to request your lordship

to resume your seat for the present. Now, George Gregory—stand you here, if you please.

This was a decent, cockneyfied man, with a very knowing expression of countenance.

Counsellor Silv. Now, Mr. Gregory, please to inform the court where you were on the evening, or rather latter part of the afternoon, of ——?

G. Greg. My lord, I vas in Lon'on.

Counsellor Silv. I suppose so—I suppose so: but whereabouts?

G. Greg. I vas passing the *Blackleg* public house, and being rather dry, I vent in, and called for a bit—a drop of beer. So, my lord; whip me, if I'd a been there above four—nay, about—stop, it might have been pretty near two minutes and three quarters.

Judge. Witness, witness! we really have not time for this trifling. Speak to the point at once.

G. Greg. Your sanctified vorship—reverence—eh—eh—dign—lordship, I mean; I had not been there above a little while, when I hears, through the wooden p'tition, three or four men, talking in a werry queer manner; so, says I to myself, "'Drat it!" says I, "what harm can I do 'em by listening?" So I makes me no more to do, but stoops me down, and listens.

"Will," whispered one of d'em, "Lord Squander travels to his country house to-night—he does, i'fackins."

"And what of that, Tom? What have we to do with the titled ass's travelling?" says another.

"What have we to do, Will? I'll be hang'd if we haven't a great deal to do, for whip me if he doesn't carry in his pocket some cool thirty-three thousand pounds!"

"S'death!—but does he? We'll be with him; we'll be with him, Tom!" And then, my lord, they went out.

Couns. Silv. Now, sir, can you, d'ye think, recognise the voice of either of those speakers, on hearing them again?

G. Greg. No, no, sir—'drat it, no! They did but whisper, as it were.

Couns. Silv. My l'a'd, I have done with this witness.

(*Witness examined by the court.*)

Judge. Witness—what is your motive in giving this testimony?

G. Greg. Hem, hem; my lord, hem, hem. Fair play is the word with honest George Gregory.

Judge. Pray, witness, speak more soberly. Tell us how you came to compare and establish a connection between the fact, circumstance, and occurrence, which you have now given, sworn, and testified—and the trial now going forward.

G. Greg. I will, so please your mightiness. I was sitting at home with my rib, your learnedness—it might have been supper time. My rib had been axing me if there wasn't no news in the paper. "Lovy," quoth I, "wait till I read." So, as soon as I had finished my porter, and read the *backside*—that's the further end of the paper—I comes to read a pe'r'gref about 'at 'ere noble's being 'tackted by robbers: and a little further on, lo and behold!—it was on the same evening that I heard that conversation which I has just here told to that smooth-voiced gemman, 'at as just sitted down. "'Od rat it, wife," says I, "I knows somewhat more o' this than I cares for to tell you." "La'ard!" says she, in a flustrum, "sure you wasn't one o' them there warmint?" "No, my sweet," says I, "but I'll be conceiving I know 'em 'at were." So after that, *mum* was the word with me, till I come here to-day.

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Counsellor Snap. N. B. When witness saw this learned gentleman rise for the purpose of cross-questioning him, having before experienced his tartness and severity, he turned pale, wiped his forehead, and ejaculated, "Lord! Lord!"*)

Couns. Snap. What are you, Mr. Gregory?

Witness. An honest man, sir, thank God and my good conscience.

Couns. Snap. That remains, sir, to be proved. How do you get your living? I mean, what trade are you?

Witness, (*stammering.*) Why, sir—ahem—hem; in

fact, sir—hem, hem, hem—I am; but to be sure—a—a—yet, what does that matter, I should like to know? Why, I am, thank Providence, what I was months ago, sir, I'm my own business, sir.

Couns. Snap. Let us have no equivocation, sir. What business are you?

Witness, (*confusedly.*) A g—e—nt—le—m—an.

Couns. Snap. A gentleman? very good, sir. What are your means of support?—if I may make so bold as to inquire.

Witness, (*angrily.*) A very imperdent question, I'm sure. Why, they is the same as all gemmen has—money.

Couns. Snap. Mister George Gregory, you see I am a sober man—

Witness. I see you are, sir, for once in a way; and I'm very glad of't, I'm sure. You know, sir, it wouldn't be the thing if you was to reel or stagger drunk into this here court. To be sure, you don't smell much of brandy to-day; but your nose, sir, would do excellently well for something.

Couns. Snap, (*furiously.*) Speak, sirrah: what, puppy?

Witness, (*triumphantly.*) Why, sir, to light a pipe of tobacco, when the taproom fires are out—ha, ha, ha! Here I heard a burst of laughter; then Mr. Counsellor Snap sat or rather threw himself down. The judge then spoke.

Judge. Witness, you are extremely insolent. If I hear a repetition of it again, you will suffer for it. And you, Brother Snap, I must say, are much too severe. Be more moderate, Brother Snap; be more moderate, Brother Snap.

Couns. Snap, (*rising slowly, thumbing violently his brief.*) Now, sir, I'm quite cool. I am, I am. You are such a superlative—but you're beneath my notice. What are you, sir?—I ask you once more.

Judge. Witness, you must answer the question.

Witness, (*reluctantly.*) I gets my living sometimes

by tavern-waiting; sometimes by looking after horses and gigs—and so; and so—

Couns. Snap, (*thundering loudly.*) And I tell you, sirrah, that you are a villain!—a pimp and a pander to young heirs and nobles!

Witness, (*foaming.*) And I tell you, that you are a d—d liar!

(*Witness turned round, and looked anxiously at the door, as if he intended to decamp.*)

Judge. Mr. Governor, see that there be officers placed between the witness box and the door. Proceed, Brother Snap. And as for you, George Gregory, if you refuse to answer one single question of any kind, I will order you into custody immediately. Be brief, for we have a great throng of cases to proceed with.

Couns. Snap. I will, my lord. Attend to me, witness. I know more about you than you suppose. Where were you on the night of —— ?—I mean the night when his lordship was robbed.

Witness, (*shivering.*) Where was I?—at home.

Couns. Snap. No, sir, you were not twenty yards from the scathed oak tree when this desperate affray commenced!

Witness. Lord, Lord! Who told you so?

Couns. Snap. That is of no consequence to you. Can you deny it, sirrah?

Witness, (*pale and disordered.*) Why, it's possible I might have chanced to be passing by at the time.

Couns. Snap. Do you know these, sirrah? (*taking from a drawer in the oval table at which he sat, a large horse pistol, a mask, and a smock frock.*)

The witness made no answer, and presently sank, fainting, into the arms of an officer. He was put at the bar with the prisoner, and then Mr. Counsellor Snap thus addressed the bench:—

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, I won't keep you long. The prisoner, David Dreddon, the two men who were killed by Lord Squander, and this George Gregory, are leagued together. A band of more infa-

mous characters the links of roguery surely never connected together. It was this George Gregory who told the other three what we have heard from his own lips was uttered at the Blackleg public house. He arranged the plot. For he was present at one of the coffee houses when the three large bills of money were paid into Lord Squander's hands. He knew from his valet the day when his lordship intended to ride to his lordship's country house. He had arranged the plot in this wise: the three other men were to meet his lordship, and demand his money, while he, George Gregory, should await the issue at a distance, in order that, in case of sudden emergency, he might ride in to their relief. But when he observed, from his lurking place, that his companions were wholly worsted, he threw aside his arms and disguise, and took to his heels. Hoping thereby to escape detection, he has this day, with consummate assurance, come forward to criminate his wretched companion at the bar."

But I cannot give a further account of the trial. Suffice it to say, that several totally unexpected witnesses arose, and by their unwavering testimony established a chain of circumstantial evidence which brought home the guilt to the prisoners. In fact, so incapable were they of rebutting the charges, that they at length both confessed every tittle of the endictment, and sentence of death was pronounced upon D. Dredden. In a fortnight's time he was executed, and George Gregory was transported for seven years. He now lives at New South Wales; and, by the latest news from thence, I hear that he was well whipped for picking the pocket of the governor.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Being a somewhat lengthy Piece of musty Morality, joined to a Specimen of Amiability and Tenderness in High Life.

The preceding adventure of Lord Squander's, as he reviewed it and its consequences, gradually worked a very decisive change in his character. It showed him the preposterous folly of the course he was pursuing —that vice and subtlety lurk beneath all the apparent virtue and openness of the *worldling*—and that the glittering sunshine of fashion, although it may dazzle, bewilder, and astonish for a moment, too frequently lights the path of its deluded votaries to an untimely —a dishonourable grave. He beheld it, in prospect, suddenly tear off its mask—assume its native hideousness, and point its hapless victim to a suicidal end. He himself, as far as he had gone, was an illustration hereof. He had entered upon the tempting scenes of folly and dissipation, with all the fierce ardour of desire and exuberance of youthful feeling. He looked delightedly upon the flowery bank—but discerned not the envenomed serpent lurking beneath it. What had fashion done for him? It had corrupted his morals—embarrassed his fortune—enervated his mind. As he took, one fine July evening, a melancholy retrospect of his past life, he was fully sensible of all the bitterness of his situation. Few feel the unkindnesses and deceptions of mankind so keenly as youth. Accustomed, themselves, to look upon the world as a theatre, upon a large scale, where noble and honourable actions were displayed—where virtuous examples were admired, respected, and imitated, and where any incipient scenes of villany were hurried from the sight of all ranks of the community—they enter upon the scenes themselves, as actors. They see, to their dismay and consternation, vice triumphant—setting its foot upon the neck of insulted virtue, amid millions of infatuated

wretches, who *raise* a discordant yell of satisfaction, as the monstrous and damnable pageant proceeds. Let my young friends (for I am not without hope, that in the course of my adventures I have obtained many such, to whom I take this opportunity of presenting my affectionate remembrance) endeavour to depict to themselves the feelings of grief and disgust which throng within the bosom of virtuous youth, on beholding such a lamentable spectacle.

Somewhat in the same channel with these remarks, ran the reflections of Lord Squander. His adventures with the robbers, and the concomitants elicited on the trial, had been transferred with malignant eagerness, from column to column of the diurnal, hebdomadal, and monthly press—and retailed in every party of high life, with the most mortifying, and even criminal exaggerations. Lady *Smirk confidently* informed her very dear friend, the *Honourable* Miss *Emeraldina Joanna Louisa Harrington*, that she had it from unquestionable authority—in fact, she would mention the name of the party, *did not delicacy forbid*—that Lord Squander had actually formed a league with his vile companions, to rob on the highway, (it *might* have been a frolic, but yet, she thought it a *very* odd coincidence that his lordship, just about that time, had lost a large sum at an E. O. table—but she scorned mean suggestions,) after the example of Prince Henry, Falstaff, and their companions, at Gad's Hill. On hearing this, Miss Emeraldina Joanna Louisa Harrington faithfully carried it to the august ears of a *royal duke*, with a *trifling addition* of her own, to wit, that she had heard it confidently remarked, that his lordship was very deeply implicated in the tremendous crimes of a late celebrated defaulter, (Mr. F.,) and received from that gentleman, not more than two months since, seven thousand pounds, as a reward (this was whispered, as though she were jealous of a spirit's listening to her words) for a slight and insignificant service—*merely imitating another person's writing, and putting the signature at the bottom of a*

bank post bill. His royal highness then whispered to a *noble marquis* what the fair lady had communicated to him, hinting, at the same time, whether it were not likely that he, Lord Squander, might have rather more to do than he ought, with his uncle, the Earl of ——, who was at the head of a lofty and important situation of government. Thus each person added a darker shade to the character of this unfortunate young nobleman. He could not now show his face at a rout or a dinner party, without observing a smile, and being tortured with listening to a suppressed titter.

But the worst of all was to come. His lordship was on the eve of marriage with a rich and titled young heiress—and on going to her house one evening, he was received with cold and scornful haughtiness; and informed that she had no ambition to be connected with an Old Bailey prosecutor, and a pot companion of highwaymen and swindlers. I was present at the interview. On hearing Lady ——'s latter taunt, poor Lord Squander burst into a wild laugh, and left the house.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I don't exactly know how to define this Chapter; suppose I call it—Beautiful Prospects, and their Effect on my Mind.

"I WILL see whether the air of Wales is impregnated with villany and deceit," was the language of Lord Squander, as he sat in his travelling carriage, which rolled swiftly towards Flintshire. I sat opposite to him. He reclined on his seat, with his head resting pensively on his hand. Except the clattering of the six horses' hoofs, and the heavy continuous rumbling of the carriage wheels, no sound disturbed the serene quietness of the scene. Oh! how delightful was it for me to snuff up the fresh and balmy zephyrs, with the scent of fragrant nodding forests, verdant vales, and towering mountains, and contrast them with the noxious —stifling—filthy atmosphere of London and its en-

virons! It was sunset. The orb of day was just sinking beneath the distant mountains, and shed forth his departing rays with a mild, lustrous, and steady brilliancy, over the rich green of the fields, the dappled and unsteady foliage of the trees—tinted already with the brown of autumn—and the silent waveless sheet of a distant lake. When I looked through the carriage window, upon the mellow, the placid scenery, I do protest I seemed ready to leap out, and go—I know not whither! I would mount atop of the whispering trees—leap on the hoary brow of the silent mountain—bound over the green velvet of the fields—and plunge into yonder golden-surfaced mirrory lake. My soul (*for I again repeat it, dogs have souls*) seemed purified and revived with these exquisite breezes.

Poor Lord Squander even raised himself up, and looking through the window, gazed on the beautiful prospect with melancholy listlessness. He sat down again—looked earnestly at me, and bursting into tears, said, "*Laridon!—Laridon!—thou wilt not leave me! Come hither!*" I sprang to him—he put his arms round me, and wept on my neck. I don't like this grief—for it played strange pranks with me. My heart seemed bursting. I knew not what was the matter with me. I wish I could have eased myself with words, like men; but that hath been denied to me. I whined piteously—and wagged my tail—and that was the only visible symptom of my love that I could have given, except my pressing closer and closer to him, and fondly licking his hands. I thought—oh, if a robber was to attack my beloved master!—whip me ten times round St. Paul's, if I would not play the vengeance with him.

* * * * * * *

I know not whether there may be some who will condemn my prosing sentimentality: be it so. I am *Blucher.* I never did a thing of which I need be ashamed—pugh! those black puddings do haunt me cruelly! I mean, always excepting that unlucky cir-

cumstance. And being such a dog, I am bold, and do consider myself at liberty to write what I like. But this and the preceding chapters have exhausted—that is, for the present—my stock of observation on scenery and human character; and I much fear they are the driest in my history: yet I console myself with a very philosophical sentiment; that he who has eaten ripe blooming peaches all his life, ought, when need be, not to repine at exercising his teeth upon a raw potato. Benignant reader—do thou digest well this savoury apophthegm.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Philosophical Student of a Day.

To Lord Squander had been proffered the cup of the world's false pleasures—he had rashly raised it to his lips—and, in a state of half-maddened excitement, quaffed off its vicious contents, even to the dregs: in his mouth they were sweet—but in his belly bitter. This had taught him a useful lesson. In fact, he was surfeited—satiated: he nauseated the bare idea of a repetition of the dose. What was he to do then? Live he must—but how? He was still young, and full of the sanguine, buoyant spirits of youth. He had considerable talent—respectable personal attractions—and a noble income—but what would have become of all these advantages in a month's time, had he pursued his former pleasure-taking system? He was aware of this. He thought on it long, patiently—and, as he conceived it, acutely and wisely. A sudden scheme of total reformation in his life and habits struck his fancy. He was instantly convinced (like all young men) of its feasibility. He resolved to put it in practice. Reader, what thinkest thou this mighty scheme was? I will tell thee in a few and simple words. The Right Honourable Lord Squander resolved to turn

recluse—and to devote his days and nights to profound study—and every Sabbath to the practice of benevolence. An organized plan was soon struck out; he viewed it with enthusiasm, as he copied it on a resplendently adorned sheet of embossed ivory paper, which he gave orders should be encased in a superb frame. Well, in a few days came home this "plan." It was forthwith suspended above the large mirror in the front room of his antiquated mansion. The first morning he sat looking at it with intense gratification. We will give our readers a copy of it.

"A brief synopsis of the plan I have resolved to adopt, for accomplishing the great purpose of reformation of my mind and manners:—

"I. Ascertain what is the great object of my living in the world. This I conceive to be two fold: the promotion of the *present* and *eternal* interest of myself and fellow-creatures.

"II. By what means am I to endeavour to fulfil it?

"1. By calm and profound investigation of mankind, in their relative states and conditions, in order that I may be qualified to discover such means as are appropriate to their benefit; and that I may be enabled to use them properly.

"2. For this purpose is necessary—abstemious living, &c. A regular scheme of study; to prosecute which I must have uninterrupted seclusion.

"N.B. I do not mean to exclude Laridon, my beloved dog: his presence will be at once a gratification and incentive to study: ergo, *Esto perpetua mecum, Laridone!*"

I will just say, *en passant*, that this admission which he gave me to his most retired moments, speaks volumes in my favour—but I love modesty. We shall now see how Lord Squander persevered in his devout scheme for man's amelioration.

Squander Hall was situated in Flintshire, near the village of Holywell. It was a noble relic of antiquity, with this exception, however, to the usual class of

such "relics," that, though venerable with the impress of ancient times, it was also adapted to modern residence. If you looked at it from the Carglynngharydd hills, you would think that the architect had been puzzled whether to make it a castle or a country mansion. It is true, there was no moat round it; nor did a ponderous drawbridge need to be rattled down with ominous clank, for the reception of every visiter; nor were there the three *ballia*, nor the embattled rampart, of fortified places: but then there were pepper-box turrets almost innumerable; and the angles of the building were rounded off into towers, with loopholes in them, in a very warlike fashion. It was almost buried among hoary trees, and was built in a deep, silent, and sequestered vale; in which, however, at night, could be heard the deep but soft gushing of St. Winifred's Well. Now, in that part of the edifice which looks upon the blue, distant Welsh mountains, was situated his lordship's library: an octagonal chamber, whose sides were piled with books. The morning after his "*plan*," imbedded in most gorgeous gilding, had glistened on his front room wall, he was so fortified in his mind by a prospect of the pleasures of study and seclusion, that, after breakfast, he hurried to his library—commanding that no one should disturb him, on the most fearful penalty. He then locked and bolted the door, and, in the first place, his breast swelling with all the juvenile rapture of anticipation, leaped twice across the room. He then threw up the window, which looked on a beautiful prospect, and leaned through it, fondly imbibing the rich fragrance of the air. After about a quarter of an hour spent in this way, he conceived his mind to be sobered down into that quiet and mellow frame which was required for the successful commencement of his studies. But, as he walked slowly past his book shelves, with his arms on his breast, the thought struck him—where shall I begin my researches?—bah!—with ancient literature, to be sure. He walked to the classical department of his

library, whose dusky volumes reposed in all the silent dignity of dusty slumber. He took down *Virgil:* he remembered faintly the sweet pastoral descriptions in which he abounded. That was just the thing he wanted: but now a *second* thought recurred to him: he had forgotten how to read it!—

> " Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi
> Sylvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena."

He remembered as much about it as he knew of the Singhalese language. This was provoking—bitterly vexatious. He regretted the loss of his scholastic literature: he thought, and thought, and thought, till, with frantic energy he exclaimed, " Farewell, a long farewell to all my study!" And then, I am sorry to tell thee of it, reader, he flung the book down on the floor with spiteful vehemence.

* * * * * *

And is *this* the conduct of a philosopher?—whispered something within him, as I conjecture; for he presently stooped down, and picked up the book with great tenderness, as if wishing to atone for his unmerited insult. He continued turning over the leaves with a kind of soft, languid, listless inattention. At length he ejaculated, " Oh, how I wish I had retained my college learning! how many poor fellows, with scarcely a coat to their backs, or shoes for their feet, are many degrees higher than me in the scale of learning, and consequently of real intellectual enjoyment! What are the adventitious advantages of rank and fortune, compared with *their* unalienable possessions? *they* are safe from the contingencies of sorrow and misfortune, and supply to their possessor a deep, clear, and constant stream of peaceful happiness; while I—alas! what is rank? what are riches? The former is a ball, to be shot at by the arrows of envy and malice, the latter ' make unto themselves wings, and fly away!' and then what becomes of me; I am the jackdaw,

stripped of the peacock's feathers. I am, in fact, reduced to the level of the meanest Irish bog-trotter. Deplorable misfortune! I *will* not be as I am any longer. I will study, if I study myself into my grave! The flare of the midnight lamp shall leave a ghastly sallowness on my complexion; and the sultry flash of the noonday sun shall irradiate my wrinkled and care-contracted forehead!" Doubtless all this was very fine, and appropriate for an enthusiastic young man of two-and-twenty.

A quarter of an hour saw Lord Squander seated at a table, with a reading frame before him, on which was stretched the redoubtable Virgil: flanked on one side by Ainsworth's Dictionary—on the other by the Latin Grammar—and on his lap (although he tried to conceal it, even from himself) was placed a copy of Dryden's translation of Virgil! After half an hour's study, he mastered the first ten lines; construing and parsing with tolerable accuracy. Then he discovered that his head ached; secondly, that his eyes smarted; thirdly, that the long difficult Latin lines seemed to quiver mistily before him: and lastly, he found out, although he struggled sorely against it, that it was far pleasanter to look out upon the fresh and luxuriant green prospect through the window. Still he remained heroically in the chair, with his head inclined intently towards his books. He presently encountered a difficult line; it was obstinate—he could not (query—*would* not) master it—he angrily rang his bell for refreshment. Up came a bottle of Sherry, and some ham, &c. He partook of them with infinite zest, anon tossing me a piece. They were discussed, and taken away. Then he returned to his chair. He applied himself to the tough line: whether the wine made his faculties more obtuse I know not—but his eyebrows were knit with an air of angry impatience. Then he leaned his throbbing head on his hand. By-and-by he yawned! Yes!—yawn the second! Ay—yawn the third! Then he shut his grammar with a very

snappish air, as I thought. Then he fixed his eyes on me with a long and melancholy stare. I gazed at him, in my turn, with a brisk and vivacious expression—he beckoned to me—I was fearful to approach, remembering the orders he had given to his servants, and the penalties I should incur, if I broke an intricate chain of thought; so I waited for a more decisive signal. He whistled, and clapped his hands: I sprang to him—I frisked about him: his face gradually turned towards the window: the sun laughed in the sky at the beauteous green of the earth. Poor Lord Squander! He looked, and looked, and looked again! He sighed; it was too much for him. "Confound the musty, fusty old books!" said he, as he shut them all angrily, and threw them in a corner. "I've had enough *study* (!!!) for one morning, at any rate. I'll order my horse—I'll scour the country, and then come home to a rare dinner. To-morrow, of course, I shall be revived." The door was opened; half an hour saw him bounding swiftly, on the back of a noble horse, across a beauteous country, and me frisking and leaping with wild delight by his side.

* * * * * *

At seven o'clock he returned to Squander Hall glowing with health and spirits—gave his horse to his attending groom—ate a rich and luxurious dinner; then dessert, and drank two bottles of Champagne, and about twelve o'clock he found his way to his bedchamber. So ended the first day's study of Lord Squander: he had actually achieved the conquest of ten lines of Virgil! "*Esto perpetua mecum, Laridone!*"

CHAPTER XXIX.

Being a very masterly Essay on Early Rising

THE next morning was bright and beautiful. The sun mounted proudly to his throne up the deepening vault of clear [illegible] ring with their music; and their notes were echoed back by the mellow throats of thousands of unseen choristers—the thrush, the blackbird, and the nightingale. The foliage of the trees was rich and deeply green—the sward which carpeted the earth was soft and delicious. The zephyrs swept refreshingly along fluttering leaves, buds, and flowers—collecting their fragrance, and then mounting aloft—they perfumed the whole atmosphere. The maidens sung merrily as they sat milking their cows. St. Winifred's Well gushed with sparkling freshness—scattering its crystal through innumerable rivulets, which flowed, fertilizing the country.

"How the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometimes walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,

Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land;
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his sythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Lo! mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures—
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;

Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees!"*

Such is the enchanting picture drawn by the mighty pencil of John Milton, which I heard Lord Squander read about a week ago—and that is how I came to quote it here—of the pleasure of an early morning [illegible] and yet it found the young, the gay Lord Squander lying on a bed of yielding down, half smothered in the bed-clothes, inhaling the impure atmosphere of a close bedchamber! Much as I loved him, I cried "*Fy! fy!* upon him," from the very bottom of my soul, as I stood scratching on the outside of his door! Six o'clock!—seven o'clock!!—eight o'clock!!!—half past eight!!!!—nine o'clock!!!!!—and Lord Squander fast asleep! Monstrous sluggard! I am latterly fallen into such a moralizing strain, that I am resolved to indulge in it, on the present occasion, with a sincere view to the benefit of my juvenile readers—if I should happen to have any—and of *most* of my *mature* readers too.

I hope they will not deny that they lie late in bed every morning; very good—this is the foundation of my discourse; and now for the superstructure. I will inquire—

I. Why do they do it?

II. What do they gain by it?

III. What do they lose?

IV. Advise them to amend this evil habit, and explain the theory and practice of early rising. And in these I will be very—very brief—and then proceed with my history.

I. *Why do they do it?* All in good time. A friend calls another to rise at six o'clock—receives a yawning answer "Y—e—s!"—and leaves him, expecting his arrival down stairs every moment. But what does the

* Milton's *L'Allegro.*

sleeper? When he was aroused, he was in a pleasant dream—which the voice of his friend interrupted. He answered peevishly, in order to get rid of him—and then buried his face in his hands, striving in vain to recall the illusion. So on for half an hour. Up comes his friend again—expostulates with him, and receives for answer, that he will be down in half a quarter of a second. Waits for him, and sits at the street door. What does the sleeper?—yawns—stretches his legs—pulls off half the clothes—finds it is cold—very cold; grumbles, that "it is unkind to call him so early, and so cold a morning," &c.—yields to the influence of sleep—and in a few minutes is as fast as ever. Seven o'clock—up comes his persevering friend—calls him again—and is answered, "I am half dressed!!" down goes this Job of a friend to await his coming, a third time. But what does the sleeper?—complains of langour, feebleness, headache—cuddles in the nice warm clothes—mutters the soporific word "drowsiness"—and in a moment is fast asleep. In half an hour up comes this example of patience, his friend, for the fourth time—calls him—receives for answer (a great falsehood, that "he has only his boots to put on!"—while the only thing he has on is his shirt! He begins to reason about his sluggishness—cannot help condemning it—resolves to get up, and strengthens his determination by a loud snore—and then is in deep slumber. In the mean while it is eight—his friend is angry—leaves the house, and resolves to call him no more. Our sleeper perhaps finds his way down stairs by half past nine o'clock. Ladies and gentlemen!—is not this a true representation of your habits? I do not doubt it.

II. *What is gained by this practice?* Two things: 1. Bodily ill health; 2. Languor and feebleness of mind.

1. *As respects the body.* Late rising disorders the stomach, the nerves, and stagnates the blood. The former it fills with bile; the second it weakens and

irritates; the third it drives up to the head, and there it remains. Hence arises a bellyache, (I must use plain language, my dears,) and loss of appetite; secondly, induces melancholy, vapours, &c., and promotes great fretfulness of temper. Thirdly, it produces headache—determination to apoplexy, &c.

2. *As it respects the mind.* It destroys it, in time, altogether. The body always influences the mind—there is an inexplicable sympathy between them; but yet it is undeniable, although almost unintelligible; it does everything deleterious to the mind, in fact—for if the morning is the best time for its exercise, and that part of the day is spent in its stagnation—what is the result?

III. *What do they lose?* Why, of course, according to my previous reasoning, they lose their health of body, and strength of mind. Due and proper exercise in the morning invigorates the whole frame: it spreads a bright and glowing crimson hue upon the countenance—gives strength and buoyancy to the limbs; and creates a most ravenous appetite. *All this they lose!* They stalk about at noon, weak, palid, shivering, cadaverous wretches; and it is their own fault. Dost thou, reader, remember my description of the beauties of the morning, and that of Milton, which I gave thee a page or so back?—didst thou relish them—and desiderate the reality, not the shadowy description? Then, by lying late in bed in the morning, thou has lost it all—all—the fairest, most beautiful portion of the day! In the morning, nature cometh forth arrayed in all the pride and freshness of her verdant beauty—she concealeth nothing from thee, in all her blooming domains; but thou, for the paltry gratification of a sluggish disposition, choosest to let her pass on unregarded! Fy on thee!

IV. *I shall now advise them how to amend this evil habit, and explain the theory and practice of early rising.* I earnestly implore ye, my fair and benignant readers—whether ladies or gentlemen, I care not—ye

are both equally in fault—to break off from these ignoble trammels. He that binds them on you—sloth—is your greatest, your mortal enemy! He is exerting all his influence to destroy you! Will you tamely submit to it? Will you lie down calmly in your bed, and look upon him, stripping you of all your comforts—one by one—without starting up into vigorous action, and rending him? Ladies, if you have no higher motive—look out for your credit. How should you like your lover to call some morning, and inquire "—— Miss ——?—" "Oh, sir, missis doesn't rise till half past nine o'clock!!!" He will forthwith go away grunting, "A pretty slatternly vixen, this, for a wife!" Have ye *no* regard for your personal beauty? Lovers like a fresh, rosy, blooming cheek—a cherry, grape-like lip—a bright, lucid, cheerful eye—but you refuse them all; and the simple consequence is, that they will, by-and-by, refuse you altogether! How will they like to look constantly upon a shrunken, hollow-eyed, thin-lipped, haggard young woman, with abominably fetid breath, and take her for better or for worse? Nay, I'm sure they *cannot* take her for *worse*. I do verily believe that more young ladies die of consumption, on account of lying late in bed, than people suppose: my last and grand argument with the female sex, is this—that the habit of indulging in late lying in bed generates bad thoughts—and these thoughts lead to worse actions!

And now for ye, men. Lazy scoundrels that ye are, (do not shake your sticks at me for using this epithet—I am but a dog, but if I am attacked, I believe I have got an indifferent good set of teeth,) *what* do *you?* the *lords of the creation*, (lords of laziness, ye ought rather to be called,) what mean ye by indulging in this shameful—this debasing habit? where is your manhood? Beneath the blankets till near ten o'clock every morning! Where is your reputation?—ditto! When is your time for study and meditation?—ditto—ditto! How do you think people will like to encourage you,

(especially you who are beginning the world,) when they know that instead of balancing your books—arranging your stock, &c., you are snoring in your beds till every clerk in the city of London has been at his desk half an hour? How can they repose any confidence in your punctuality and assiduity? Besides—will you not allow that business requires the whole energies of your mind? and yet—fools that ye are! ye spend three hours every morning in the express employment of their exhaustion! Shame, shame on you! Up, up! If you have a spark of manhood in you, do not linger away in unprofitable drowsiness the most precious hour of the day.

I find I have yet to explain the theory and practice of early rising. This sounds very grand indeed. "*Theory and practice.*" But I shall discuss the subject in few and simple words. The theory of early rising, is to make up your mind—to resolve on the subject; the practice is, to second your mind in its resolutions with your body. Up! up! drowsy citizens! the lark, the blackbird, the thrush, the cuckoo, are all singing for you, and waiting your approach—some in the air, and some on the trees; go forth to hear them—or you must trudge down to the city, and be stunned all day with the monotonous buzzing of your customers and tradesfolk! I have not time to say more than that—if you love Blucher, and respect his sayings, acquiesce in the justness of his remarks, and do you yourselves reduce them to practice. I can only add, that in spurring you to it, I am perfectly disinterested.

CHAPTER XXX.

At exactly three quarters of an hour past eleven, the next morning, Lord Squander came down to breakfast. Chocolate, rolls, ham, coffee, wine, Cheshire cheese, with many other articles, formed a heterogeneous meal. He of course took a retrospect of yes-

terday; and this divided itself into two parts: that portion of the day which was devoted to study; and that which was spent in amusement. He had the day before him; and the object of his comparison between the two was to determine in what mode he would spend it. He strove hard to cling to the *study* part of the argument—yet found himself irresistibly drawn to the latter. If he yielded to it—what became of the gorgeously framed and glazed "plan?" With a desperate effort he swallowed his last cup of chocolate—rang the bell—commanded me, by a whistle, to follow him—and shut himself and me up in his study. (I will here be candid, and say, that after I had tasted the delights of yesterday's excursion, I felt a loathing disrelish for the study; of what service was I there? I could do nothing but sleep.) Down he sat himself, most resolutely, to the study of Virgil. But now I observed a constant air of restraint on his countenance. At length he took his eyes from his book—leaned himself back in his chair—and drummed on the table with his fingers: then he fell a whistling. "Alas!" sighed I within my mind—"*alas for his plan of study and man's amelioration!*" Suddenly he leaped off his chair. A bright thought had struck him. He rang the bell violently; his obsequious valet entered.

"*Guillaume!*"

"What is your lordship's pleasure—*s'il vous plait*, my lor?"

"Do you know if there is an architect—a designer, that is, in the village?"

"*Un architecte, mon bon seigneur? dans le village?*"

"*Oui—oui—oui, Guillaume*—you know what I mean."

"Oui, monseigneur: oui, oui. I known him ver well; fery good man indeed, my lor. He live not ver far distante from de well o' Sant Vinafrede, monseigneur."

"Then depart instantly, and bring him hither."

In two hours' time Mr. Dludderydd, the Welsh build-

er, and Lord Squander, had settled the plan of a small study, which was to be erected at about a quarter of a mile's distance from the hall, in the centre of a solemn clump of oak and elm trees. The next morning the workmen commenced. Delicious was the bustle of planning, altering, and remodelling the new building, to Lord Squander! all his enthusiasm revived. Not two hours of the day was he absent from the building—now teasing the workmen with innumerable questions, as to when the house was to be completed. And then goading them on to haste, with the offers of drink and money. As Lord Squander once remarked, in my hearing—"he'd soon have it up either with the help of Bacchus or Plutus, or both." At last he began to grow weary of the sight of brick, stone, mortar, trowels, puddles, and all the other paraphernalia of builders, just as the place was completed. As soon as the workmen had cleared away the litter of their implements, and the place looked tidy, he conveyed his books thither. It was a very neat edifice, something on the plan of a summer house; only, Lord Squander, being resolved not to submit to the temptation of looking through a window, had a skylight placed round the conical roof, and no other windows in the building. Here he sat one morning. The room was rather damp, to be sure; but then it was a study, and his books lined the walls. He sate in the centre of the chamber. He studied "Locke on the Understanding"—at least the book was before him. He doted on the sepulchral stillness of the scene; nothing to divert his attention—nothing: here he might be absorbed in silence. He looked at me; and was so penetrated with his happiness, that he hugged me in rapture. However, this subsided; and he began to find Locke a very dry study indeed! How could he bear in mind his noble metaphysical definitions, and follow his inexplicable ramifications!

Now, be it known unto thee, reader, in the town of Hollywell there is a circulating library. Lord Squan-

der had seen it. So he resolved to send his man for a few volumes, occasionally to dip into, and relieve the tedium of study. His servant soon returned. He brought the "Romance of the Pyrennees," in four volumes. Lord Squander threw them carelessly aside—thinking occasionally to look at them. But in a quarter of an hour's time he laid his hand on the first volume—entered into the spirit of that fascinatingly mysterious production—and—and—and—

Alas, poor Locke! By teatime Lord Squander had lost all recollection of thy erudite disquisitions, and was engaged with all his mind and spirit, in following the scenes of the bandit's subterranean cave!

CHAPTER XXXI.

Lord Squander turns rather Romantic; a Taste of his Strange and Marvellous Adventures.

Dear Reader—Thou mayst as well strive to mingle fire with water as logic and metaphysics with novels and romances. He who has imbibed a taste for the latter (especially if his imagination be vivacious and inflammable) may give up all thoughts of the abstruser studies, the discipline of the understanding, of which Watts and Locke were such illustrious masters. Why need I tell thee, then, how Lord Squander cast aside his "Essay on the Understanding" with scorn, and betook himself, night and day, to the romances of *Walter Scott*, *Maturin*, *Jane Porter*, *Regina Maria Roche*, *Francis Lathom*, *&c.*, *&c.*, and the thousand others who have immortalized themselves by their folly? He imbibed their spirit, and became one of the most consummate sentimental apes to be found in the kingdom.

Now, forsooth, he must turn hero of romances; and nothing would suit him but subterranean caverns, midnight tribunals, disinterested love, and all the

other despicable fiddle-faddle whereby men allow themselves to be made such fools. He speedily acquired a snivelling sentimentality; a false sensibility, which would whimper three hours over the chance-crushed corse of a garden snail, and dole out an elegy on the mangled remains of an earth worm. In fact, he was once so enamoured of the keen, dark, bold, fiery eye (as he expressed it) of one of his tenants' bulls, that he sought a little nearer inspection of it. While he contemplated it, a stream of wild fancies glowed upon him, in the recollection of some of the marvellous tales he had lately read: he wished himself a magician, for the bull's sake: then he would mount on his back, scour earth, sea, and air, and play pretty pranks everywhere. This was all very fine, in truth. So thought Lord Squander; and in the excitement of the moment, what should he do, but leap on the bull's back. But *Great Bob* had not yet learned how to be romantic; and consequently was unable to sympathize with the ecstasies of his noble rider. He could not stomach these "fine phrensies:" and in token of his disapprobation thereof, took the liberty of tossing poor Lord Squander over his head directly into an adjoining horsepond. There his ardour was a little cooled, for the moment: for believe me, a plunge unexpectedly into a horsepond, and getting a fragrant soaking therein, is no very desirable thing. "A bull is a creature not formed for romance," thought Lord Squander, as he crept home shivering.

But then there was another species of romance, as yet untried. He could enjoy romantic scenery; so he designed a rare treat for the next evening. He found means to procure a Spanish cap, with sable plumes, a dark velvet cloak, and a long Toledo sword. At the still and solemn hour of midnight he stepped into a boat with muffled oars, and glided along the golden surface of a lake, surrounded with dark trees. After paddling to and fro till he felt rather cold, he proposed to debark—and so he did, and stepped into

the arms of four keen-eyed fellows, who suspected him for a thief in disguise, gagged him, and bore him off in triumph to the lock-up house at Hollywell. In the morning, of course, the matter was hushed up as well as possible; but somehow or other it took wind, and my lord became the laugh of the whole town. This was the second damper of the fire of romantic feeling. Alas, that it should be at the mercy of such paltry contingencies!

But presently the flame burst out afresh; and in a paroxysm of similar raptures, he accoutred himself in a suit of rusty armour and stalked by moonlight up the lofty and lonely mountain of Glangyrhhrguistshatterheadd. He was beginning to flourish his creaking lance, in a very chivalrous fashion, and was proceeding to thunder forth a martial defiance—when—what do you think, dear reader? the stout oaken bludgeon of a bold foot-pad dealt him rather an uncomfortable thwack upon the top of his steel helmet, which brought him with startling clangour to the earth. And a most romantic thing it was, for a *nobleman* to lie still, and be despoiled of his ridiculous garb—and have his pockets picked—and his hands and his feet tied together! Here we see, that impudent knavery for once got the better of magnificent romance! This was a third damper; and it taught Lord Squander a very useful lesson: that the age of chivalry and deeds of high emprise is for ever passed away—at least in England.

CHAPTER XXXII.

He falls romantically in Love.

Let me shift the scene altogether to London. My lord lived in a superb mansion belonging to his family, in Grosvenor Square. He resumed his intercourse with high life; and his romantic foible got known to every one with whom he associated. This hint is

necessary to be borne in mind, to account for some parts of the following transactions.

It was a dark, cold, rainy November night, when Lord Squander was riding home in his carriage, from a ball at Almack's. I do not know by what concatenation of unfortunate circumstances it was, that his carriage wheels rolled off, and my lord rolled rather unceremoniously into the gutter—to the infinite disparagement of his gay ball dress. A crowd is easily gathered in London; and to avoid that which now congregated round his fallen vehicle, he resolved to walk home. As he passed the dark corner of Russel Square, he fancied he distinguished the sound of low melancholy sobbing. He halted—he listened: "Yes! it must be!" and he groped his way to the place from whence he conjectured the sound issued. Then, by all Walter Scott's romances! he actually discovered a lady sitting on the steps of a large house. Lord Squander, as we have before said, was a tender-hearted man; a sheer sentimentalist: so he sat down by her side; and, in honeyed accents, requested to be informed of the cause of her distress. For a long while he received no answer.

"Dear lady! let me implore you to communicate to me the cause of your deep sorrow?"

"Ah! alas! ah!" ejaculated the weeping incognito.

"Let me be honoured with hearing a part of your grief?" whispered Lord Squander, in the gentlest tones he could assume. "Dear lady, are you unfortunate?"

"Deeply—deeply so, sir!" replied the lady, "but I wish to be left alone to die here, I wish to be alone in my sorrows: leave me to perish, unknown, unaided, unlamented."

"That I will not, by the ghost of Ivanhoe!" said his lordship, summoning a hackney coach from a neighbouring stand, into which he perforce bundled his *lovely* (*of course*) burden. Away they drove to his house in Grosvenor Square: she leaned her head on his shoulder, sobbing piteously. "You are too good,

generous stranger!" "Not a whit, ma'am—not a whit, ma'am!—I am not, indeed, ma'am!" said Lord Squander, and a lucid tear gemmed his eye. "Let me alight, kind sir! consider my feelings of delicacy, ha—a—a!"

"A fiddlestick, ma'am—I beg pardon, ma'am—what is fastidious delicacy to the unfortunate?—but here is my house."

The coach door was opened, Lord Squander alighted and received the lady into his arms. He bore her to his house, and conveyed her to the dining room. He summoned light. The lady was dressed in a suit of elegant mourning. She was young, handsome, and had a full, rich, melancholy eye; that was enough: Lord Squander caught a glimpse of it, and was instantly plunged over head and ears in love. Do not say that I outrage nature, kind reader; you little know how inflammable was his lordship.

The housekeeper was summoned; the lady was taken to bed; Dr. Baillie was sent for; he declared that the fair patient was dying of a broken heart.

Lord Squander was near going beside himself; he played ten thousand mad pranks; he raved like a bedlamite: five hundred times a day he solemnly called Heaven to witness, that he would not survive her death an instant—nay, he bought a rapier, (for a romantic nobleman likes to commit suicide genteelly, not like the beggarly canaille, with laudanum and oxalic acid,) and concealed it in his clothes, near his heart. The same evening he ordered every attendant out of the room. Then he kneeled at her bedside; he wept like an infant; she feebly inquired the reason; he told her all that was in his heart, and of his firm resolution not to survive her; he conjured her to live for his sake.

Amazing to tell, she recovered her strength from that hour. In a month's time the infatuated man led her to the altar. He entertained a splendid wedding party. A gambling baronet, of the name of Sir Slim-

purse Shufflecard, was one: and the moment he beheld Lady Squander led into the chamber where the guests sat awaiting dinner, he burst into a horse laugh, ran up to her staggering ladyship, and boisterously inquired, "Why, Betty! how art? how art—*thou* Lady Squander?—ha, ha, ha!"

"Villain, scoundrel!" gasped Lord Squander, white with anger: he listened to what blasted him—the woman to whom he had madly united his fate was the discarded favourite of the baronet!

Lord Squander reeled from the apartment to his bedchamber, convulsively grasped a pistol which he always kept loaded on his drawers, he pointed the murderous weapon to his forehead—discharged its deadly contents—and there was an end of *romances* and *Lord Squander!*

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Containing my remarkable Essay on the Principles and Practice of Pugilism.

I was almost heartbroken on hearing of this dreadful catastrophe. The vile strumpet who had so shamefully deceived his lordship, after submitting to the scorn and derision of the guests, was kicked into the streets. I fell among other live lumber, such as footmen, coachmen, butlers, stewards, housemaids, &c., &c., &c., into the hands of his lordship's heir at law, the *Honourable Hotbrain Cockspur.*

He was a wild fool, whose brains, if he had any, lay in his belly; whose heart lay at the bottom of his purse; and whose every hope, wish, and ambition, centred in the prize ring and Fives Court. Then let me thunder a philippic against boxing.

Blucher's Essay on Boxing.

What is boxing?—The cherished and patronised disgrace of England! By whom is it cherished and pat-

ronized ?—By many of the nobility and gentry. And for what purpose ?—From an anxious and laudible desire to brutalize the lower orders of the people. Let me go a little at large into this important subject, and inquire,

I. What are the principles of boxing ?

II. By whom are they upheld ?

III. How do they influence the moral and national character of the people of England ?

IV. The remedy.

1. What are the principles of this detestable practice ? Go and ask P * * * * * E * * * or J * * * B * * ; two as finished scoundrels as ever adorned the public annals of the prize ring. And what do they tell us of it ? After much palaver and rigmarollery—and phiz-magiggery, (according to their polite phraseology : let the reader consult John Bee's dictionary of slang language, published a year or two ago,) they come to the point, and say, that its principles are, the encouraging of boldness, intrepidity, and honour, among the lower orders of the people. Ay, ay !—only let the villains have their own way, and presently their boldness, intrepidity, and honour shall mould the people into as pretty a set of tigers and bulldogs as they could desire : let them go on, but let me remind them, that it is not impossible for bulldogs and tigers sometimes to turn upon those who have educated them, and to make them their first prey. I cordially wish it may be so in the present case. I do flatly deny that pugilism is productive of real boldness, intrepidity, and honour. It is the boldness of a bully, the intrepidity of a blackguard, and the honour of a scoundrel ! It is a system of cold-blooded murder, and a system of cold-blooded villany ! —the one cannot exist without the other, (in the principles of pugilism.) The villany of betting is the sole support of the mania of boxing—the *avowed* one. So much for the principles of boxing.

2. By whom are the principles upheld ? The fellows may bluster about the late Mr. Wyndham ; and

tell me what he was silly enough to publish as his opinion of pugilism, (which he had impudence enough to term a *science*,) but I will answer, who does not know, that that celebrated political character was as eccentric as he was great? and that he frequently performed as many absurd as wise actions, both in his public and private life? and I fearlessly class his sanction of pugilism as one of the most absurd of his absurd deeds! the wild aberration of a clever statesman when jaded and irritated by unsuccessful legislation! His *name* has gone far to support pugilism: and there are thousands of rich fools who never go beyond a name, and are unable to reason on any subject: they take it for granted, that what Mr. Wyndham has sanctioned, must surely be worth *their* sanction. But look at the character of the sprigs of nobility and the young gentry who are most forward in advocating and supporting this abominable system. Are they not invariably the wildest and most dissipated to be found in the higher ranks of life? are they not shunned by the wise and good of their own sphere? and consequently, on Satan's well-known principle, "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," they prefer figuring away in scenes of villany and dissipation among their inferiors by rank, but equals by nature and pursuits! What pugilistic noble ever shone as a statesman, as a scholar, or a warrior? and what pugilistic *gentleman* ever distinguished himself in these capacities? So much for those who uphold the principles of pugilism!

3. How do they influence the moral and rational character of the people of England? This is not a difficult question. Thurtell, that great man, *Thurtell* was a *pugilist!* see what pugilism did for him! It taught him how to murder his friend in the most approved method, both as it regards mercy and despatch. Oh! he was a star, a blazing star, on the rich coronet of pugilism! Why need I instance others of this illustrious fraternity? why need I drag forth C****, S*****, S*******, W***, H*****, *cum mul-*

tis aliis, from their lurking holes. The creatures love darkness ; therefore I will not disgust the public by a further and unnecessary exposure of these miserable wretches. But this is not answering the third question. Pugilism essentially degrades and brutalizes the national taste ; it teaches the people to value most that man who is the greatest proficient in the cold-blooded butchery of his fellow-creatures ; and that their highest ambition ought to be, how to shine in the characters of a giver or receiver of punishment ; it absorbs all their hopes, all their time, all their money, and consequently reduces their families to beggary and starvation. How can pugilism, and the practice of the milder duties of humanity, not to mention Christianity, (which is the standard to which every scheme for popular adoption ought to be brought,) be for an instant co-existent ? How can gambling, the blackest gambling, and morality, exist together ? But I have not time to enlarge : common sense can tell every thinking man how pugilism operates on the public taste.

4. The remedy. 1. Only let the real principles of pugilism be exposed to public scrutiny, stripped of all tinsel and disguise, and men will flee from them as from a serpent. They will behold them as utterly subversive of all true honour, morality, and respectability of character, and wonder that they could have so long submitted to their influence. 2. Let the noble and the rich withdraw from them their ill-bestowed patronage. Heaven forbid, that for the future the name of a nobleman of England, and the vermin of the prize ring, should ever be associated together by the public voice ; let them respect their own characters ; and regard their influence upon society at large. But I need not add more. The people of England are already opening their eyes to this system of deception ; their wishes and pursuits are growing more elevated ; they seek for intellectual improvement ; and when that taste is cultivated, we shall see the downfall of pugilism. Indeed, I rejoice to see that it is losing ground every

day; may it soon be annihilated altogether! I have done.

Thus far poor Blucher had recorded his memoirs. But it falls to the lot of the editor of these pages to say, that soon after he had penned the previous essay on pugilism, Mr. Cockspur shot him through the head, for attempting to separate two prize fighters, at Moulsey Hurst, who seemed bent on doing deadly injury to each other. Poor fellow! if ever there breathed a dog of generous heart, and a clever head, it was Blucher. He has drawn several rather interesting pictures of the various scenes of life through which he passed; and let us be charitable enough to grant, that his object was not merely to contribute to the amusement of his readers, but to instruct them, in an easy, rhapsodical, and popular style. With this concession, his ghost (if indeed he has a ghost) will be satisfied; and to his body we may all say, "*Requiescat in pace.*"

From the Author to the Reader.

Kind reader, it is now time for me to drop the mask, and, assuming my own character, thank thee for the patient and persevering attention which thou hast bestowed on this protracted canine biography; it will be evident to thee, that, from beginning to end, it is a light satire on various scenes of human life, wherein I may have held up the *foibles* of mankind to ridicule, but never their virtues. I may be accused of occasional coarseness, and trifling; and I may perhaps be justly accused. But let my readers remember the nature of the piece for which I have written; and that it is chiefly calculated for the juvenile branches of the community, to whom I now bid a long—long adieu, and inform them, that they will ever find a well wisher in—

* * *

THE END.

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